THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Norman Rockwell

Thomas Beer—Medill McCormick—George Randolph Chester—Hugh MacNair Kahler
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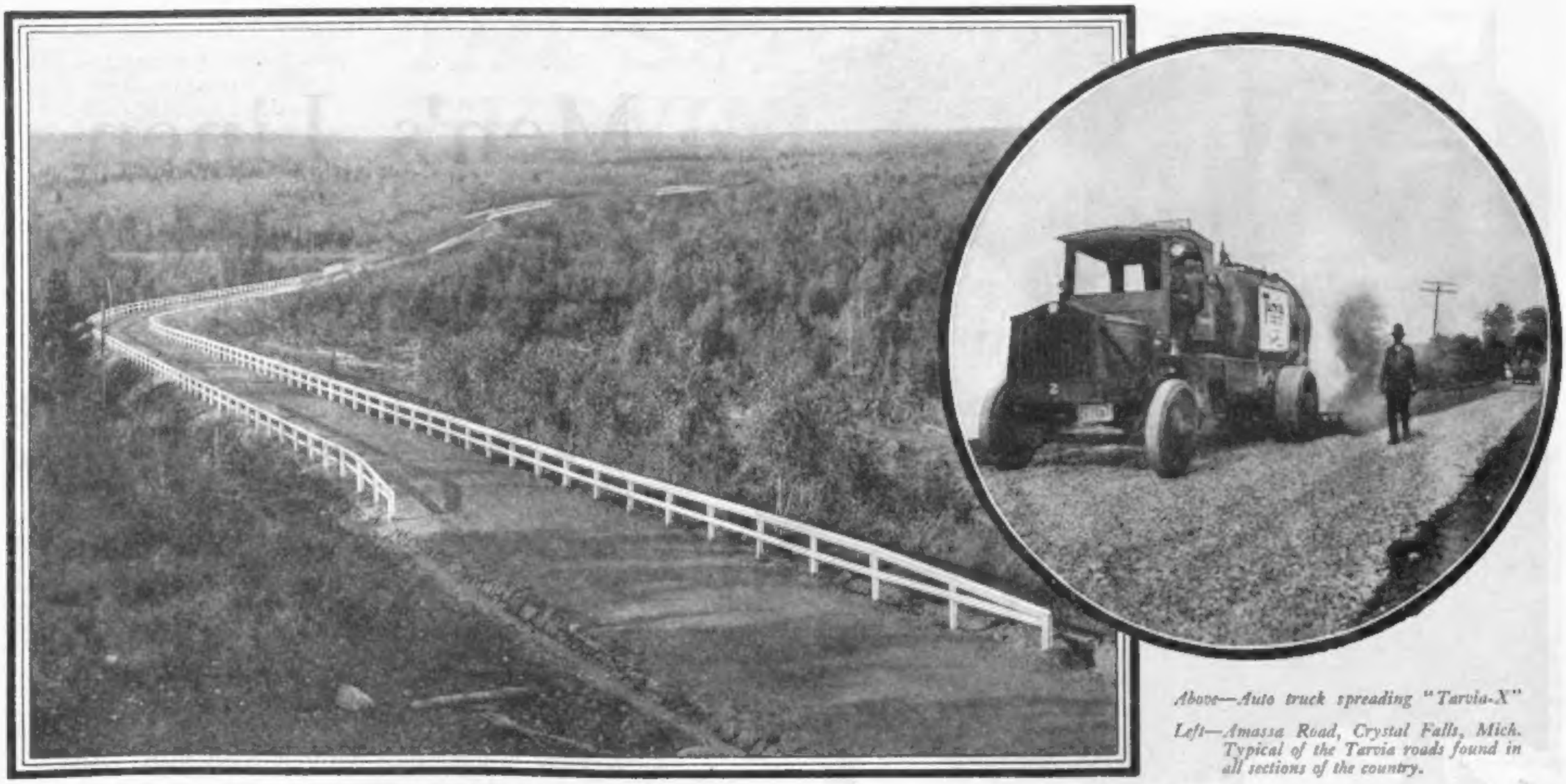
But go right. Cut work down to a minimum by providing a liberal assortment of dependable, ready-to-serve DEL MONTE Products.

No need to plan ahead. Just get them—at an instant's notice — from your pantry shelf—or from your regular quality grocer. Here are a few suggestions—DEL MONTE Peaches, Pineapple, Fruit Salad, Preserves, Jellies and Jams, DEL MONTE Asparagus, Ripe Olives, Pork and Beans, Salmon, Pickles, Catsup and Pimientos (for sandwiches). In fact, so wide is the DEL MONTE line that there is almost no need to go beyond it in providing all the foods necessary for any outing occasion.

And you'll find every outing more enjoyable with these delicious foods along. Each is ideal to serve in the open —each is ready without preparation—and each adds to your picnic meals the same tempting flavor and goodness that it brings to every-day menus the whole year round.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California



Above—Auto truck spreading "Tarvia-X"

Left—Amassa Road, Crystal Falls, Mich. Typical of the Tarvia roads found in all sections of the country.

The Country Wants Good Road *Mileage*—

"GOOD ROADS at *any cost*" is a mistaken policy. Good roads cease to be a benefit when the expense of building and maintaining them becomes burdensome. Costly construction slows up automatically the proper development of any good roads program.

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Men's Linen
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Make it count *for*, not *against* them

More often than most women realize, the condition of their husbands' and sons' personal linen, observed in the office, in club locker-rooms, at social functions, counts subtly *for* or *against*.

Men's linen is in women's care. It is fresh and white, or gray and untidy, largely as women ordain.

It is not enough merely to engage a good *laundress* to wash men's shirts and underclothes and handkerchiefs. She must have a good *soap* to work with.

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P and G The White Naphtha Soap is not merely a good soap—it is a unique soap, because it *combines in a single soap the good qualities* which may be found, one by one, in *many* soaps.

P and G is *white*
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So, *naturally* the clothes must come out clean and fresh.

Your laundress will be *glad* to use P and G, because it saves her time and energy—it requires less boiling and hard rubbing, and that *saves the clothes, too!* Just try it on men's cuffs and shirt-bands!

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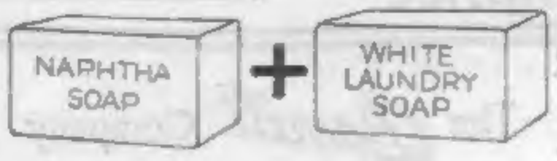

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Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined

Speed *and* Safety

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SANDOVAL

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

DUST swayed up in golden ropes against the afternoon and fell in clouds about a laboring horse, about a cart that bore a woman who dully looked at me through a black veil. Two riders glanced as their horses followed the wheels, noiseless on powdered yellow clay. A third horseman halted and was a shadow near my eyes while I stared after the long box that lay a little sideways in the jolting cart. Vehement sun gilded its lid until it rolled under a bough and naked wood fleetly carried the cool print of leaves. A coffin, surely! My mare was restless beneath me; but I stared at the cart, mounting a curve of this lane toward a mouth of forest. The forest ate the funeral and the last rider spoke, beside me:

"Hey! Is that spur silver?"

We gazed at each other without rudeness, as boys do, and then he looked at my spur. He had no hat, and dark hair made a point between blue eyes aimed at the spur's brilliance.

"Silver, ain't it?"

"I don't know," I said.

His dirty chin jerked into scornful creases.

He cried, "Don't know! You got it on, ain't you? What kind of a hat's that there?"

It was called a Prince Imperial, and its stiff, wide brim supported gangling ribbons. I thought it a childish hat, but the boy admired it, peering, and I said, "It's a Prince Imperial."

"Prince—who?"

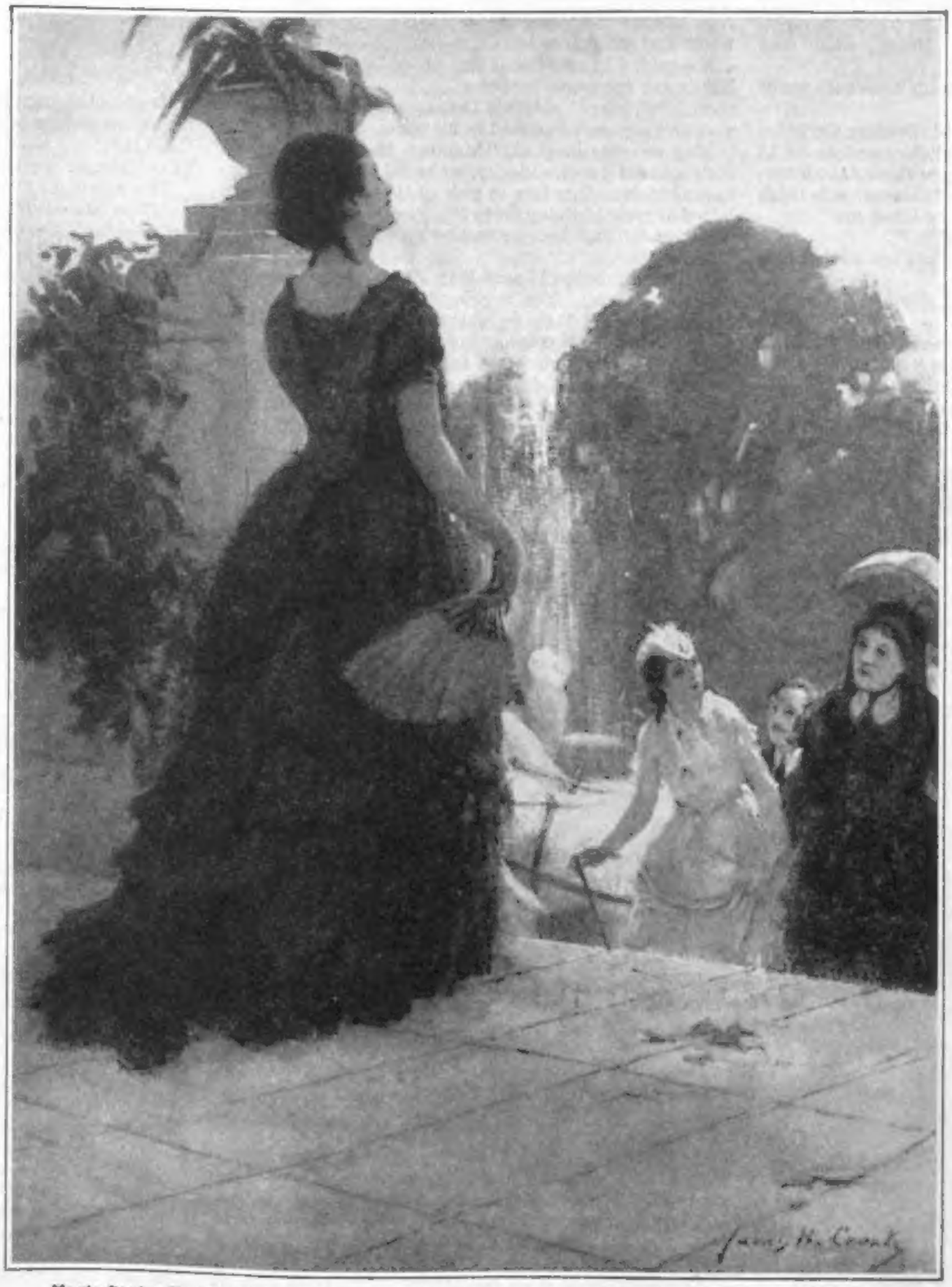
"Prince Imperial. Prince Loulou. The emperor's son."

"Oh, him! Hey, I'll give you a dollar for it." His foot was tremulous on his bare pony's side and he leaned nearer after a quick stare up the lane. "Hey, hustle! I got a dollar."

I asked, "Wasn't that a coffin in the wagon?"

"Sure! That's Jim. Say," he complained, "they kep' us a whole hour and a half at the prison, and they hung him at six this mornin'. Pa had to sign a lot of papers. . . . Ma cried."

"Hung him!"



May's Ponies Trotted in the Drive and Mother's Satin Romped Past the Door to Meet Such Callers

That made him angry. He reared and growled, "Say, don't you read the news? They was goin' to hang him this mornin', and they done! And they had in the newspaper about this girl he killed Ed over, gettin' married to a feller in White Plains yest'day. Ma says it ain't respectful to Jim ——"

A noise of hoofs outdid his voice. A red man reached from a tall horse and slashed the boy twice across the face with a black hat.

"Come on! Ain't you got more heart than to stop and gas at that feller when we're fetchin' your brother home? Come on!"

My mare jumped from the yell and whirled me down the corridor of birches. A rolling globe of dust hid the two riders, and an angle of the flaring river bit my eyes so that I sneezed and pulled my mount to a stop. If they had had Christian in the jolting box, would I have paused to gossip about spurs and tried to buy a strange lad's hat? If they had hanged my brother in the gray prison would I have talked about it to another boy in the hot lane? I licked dust from my lips and wondered at mankind.

But the wonder edged into a memory. I had hardly cried at all when my one sister died after a trailing fever. A fight had beckoned me down Bank Street from the doorstep, and I had strolled on, then, to watch men tear away black draperies in Union Square—the stale adornment of Lincoln's funeral. People got used to things; emotions shredded down like falling dust. Even if Christian died I would stop grieving. I nodded at a birch, and the nod was solemn, important. This thought seemed a tremendous answer, clothing my brain in dignity. I would be seventeen tomorrow.

I rode into a lower aisle of cedars that shut off all sight of the Hudson. Yet there came with me a gilded oblong, distinct, drifting close, and something shivered in the central I of Thorold John Gaar. Simplicity was destroyed in me lately, and I was nothing but a roaming query, never stilled, never comfortable. . . . Suppose that Christian found some man kissing May Almy, and killed him? But they never hanged rich men, and Christian was a statue without fires to make him angry. Nothing stirred Christian. But suppose ——

The river flared again, over crests, a mile below me. My eyes ached and there was a rattling in my mind. I hadn't slept. Heat clung upon September, and all night the fountain sniveled piously on the lawn, and light had crept under Christian's door to make red violets of my carpet quiver while I tossed. He must have been reading. What? And he must be gone back to the city now. Where? He had rooms in Grand Street. He was going to a new play tonight. How did he breathe in Grand Street when here, miles up the river, dust could not float for lack of wind and my tough hands sweated. I fanned my face with the Prince Imperial. Where was the prince? The emperor was a prisoner, after all. The Germans had sent him to some thick name in Germany. Real news had come to father's bank last night. Well, where was the skinny, smiling boy who rode, last year, close to his mother's turquoise flounces and waved a lemon glove to bowing ladies on the terrace of our hotel in Paris? . . . I tried to be the Prince Imperial and began a speech to the Parisians with "*Aux armes, citoyens!*" But the gilded coffin slid somehow across a sentence and I said ferociously "Oh, hell!" as the mare stopped short.

My new mind moved too swiftly and asked too many questions. Summer had been lonely. There were few lads in the houses strung along the road between Dobbs Ferry and Tarrytown. Christian seldom talked to me, though he had said at breakfast "You didn't sleep much" kindly. And now he was gone back to his rich idleness in town. I was sure that he liked me a little, but he was twenty-four and a grave statue. And why

should I worry because he might kill somebody and be hung? It was so queer that my mind should spin on that. I kicked the mare and we bounced into the road where it dips below Irvington in a great tent of high trees that altogether masked the sun, and in cool green shadow.

At once May Almy cried, "Thor! Blacky!" above the pattering trot of two white ponies that towed a basket hung on scarlet wheels. Reins of scarlet leather flashed, and her gown was a silvery wave that boiled up in a nest of scarlet sand beside her mother, a jet rock. The silver wave sank on red cushions and May smiled in her froth of veils, and a wave of blood mounted in my head. I was molten, riding near her.

"Wh-what d'you call that thing?"

"This," May said, "is an English pony carriage, and those are the ponies. This is mamma. And that's Cousin Henry."

A rosy long man bowed over the carriage from a bay horse on which he lounged. He must be Captain Lassiter, dear Mr. Almy's second cousin, who was staying with them at Tarrytown. He said "Mr. Gaar," softly drawling, lifting his high gray hat.

May twisted the scarlet reins about a white glove and chattered to the man: "Isn't Blacky beautiful? Christian's been having him specially upholstered for tomorrow night. Aren't his boots transcendental? Henry, what does 'transcendental' mean?"

"Love," said Mrs. Almy, "you shouldn't use such words unless you know what they mean."

May yawned, "Mamma, I have to! Because Christian never uses a word longer than two syllables and we ought to keep it even. . . . Blacky, d'you think that Christian'll talk to me after we're married? He seems to think he's done quite enough for me when he kisses me."

"Well, he never does talk much, May."

"I'm sure," said May, "that you'd kiss me much, much more."

"Darling," Mrs. Almy breathed, "you'll embarrass Thorold."

May grinned with the blur of a pine riding her silver for an instant. Then she told her cousin, "Blacky has to be belle of the ball tomorrow night. It's his birthday. They've had him in a convent for boys at a place called Wallingford, in Connecticut, where the Yankees come from. He's seventeen tomorrow. All the nicest girls will be led up and introduced. You'd better carry a bouquet, Blacky, and blush ——"

"Shut up!"

"—— becomingly. This is his début, Henry. All the heiresses are so excited. They ——"

"He's excusable," said Captain Lassiter, "if he should murder you, May. I'd defend him in any court."

"He adores me," May reported, letting the ponies walk. "He sits and adores Christian at home, and then he comes to tea and adores me. You do adore me, don't you, Blacky?"

"I certainly don't! Oh, I saw that fellow they hung at the prison, just now. His family were taking him home."

Was There Anyone for Whom He Hadn't Done Favors?

Mrs. Almy shrieked into her black lace mittens. May flung aside her veils and cried, "Oh, Thor! Oh, you poor baby! You didn't!" Her face was gold between the lifeless silver veils, and her eyes darkened.

Terrible heat possessed my head as I stammered, "Th-they had him in a coffin, May. I didn't mind."

"I suppose you enjoyed it! . . . He meditates, Henry. He's a melancholy Dane. He's as bad as that idiotic Englishman that Kitty Ayres had at the skating club last winter. I dropped my muff and he dived for it, you know, and then he stood and meditated and patted it and my hands froze. People shouldn't meditate in public."

Mrs. Almy produced one of her dreadful sentences in a thin tone always fluttering as if water sprayed flat rock.

She said, "I'm sure that no boy is any the worse for being thoughtful, May." Captain Lassiter stared off at a granite wall and a muscle twitched in his cheek.

May serenely laughed, "Mamma, Blacky isn't a boy. He's a social event. Blacky, we're taking Cousin Henry around to introduce him to girls so that he won't be neglected at your birthday party."

"It's not! Just because mother's giving a dance on my birthday!"

"Rubbish, darling!" said May, flicking the ponies past a hissing linden. "You're being trotted out. People give balls to show off their daughters and get 'em looked at, and you're much better-looking than most girls."

"Love," Mrs. Almy broke in, "that's really rude!"

Captain Lassiter drawled, "You're a brutal young woman, May. . . . Mr. Gaar, your brother was sayin' at lunch that the emperor's surrendered. Think that the bank could send a cable message to Berlin and find out if the staff surrendered with him? It's an outrageous kind of thing to ask, but I'm concerned about a boy named Billy Peyton. He was on duty with the emperor's staff."

His voice came lazily, the drawl heavy on each word. A Southerner!

I had never seen one at such range. There'd been a lad from Kentucky at school, but Kentuckians didn't count. Captain? A purple scar ran from the thumb of his left hand to his cuff.

"The bank cables about all kinds of jobs, sir. I don't see why not. . . . I suppose," I went on, "that there's lots of Confederate officers in the French Army?"

"I hear of some. Mostly from New Orleans, though. They all speak French. Quite a feeling for Louis Napoleon in Richmond, y'know. He was supposed to be on our side in the war. Lord knows why!" He mused, "We were always hearin' that Louis would send a fleet or an army to us week after next. Reckon he's too smart to have bothered. . . . Well, I'm concerned about Billy. His mother's an elderly lady."

I was at once concerned about Billy Peyton, because Captain Lassiter liked him and because the papers chattered of General Lee's ill health. It now seemed that Virginia was a noble ruin, a place of waste orchard and smashed palaces, where everyone starved in still, perfect sorrow.

I promised recklessly, "I'll ask father and tell you tomorrow night," and was refreshed by the thought of having one decent thing to do tomorrow night at this ball.

"You're most obligin'," said Captain Lassiter, and beamed at me.

"Blacky's much more obliging than Christian," May yawned. "Blacky, if Christian forgets to come to our wedding, will you marry me? I'm sure he'll forget. He'll be playing billiards in a gambling hell."

"Love," said Mrs. Almy, "house!"

"Mamma, even Ward McAllister called them hells at Mrs. Rutherford's lunch the day I broke my tooth on that olive pit. And nobody can be more refined than Ward McAllister. Anyhow, I just don't mean to be left waiting at St. Mark's in a lot of dreadful veils while Christian finishes a game of billiards or talks about something to a newspaper reporter. He has rooms in a horrible place in Grand Street, Henry, and gives luncheons to newspaper reporters. Mamma thinks he's immoral."

Mrs. Almy sighed, "May—dearest! Thorold, you mustn't listen! Christian isn't like most young men, but I never said that he was immoral." She raised a black parasol over her bonnet still shaking crape for poor Mr. Almy, dead two years ago. Funny that she should be May's mother. Her pointed face was gray under and

May Almy

above so much bright blackness. As if water dripped from the jet pinnacle of her slim height she murmured, "Henry, don't you find Christian most—most interesting?"

"A very nice boy, ma'am. . . . Whose place is this, May?"

"It's Blacky's ancestral hall, Henry. We're going there after we've taken you to the Holbrooks. . . . Hold these, mamma. My foot's asleep; I've got to wake it up." She dropped the reins on her mother's lap and slipped from the cart to a great ragged map of shadow cast by the hemlocks at our gateway. Then she wailed, "Ow! My whole leg's asl——"

"Love!"

"Mamma, I have legs! I know that young women didn't when you were a belle, but we have legs! I don't know why actresses can have legs and I can't! Henry, do girls in Virginia have legs?"

Captain Lassiter stopped looking up the driveway at our fifty white statues or at our house, and answered, "Understand that they have legs, May. My mother prefers 'em to have limbs. . . . You're spoiling your slippers."

This grayer dust was casing the bronze of her short feet, and May stared down as she stamped one slipper. The veils were still then, and her face was still while she raised the sole from earth. But the dress flashed again from her waist to the whirling skirt as she spun.

"Christian gone to town, Blacky?"

"He was goin' on the three o'clock, May."

Mrs. Almy told the Virginian, "Christian finds the city so much more interesting than the country, Henry. He isn't often at home. May misses him so much."

"I don't!" said May. "I'm afraid of the creature!"

"Love! After you've been engaged since last October! And she was so anxious to have the wedding in June. But I was so ill."

I stared at Mrs. Almy and my mind played its worst trick, the trick of making me a shell filled with whispers from some other self. Mrs. Almy threw an echo into me, lifting the red leather in her hands with their black lace sheathing. I winced and was clumsy in my saddle, afraid of her.

"Christian scares me. I don't mind his being ugly."

"Love!"

Captain Lassiter drawled, dismounting, "He's a very fine figure of a man, May. Lord of glory! What do the ladies want? We can't all be Adonises, May!"

"But he scares me. He's just terribly calm. I suppose after you've been shot at and seasick and all the other things in the Navy, you do get calm. He's as calm as Mr. Gaar's Apollo; the statue you think's too fat, Blacky."

"Well, it is too fat, May. I think father was silly to pay five thousand dollars for ——"

No, I shouldn't have said that. The price of things wasn't spoken in society, and Mrs. Almy was society, fooling with the reins. May, with her boy's frank voice, was society, and she had told me that, swinging her skirt from a horse in a lane behind Tarrytown. I'd said the wrong thing.

Captain Lassiter drawled, "It always seems to me that artists choose the funniest folks for models. But a calm husband would be a kind of asset, May, to a pretty young woman."

He wiped the inner band of the high gray hat and smiled down at her blue eyes. His niceness spread around him, and he liked Christian and had saved me from my vulgar words about the Apollo. I must ask father to cable from Almy & Co. to find out if Billy Peyton was a prisoner. That would pay him back. Sometimes a figure came curving from nowhere and spread this warmth, to warm me. There had been the Latin master's wife at school, and a girl who rode through Wallingford on a mule and grinned at us playing cricket in Doctor Randall's yard under the beeches. And now May grinned as if a jolly boy had strayed into the rounds of a woman's body.

"Your hair's thin in front, Henry."

"Love! . . . Henry, she thinks that men have no vanity. She'll always be a little girl—always," said Mrs. Almy, "my little girl. Get in, dear."

The black rock melted against May in a kiss that landed on the girl's brow somewhere under the veils. She was always kissing May, although May was twenty-two, and twining her black arms around the pallid dresses that seemed silver hiding gold. The muscle in Lassiter's cheek writhed once more as he jumped to his saddle. Mrs. Almy could be funny to him; he was old enough; her dead husband hadn't been his father's master in the bank on Chambers Street. I was a man now; my father said so.

I dared to say, "My mother don't make so much fuss over me."

"Does not, Thor."

"Oh, mamma! Do let Blacky's grammar be!"

"Love, Thor should speak correctly. Mr. Gaar uses such beautiful English, Henry, although he was born in Denmark. I know you'll enjoy meeting him tomorrow night at the ball."

"I'm sure I shall, ma'am," said Lassiter, and lifted his hat to me as the ponies fled and the cart became a moving lump of color on the maps from our fifty hemlocks, taking May off. Well, she would come back when they had called at the Holbrook house on a hill above Dobbs Ferry. Christian would miss her, calmly gone to fill his box for the play with some of his queer friends. He had curtly promised to be back long before the dance tomorrow night.

This dance tomorrow night would slay me with its grandeur. Society was coming; I was to see society mount from New York and waltz on our cleared floors. We were in society now, after my five years at Doctor Randall's, where there was no society. I had known of this dance for a month, and now it had come to bite me. I would be shut in its brightness as if a box closed on my terror; as if a coffin held my clumsiness. The coffin floated, wiping May's last sparkle from the green road. I looked up our blue driveway at our house.

II

THEY began to build it in May of 1865, and a workman fell from the scaffold about the craning tower. There was a brick in his old cavalry cap when they picked it up. Five years had pulled jade creepers high on the walls; but the bricks still were cherry, and the tower's hood of slate showed no discolor under the square crown of lightning rods. The tower rose high above hemlocks, and you could see it from the river boats. They sold a pamphlet, too, on the boats, and our house was in that: "Elegant and commodious residence of Charles O. Gaar, Dobbs Ferry. The house is surrounded by fourteen acres of beautifully decorated grounds and contains four bathrooms." Some lad brought the folding book to school and for a battling week I was Elegant and Commodious, until I was just Blacky Gaar again. And a boy from Hartford made a ribald sketch of me looped through four bathtubs. Elegant! Commodious! I wriggled in the saddle and my mare walked up the drive. . . . Elegant! Commodious! . . . Mr. and Mrs. Charles Otto Gaar request the pleasure of your company at a dance in honor of their elegant son, Thorold John, at their commodious residence, Gaarwood, Dobbs Ferry, on September 14, 1870, at nine o'clock. Elegant catering by Solari. Commodious music by Franchetti's orchestra. Thorold John has been elegantly upholstered for the occasion by his commodious brother Christian. No expense has been spared. . . . Elegant! Commodious!

"Had a nice ride, sir?" the groom asked, taking my horse.

"Too hot."

He said, "You was laughin', Mr. Thor, so I thought you'd cheered up," and led the dusty brute about the bulk of our elegance.

I sat on thick granite steps and stared at the absolute emerald of a lawn watered by a dozen showers. The pipes wormed under the grass and the jets were dazzling among fifty proper but naked white gods and goddesses imported by father's friend, Mr. Magnus, from Hamburg. There was an old god of lead in a crumbled basin behind Doctor Randall's school at Wallingford, but all our gods were polished every week. Elegant and commodious, the octagonal summer houses showed clean honeysuckle and the fountain made a fan of opals shiver under a tall cedar. My eyes itched and I stared at my long legs, smartly confined in checked breeches. My thighs bulged in a satisfactory, soothing way. I was almost as tall as Christian, and Christian had made me elegant, touring my awkwardness among his tailors in the last days of August, so that my closet now was stuffed with clothes. Elegant! Commodious! I now had thirty neckties over which Christian had passed his square, perfect nails. If Christian wasn't a statue we might have talked, strolling on Union Square and Broadway. He hadn't talked to me since he came back from the war five years ago. If he would talk—he knew everything—I would find answers.

What was all this? Why wasn't I going to college and why, in a crawling of hints and glances, was it so plain that tomorrow night had a weight for me? Come! Wasn't May Almy right? Wasn't I being shown off to a pack of people? Why? I scuffled my brown hands on the step and scowled, hearing the great harp tinkle in the parlors. Mother still practiced daily. Before 1861 she was often driven down Red Bank Street with a smaller harp cased beside the cabman. Sometimes she brought back round bouquets that scented our house completely. Uncle Pat said that she sang for pay. Well, we were rich now. Why must she practice every day? The harp sounded in delicate tremors against the high gush of her voice. I hardly listened.

——and one less to kiss.
One more departed to heaven's bright shore.
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.
Ring the bell softly, there's—crape—on—the door!

Her bracelets jangled in the pause. Eight of them strangled the white charm of her arms. May Almy sometimes stared at them. I could hear the bloody jewels click, three rooms away. The bracelets had blazed suddenly, six years since, and I was told that I would go to boarding school that morning. Fortune commenced then; September, 1864. The harp more deeply sounded. Why was all enchantment sucked from her music lately? I shifted on the stone in a sort of pain. Better to steal down the lawns and swim in the river. The new song stopped me:

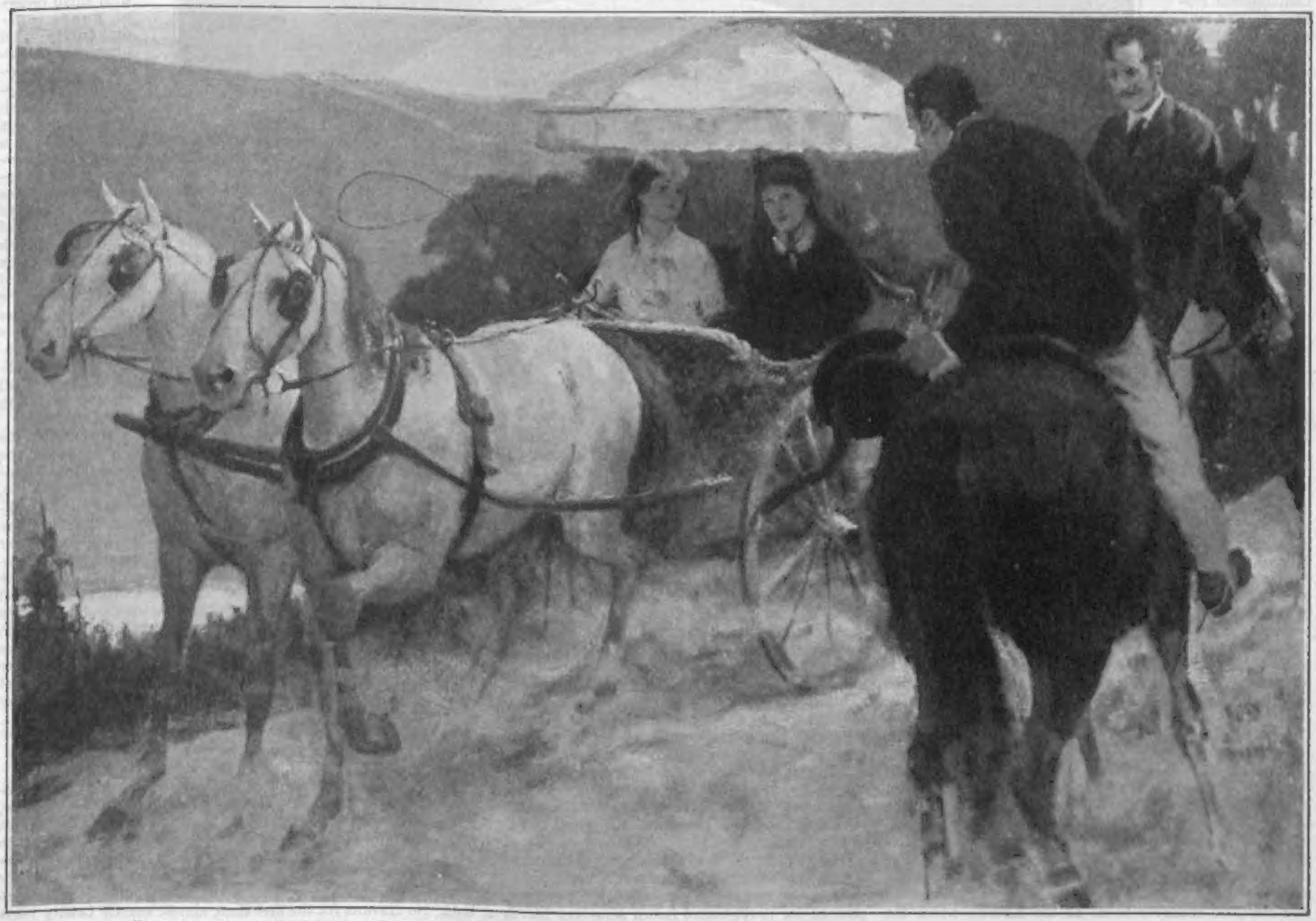
Flee as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin ——

Vulgar. The word came wavering into my head as a visible ripple of ink on some curious paper, hung in a mist. Vulgar, sobbing music that a black cook moaned at school under the big classroom. Vulgar!

Fly, for th' avenger is near thee!
Call and the Saviour will hear thee.
He on His bosom will bear thee,
Thou who art weary of sin.
O Thou who art weary of sin!

What sin? I said "Huh!" and a man bowed, with a dusty foot on the step beside my spur. His hat's blue ribbon nearly touched my sleeve, rising from the swoop

(Continued on Page 117)



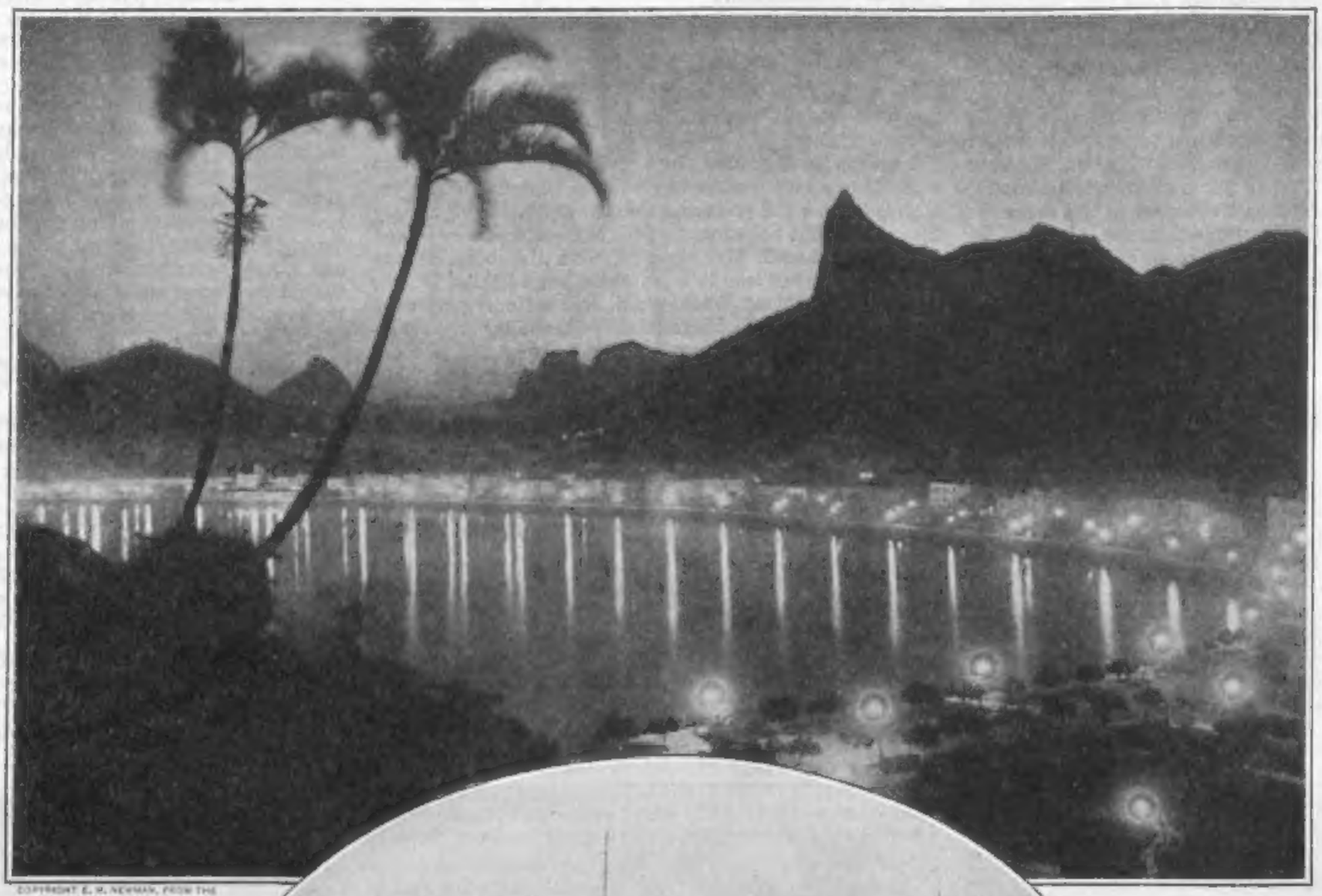
"Blacky, D'you Think That Christian'll Talk to Me After We're Married? He Seems to Think He's Done Quite Enough for Me When He Kisses Me"

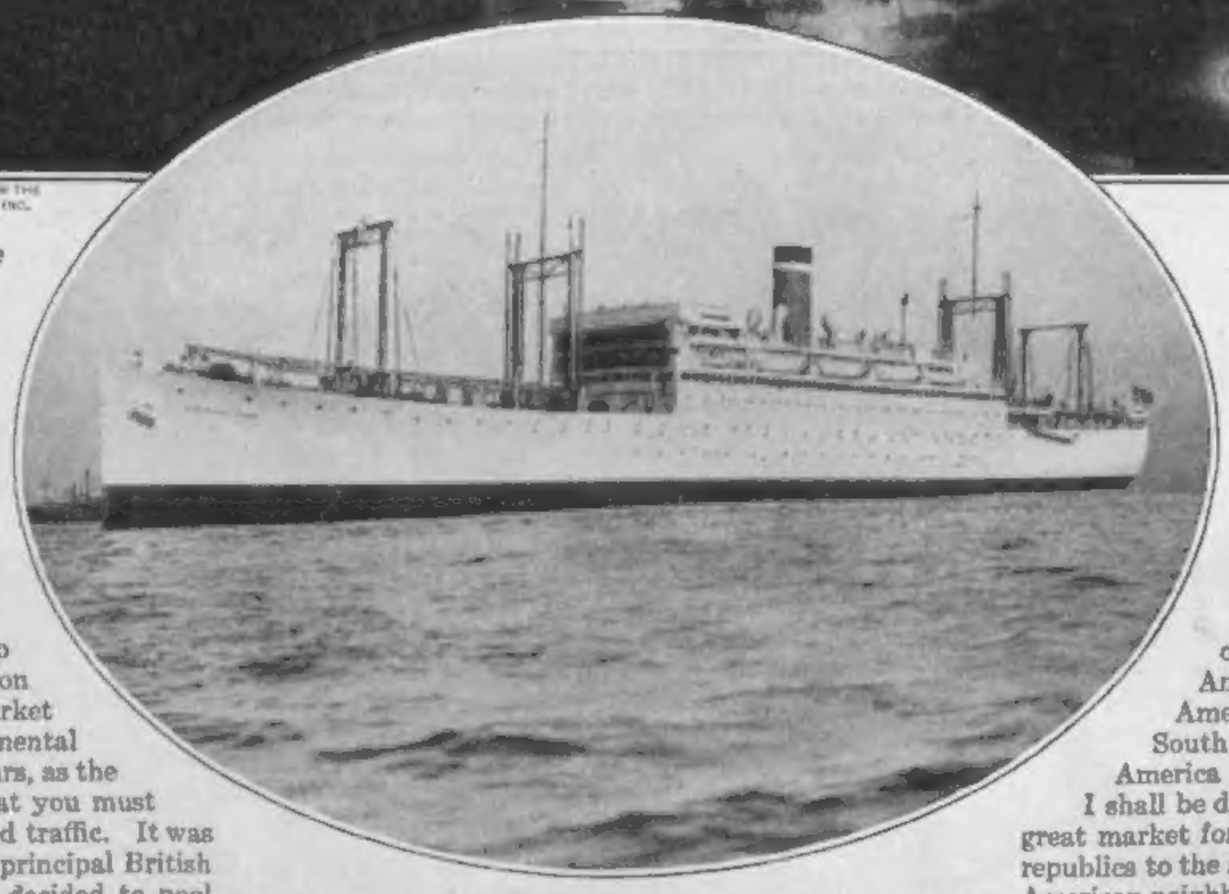
NEW MARKETS FOR OLD

By Medill McCormick

Senator From Illinois

NEW markets for old! New markets for old, or no expanding markets at all for the unsold surplus of American goods. If there be thousands of Americans who still cherish the hope—nay, the belief—that some economic alchemy, some political formula may regenerate and restore Continental Europe in a period of months, not so the British. They know Continental Europe better than we do. The few miles of the Channel, not the many leagues of the Atlantic, separate them from its shores. For generations they have been the world's bankers, manufacturers, merchants and mariners. Wise old John Bull, patient, persistent, taught by experience, prudent and bold, after four years of fruitless struggle to appease the hates of Continental Europe, and to subordinate political ambition and rivalry to inexorable economic need, has been compelled to decide that a decade or more must pass before Continental Europe can find the stability and can recover the productivity necessary to make it a great market again.





The Southern Cross Plying Between New York and South American Ports. Above—A Night Photograph of the Bay of Botafogo, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

John Bull's statesmen have learned this from their diplomats, as his merchants and bankers have learned it from their agents and branch managers in all the ports and marts of Europe from the Ægean to the Baltic. When I was in London there was nothing more interesting than the universal interest in the possible failure of the American Ship Subsidy Bill and the general determination to find in Asia and South America a market for the goods which cannot be sold in Continental Europe. The British have known for years, as the Germans had learned before the war, that you must link together diplomacy, trade, travel and traffic. It was only the other day that I heard that the principal British firms interested in the export trade had decided to pool their foreign advertising, and to place the direction of their advertising abroad in the hands of the great international news agency of Reuter. For example, Reuter's News Agency in Buenos Aires, which reports the news of Argentina to England, will offer to sell the news of the world to the Prensa and the Nación of Buenos Aires in competition with the American United Press or the American Associated Press, for a reasonable weekly or annual charge—and at the same time can offer the business managers of the two great newspapers a handsome sum for the advertising of British flour, or British shoes, or British machinery, or British clothing!

Formidable British Competition

PRETTY stiff competition for the American press associations, that. In Buenos Aires there is a great department store, British owned, and a great British-owned hotel. The street-car lines of the city are British and the steam railways of the country are British. There is a fine, strong, intelligent British commercial colony, with a keen sense of solidarity, collaborating with the British steamship companies and the great British banks. They are all united in a natural and laudable endeavor to do all the business which the Germans did before the war, and no less to do the business which we did two years ago but which we have begun to let slip. Now what I have said of Buenos Aires is true of every commercial capital in South America, and indeed in the world. There was a time, before the war, when in many parts of the world, and especially in South America, we were at a definable disadvantage in competing with the Germans or with the British. The Germans today labor under a handicap upon which I need not expatiate. At the moment, the British have lost some of their old-time advantages. I do not know what the future may have in store, but today you may travel from New York down the east coast of South America to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires more rapidly and more comfortably than you can from London, whereas before the war an American merchant or an American ambassador bound from New York for those ports generally took ship first to England and thence for South America.

The four fine vessels of the Shipping Board which ply between New York and South American east-coast ports not only carry our merchants but afford swift and commodious passage for north-bound South American travelers, both business men and tourists on pleasure bent. The new ships provide for American shippers an express service. This is important. In building up a regular and considerable foreign trade it is not enough to have only a slow freight service for overseas customers. The importer on the east coast in Brazil or Uruguay or Argentina, the importer on the west coast in Peru or Chile, must be able to receive not only his regular annual shipments by slow freight at cheap rates but when necessity arises must be able to send urgent supplemental orders by cable and have them promptly filled by express steamships. For example, he cannot be expected to do a great part of his business with American exporters who ship and who are able to ship only by slow freight, and then in time of necessity call upon British exporters to accommodate him with small orders of goods peremptorily and promptly expedited from Liverpool or Southampton by fast British steamships. We must have fast steamers to South America if we are to have a market in South America. The American who before the war sought to export to South America manufactures or foodstuffs depended and had to depend very largely on the services of British ships, British cables, British agents and British banks, with some little assistance from German lines and German agencies. Today, thanks to the Shipping Board, there is a first-class American steamship service to both coasts of South America. Thanks to the all-American cables there is an almost all-American telegraphic communication with all South America. Today there are in South America thirty-five branches of American banks.

I shall be driven to statistics to make it plain that the great market for the next ten to twenty years lies in the republics to the south of us. The population of our Latin-American neighbors is between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000. The population of the republics which border the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, of which the shores are within sixty hours' sail from our Southern ports, is over 30,000,000. The population of the three prosperous progressive states, of which the shores are washed by the Atlantic, is over 40,000,000. Their population has doubled in twenty years, and so great is their area and so vast are their natural riches that probably it will double again in another twenty years. In an economic sense their resources on the whole are complementary to ours. They produce and export a great deal that we cannot produce and must buy abroad, and we produce and can sell abroad what they cannot manufacture today and must buy from across seas.

Possibilities of South American Trade

THE possibilities of this exchange are beyond the comprehension of those who have not studied it. For example, a year or two ago the United States sold to 3,000,000 people in the little Republic of Cuba as much as they sold to 40,000,000 people in France! The Cuban market has grown in twenty years not only actually but especially for us. I very well remember that when my wife and I were in Havana for the first time, almost exactly twenty years ago, I met a friend who is a conspicuous American shoe

manufacturer, and asked him if he were there to find a shoe agency in the new republic, of which Leonard Wood had ordered the affairs and the security of which had been guaranteed by the United States.

"Not by a good deal," he said. "Come out on the sidewalk and look at the spike-pointed styles which are popular in this market. These people won't buy from us. The men, like the women, go to Paris for what they want."

It was last year during the debate on the tariff bill that I received from that shoe manufacturer a vehement letter protesting against any high tariff on imports from Cuba which would tend to injure one of the world's best markets for American shoes!

Flour Sales

AMERICAN capital has gone into Cuba; railways and highways have been built; so have sugar factories and hotels. The Cuban workman has learned to produce more and has earned higher wages, and in turn has bought more to eat, to wear, and to furnish his house. The Cubans buy from us ten times as much per capita as, for example, do the English. If the people of the dozen Latin-American republics, of which the shores are washed by the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, bought from us half as much per capita as do the Cubans, we should do as large an export business in the Caribbean basin alone as we do with all Continental Europe.

I have not been able to make a comparison of the value of German exports to South America today with those of the last year before the war, because German values before the war were computed in terms of gold marks, while today they are computed in unintelligible terms of paper. But at all events, I note that in quantity German exports to Argentina before the war amounted to six times as much as they do today; those to Brazil seven times as much, and those to Chile a hundred times as much as they do today.

A Buenos Aires Crowd Out for Political Ideas

These German exports included barbed wire, iron pipe, dynamos, motors, cement, print paper, motor cars, pianos, stockings and cotton clothing. I had supposed before I began to study the question in detail that of course all South America ate bread made from Argentine flour, but I found that 65 per cent of the flour sold to the northern two-thirds of Latin America was shipped from the United States, and that in that field Canada, not Argentina, was our particular competitor. You have only to look at the map and the trade routes to understand why this is so. Ships which go down the west coast to bring back Chilean nitrates and copper can carry down American flour and American manufactures, and ships which go down the east coast to get Brazilian coffee or Argentine hides can carry down American manufactures and American flour.

But there is another factor at play. In the old days South America borrowed chiefly in London and Paris, and sometimes in Berlin and Amsterdam. Now it borrows chiefly in America, and sometimes in London. It borrows in America to pay off old loans falling due, for new enterprises like public works and railways. The material which enters into the construction of railways and public works, the engineers and contractors engaged in their construction, are generally found in the country which supplies the capital. It is no wonder then that the rolling stock of the Argentine railways is British, while that of the Brazilian railways is American.

Borrowings

IT IS interesting to review any week's sale of foreign bonds in the American bond market. If you exclude Scandinavia and Holland, the comparison between the prices of Latin-American bonds with those of the countries of Continental Europe is striking. Who would have thought that the bonds of the little Haitian and Dominican republics and the bonds of Bolivia and of the city of Rio de Janeiro would sell for more, day after day, than bonds of the French Republic, of the Serb-Croat-Slovene State, or of the city of Lyons? How many years ago would an investor have preferred the securities of a Brazilian railway to that of a French railway like the P. L. M.? The investor will do well to study the average prices of the bonds of European and Latin-American governments. Latin-American bond prices are better than European. People think they are safer.

But there are other things for him to bear in mind. The governments of Continental Europe not only owe the Government of the United States some $7,000,000,000 which they evince little ability or intention to pay, but Continental European governments, firms or individuals have borrowed in the American money market, since the signing of the Armistice, an estimated $7,000,000,000 more. It is noticeable that during the past six or eight months there

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A View of the Corcovado — the Hunchback — Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

THE BOY WONDER

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"GIFFORD LANE JONES?" The scenario editor of the Magnificent Pictures Corporation looked up with a smile on his flat face, tired as he was. He had worked until after midnight, making a fair continuity worse, on orders from higher up, and the litter of literature in his musty little office this morning made it look like a rough day ahead. But Gifford Lane Jones was a name to arouse interest; household word, internationally known; author of this and that and the other; a big, plump, jovial fellow, as Simmons remembered him from the old newspaper days.

"Show him right in." As the door reopened he sang out, "Hello, you Giff! Welcome to our ——"

He stopped abruptly, mouth open, eyes fixed, a queer feeling in his cheeks. The man who walked in was gaunt, emaciated, stooped, haggard of face and toothless like an old man; he laughed, and the effect was startling, with those empty gums and his shrill, high-pitched voice.

"It's your little friend Giffy, all right, what there is left of him," he said as he extended his hand; and then Simmons found in the eyes the identity of the man he had known.

"What hit you?" he asked, still in shocked concern as they seated themselves. He wished that he hadn't shown so much surprise, but the thing had come on him so suddenly.

"Oh, the war," returned Gifford, quite nonchalantly indeed. "I was in it from the jump, you know; joined out there with the British and transferred to the A. E. F. when we came in; got gassed and filled with shrapnel and lost a vital or so, and they've had me in the hospitals ever since, patching me up—I don't know why."

"Gad!" Simmons was half sickened with the renewed horror of it all. He pulled himself together quickly for Gifford's benefit. "Well, they did a pretty good repair job on you, Giff. If you'd only invest in a suit of store teeth you'd be handsome again."

"Can't; the mustard took half the shingles off the roof of my mouth. . . . Say, Harry, I brought you a precious gem."

If He Could Only Put His Hands in His Pockets! But the Little Brown Book That Lay on the Bed Distinctly Said It Was Bad Form to Put the Hands in the Pockets!

It was a relief to both of them to have him open his script case and produce a manuscript. This was business, and the heartstrings could be left out of it. With a thick, deft thumb, the editor flipped up the cover page of the manuscript, but as he looked at the title he frowned.

"The Blinding Vision. What is this, an original?"

"I can lick the man who says it isn't original," declared the author, with a fair echo of his old boisterousness. "Say, Simmons, as you know, I spent ten years at writing and two years bucking the pictures; but in all that time I never turned out a thing so gripping, so human, so big, so dramatic as this; and it's all picture, every word. You could number the scenes in the thing and shoot it as is. Read it."

"All right, I've read it." Simmons tossed it down. "That is, we'll say I have, and I am willing to agree enthusiastically that it is all you mention; but it's an original; we don't want it."

There was a trace of collapse inside Gifford Lane Jones, but a man who has gone through four years of the thick of war has something in him that is never licked until he is all licked, and the good old fighting spirit of him snapped back into his gray eyes.

"Of all the pusillanimous games in the world, the motion picture is the most cowardly! An internationally known author brings you a story, which, for the sake of argument, you admit would make a great picture; and you won't even read it, because it hasn't first been successful as something else—a book or a play. Great Scott, man, a story stands on its own! And the stage has long since found out that the best plays are written as plays and not as adaptations of novels; but the motion-picture business is entirely secondhand, a mere purveyor of reflected values.

"Absolutely, positively, entirely, completely, in toto, heart and soul, root and branch, down to the ground," affirmed Simmons grimly. "And then some! What are you going to do about it?"

"Revolutionize the industry," grinned Gifford, but Simmons' quick ear caught well-concealed despondency beneath the braggadocio of kidding.

"Why don't you write this scenario as a story? You can sell it then for a picture—as soon as it's published."

"I haven't my hand in yet," returned the writer, slightly worried. "A story requires a harmony of word and expression, and a subtlety of thought that pictures can't use. It requires polish and finesse and bubble. I'll get it back soon, but in the meantime ——"

"What about your previously published stuff?"

"All sold before the war. I've been out of print ever since." He looked through the grimy window, across the greensward, mellowed with the misty sunshine, to the purple hills. He loved those hills; their color, their beauty, their mystery. Simmons watched him silently, on his comfort-loving flat face the sympathy that had so often led him into trouble. Suddenly Gifford turned and reached for his manuscript. "Much obliged for your time, old man. I think I'll run along and peddle my peanuts."

"Wait a minute, Giff. If everybody on the lot likes your brain child we might use it for a cheap program picture; but the price would be away below what your name should command." He paused. Gifford was so miserably in need of money that he made no dissent, and Simmons went on: "If you say so, I'll try to put it through. Zimmerman, our present G. M., is pretty hard-boiled, but his golden yolk can be reached."

"Say, Simmons ——"

A gangling, flat-stomached, long-necked young fellow of about twenty-one, with curly hair, a touch of pink in his olive cheeks, eager dark-brown eyes and a tiny sharp crease between them, had opened the door abruptly, then stopped as he saw the stranger.

"It's all right, Izzy. Where's the fire?"

"Say, Simmons"—the boy closed the door behind him, and leaned against it, all business from his snub-toed shoes up—"we gotta maybe cut that ballroom scene out of Strong and True."

"Certainly!" agreed Simmons with withering sarcasm. "Also the parlor set and the conservatory. We'll play the whole mess in the kitchen and the back yard."

"Well, that'd get us inside the estimate," grinned Izzy. "Mr. Schusshel keeps hollerin' every month to hold 'em down. You know what I told him, Simmons? I says, 'You ain't gotta hold down them program pictures any, Mr. Schusshel. They're too weak to get up even if you let 'em alone.'"

A laugh from Gifford, and Simmons introduced them. He started to explain who Gifford Lane Jones was; but Izzy Iskovitch, whose mind was a marvelous cross index of everything pertaining to the business, needed no posting.

"Oh, sure! I remember! Mr. Jones made his own continuity from his own magazine story, The Girl in Black, long before I came to the M. P. C., and it was a money-maker from the first. I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Jones."

He was all boy as he shook hands, and his cheerful grin was so infectious that Gifford felt better for it.

"Thanks for the pansies," he said. "What are you around here, cost hound?"

"You bet my life!" exulted Izzy, for he knew himself as a future motion-picture magnate before whom all others should pale, and he was hugely satisfied with his progress toward that positive goal. "I gotta job like there ain't any on any other lot. I'm Mr. Schusshel's personal representative about stayin' inside the estimates, and I gotta O.K. every red cent that goes into every picture, and I'm doin' so well that every director and script writer on the lot hates my shadow."

He somehow gave the impression as he stood there that, though idle, he was racing his motor; then suddenly he was outside and the door slammed. High gear at first jump through the perpetually damp corridor of this hive of disillusionment, where writers wrote what they didn't want to write, and readers recommended what would never be produced, and office girls returned tons of contributions that were never read; and from the open doors a score of friendly greetings floated after the hated shadow of the cost hound.

Up the vast lot, through mimic Spain and Orient, Rome and Chinatown and jungle kraal, his bony frame hunched itself, with his speed indicator hitting the pin; and a cowboy, about to jump his horse from a cliff, paused to swing his hat at Izzy; while a bad, bad man who was abducting a remarkably unlearned-looking young schoolma'am from the very door of her prim schoolhouse yelled a warm morning's morning.

All in the merry M. P. C. was as it should be, but as he swung into the bustle of the administration building a different vibration rushed out sharply to assail him. The door of David Schusshel's private office had just then burst open, and from within there boomed a wrathful voice:

"To hell with your two weeks' notice! You may try getting along without a general manager for a few days! I'm going off this piker lot as soon as I can get my hat and my check!"

"All right, Mr. Zimmerman," came a mild and unctuous voice from farther in. "I save two weeks' salary. And don't you think I'll shut down the plant and put crape on the door, either, for we'll be running yet when you get fired from your next job."

Then out stalked Zimmerman, a lean man whom passion made leaner, a sallow man whom anger made more sallow; and he was on his way, while the news of his going tingled and tanged on every set and location, clear to the back ranch and the farthest recesses of the dry ravine.

"The dirty bum!" husked Izzy; and elbowing his way through the motley-clad actors and putty-legged directors and other thrilled members of the M. P. C.'s industrial army, he clumped into the private office of the boss with "Say, you got anybody spotted to take Zimmerman's place?"

Little old David Schusshel stopped in his pacing, but as he looked up at the eager boy a momentary smile replaced the worry on his benevolent face.

"Not yet, Izzy. We'll just have to keep things moving until I get one. You know everything we're doing?"

"Every nickel's worth!"

"All right. You'll have to be a kind of general manager pro tem, I guess."

"Hot dog!" Izzy's eyes were moist with delight. "Mr. Schusshel, you leave it to me and you'll never know that bum's gone! And I don't care how long it takes you to get a new G. M., either. Say, Mr. Schusshel ——"

The boy checked himself abruptly. He had lost the attention of old David just as he had been about to say something of vital importance. Schusshel, having turned the emergency of the moment over to Izzy, had glanced toward his desk abstractedly, a settled worry returning to his face. The boy shrewdly decided that the time was not propitious for his important speech.

"I gotta get busy," he said. "Zimmerman's left a mess behind him, and there's a lotta things I gotta decide this morning."

The vacant general manager's office seemed strangely empty and big to the boy, even magnificent, though it was but a twenty-foot room with four windows, an American-Oriental rug, an ordinary set of mahogany furniture and a score of movie notables on the walls, David Schusshel in oil being the largest, of course. As Izzy passed behind the desk a distinct thrill possessed him. Hundreds of times he had stood in front of this desk officially, but never had he stood officially behind it; much less sat.

And, indeed, almost any man of a constructive mind might be thrilled to sit at that desk, in command of a five-million-dollar plant, and provided with practically unlimited power to wield so mighty an engine of entertainment and education. A man of big vision and commercial sanity, with respect for literature, art and the drama, could accomplish a great work here, and might well feel a surging of elation as he approached the duties of his office. The surge was in Izzy, but not exactly for the same reasons. He believed thoroughly in himself, and was positive he could pick stories that would make pictures that would make money. What more could be asked of the boy? He had gone into this business to achieve success four years ago, jumping eagerly at a jokingly offered job at ten cents a week. He was material out of which the future magnate would be fashioned whose name would be seen constantly at the tops of countless billboards, in little letters, thus: Isidor Iskovitch Presents.

The boy roused from his reverie abruptly. He had no time for such foolishness as seeing his name on future billboards. He pushed one of the buttons on the desk, with a tingle in his finger tips at this first official button-push.

A blocky-faced boy, ten degrees more stupid than an ox, shambled in.

"Well, look who's here!" he said with open-faced derision. "Who is 'e? Why, it's Izzy! I suppose you're the new G. M. Haw-haw!"

"Get Mr. Simmons on the telephone and ask him to come right up," directed the pro tem, grinning cheerfully. "If Mr. Creiker's in the hall, ask him to come in."

The blocky-faced lobbygow's mouth dropped open and stayed open while he stumbled out. Creiker came in, a grizzled director who had been under contract at the M.P.C. so long that general managers were mere passing episodes.

"Hello, Izzy, are you the new G. M.?" he jokingly inquired.

"No, I'm just a pro tem. What's holdin' you up, Creiker? You ought to be started shootin' today."

"Zimmerman hasn't O.K'd my script."

"Well, The Lingerie Girl is in the cost limit. Do you like the continuity?"

"It's O.K. with me."

"Does Simmons like it?"

"It's O.K. with him."

"Then shoot it. You and Simmons both know what the M.P.C. wants, and you both got brains. If you buy a man's brains, you oughtta give 'em a chance to work for you."

Creiker choked with emotion and was on his way.

Hillary Wells came in, a shambling, slouching, good-natured-looking six-footer, a dramatist with three successful plays and several profitable pictures to his credit, but a spendthrift who needed a regular salary week by week.

"Hello, Izzy, how come that we sit in the seat of the mighty? Of course, well deserved; but how come?"

"It's a accident," grinned Izzy. "What's on your mind, Mr. Wells?"

"Nothing; nothing whatsoever," and the habitual twinkles deepened around his eyes. "Just a book that Simmons gave me to adapt, and Mr. Zimmerman said he had some ideas about the development of the story."

"It seems to me you got good enough ideas of your own to develop that book, Mr. Wells; and if you ain't you oughtta be fired."

"Great Jove and small fishes!" gasped Wells, clapping his hands to his brow. "Am I at last to be allowed to think? Is the M. P. C. at last relying on the judgment of the people who are paid to have it? Give no heed to my weakness, Izzy, as I stagger from the room."

Simmons next, hearty good will on his flat countenance, and he was trailing Gifford after him.

"I gotta lotta things to take up with you, Simmons; but first there's the Hartley Danforth unit. He'll be through shootin' in ten days, an' I don't see his next picture scheduled."

"Can't get a decision on a story. There are three on Zimmerman's desk," and Simmons pawed them into sight as a shadow darkened the side door. "There's one I like, one Danforth's director likes, and one we both like."

"Then what's the delay?" protested Izzy. "Wastin' time is the one overhead you can't lick. How much does that one you both like cost us?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"Shoot it!"

"Attaboy!"

This was David Schusshel's one habitual fragment of modern slang, and he stood in the doorway, beaming.

Gifford hurried straight over to him with a hearty greeting, but in that gaunt, emaciated, toothless creature David found no one whom he knew.

"You remember Gifford Lane Jones, don't you, Mr. Schusshel?" hastily prompted Simmons, and the old man stared, painfully shocked.

"I never would have believed it! I never would have believed it! You been sick?" he asked, deeply sympathetic as he shook hands with the wasted Gifford.

"War stuff," explained Simmons. "Shot everything away but his blazing genius, and that couldn't be quenched. Giff's looking for a job, Mr. Schusshel. Think we can find a place for him?"

"Sure!" promised the old man heartily. "Mr. Jones was a good worker before he went to the war. Fix him up."

"Thanks," and Gifford tried to appear as if the job were not a life-saver, though he wasn't very successful. Simmons was the jubilant one.

"Also, Izzy, Giff's brought in an original which I was going to try to sell Zimmerman for a program. I've just read it and it's a whiz!"

"Then we'll buy it if you'll go back of it and if we can get it at the right price. But, of course, I gotta read it myself, too, so I'll know what I'm buyin'." He walked to the door with the instinct of a born manager, and held it open with such impersonality but with such definite intent that both Simmons and Gifford walked out. Izzy closed the door and faced the old man. "Say, Mr. Schusshel, I can swing this job," and the boy's voice was quivering with eagerness.

"Sure you can!" agreed the old man. "I see it! You're doing fine!"

"Hot dog! But you know I don't mean I can swing the job just as a pro tem. I want the job regular."

David stared at him, startled.

"Looky, Mr. Schusshel! Everybody said I was too young to O. K. the cost sheets. Well, I been at it two years. Did I do the job well or didn't I?"

"You got away with it fine, my boy," admitted Schusshel. "You used good judgment. You let them spend money where it would show in the pictures and you saved it where it wouldn't show."

"Well, what's the matter with me gettin' a try at this job? You had eight general managers in two years since Jake Steinberg was fired, and half of 'em didn't stay long enough to toss out all the men that the G. M. ahead of him hired. I can't do any worse than some o' them fellows, can I?"

The old man regarded him speculatively for a moment. Izzy's past performances were a recommendation, and the boy himself, with his eager dark-brown eyes and his perpetually cheerful smile, was difficult to resist.

"That couldn't be possible, Izzy. You're too young."

"Sure, I got youth!" stoutly claimed Izzy, making a virtue of his fatal defect.

But old David, still shaking his head, patted Izzy on the shoulder and hurried out of the room lest he should weaken!

"Get Out of This!" He Shrilled, and Almost at the Same Instant Izzy's Bony Hand Flew Out and His Palm Landed on Tennyson Guldengeld's Girlish Cheek With a Resounding Slap

II

THE innermost office of Meyer Guldengeld was more like a comfortable library than a place of business, and in a great padded easy-chair by a reading table sat Meyer himself, engaged in no more arduous commercial pursuit than reading Schopenhauer. He was a large-boned man, well advanced in years, and wore a black silk skullcap to protect his head from drafts; but his copious side whiskers and thickly flowing mustaches had well withstood the ravages of time, for they were as black and glossy as on the day he got them. Also, the expanse of clean-shaven chin, which

stretched between the right and left wings of his whiskers, was strong and firm, and the strong, even teeth that flashed in a smile of greeting to his old friend David Schusshel were his own.

"This is, indeed, a pleasure," he said as he grasped David's hand; and he drew up an easy-chair near to his own and offered a cigar and shoved a little, low, flat footstool close to David's feet. "I don't get to see you very often any more. I miss the good hard games of skat we used to play."

"You and me and Max Roseblatt," added David with a smile. "This is a nice office you have here."

"Oh, yes, pretty good," Meyer returned with great complacency, for he had reached the summit of his ambition; he had offices with no business on the doors, just "Meyer Guldengeld," and his only occupation was to look after his money, to shift it from here to there or from there to here, wherever it seemed to be the most comfortable and was doing the best it could for itself. For a moment the two old friends eyed each other; but Meyer was the one called on, and he could keep still. David fidgeted.

"Meyer, I got to raise a little money."

"So? How much?"

"A half of a million dollars."

"So! I thought you were doing so well, David?"

"I guess I am. I own a five-million-dollar plant; it's a ten-million-dollar business—and there's not a bank, or anybody else, especially a bank, has a nickel's worth of my paper."

He glowed with pride; but it was hurt pride, and the glow reddened. He had come into the motion-picture business so early that he had no need to be shrewd, or even lucky, and from the beginning until now, with but one setback, he had floated his gigantic industry out of its own profits. He would not admit, even to the closest member of his own organization, that now he had to bring in outside money.

"The business is changing, Meyer, and I have to change with it—and that's expensive. I just fired my general manager, because he was as old-fashioned as I am—more. Here's an inventory of my assets, Meyer."

His old friend Guldengeld took the inventory thoughtfully. He was silent for some little time, then he laid the inventory on the table without looking at it, and said he, as if leading nowhere in particular, "David, you remember my son Tennyson, don't you?"

"What, little Tenny, the baby?"

"Oh, he isn't a baby any more. He's assistant general manager over at the Climax Pictures Company."

"My goodness, how old is he?" and David frowned as he remembered the scrawny, anæmic child who had come to bless Meyer's declining years and rule the house with painful petulance.

"He's going on twenty-four. He's had two years' experience with the Climax. He's a well-educated boy, a smart boy and a classy boy. He has big ideas, too, but they don't give him a chance over there. He's ripe to take a general manager's position, David. He's just what you need."

"He's too young," asserted David hastily. "No matter how smart he maybe is, Meyer, it takes age to handle all these directors and stars and things like that."

"Yes, I know he's young," returned Meyer, still in that soothing tone. "You may take it or leave it, David."

Silence again. Then David observed, "Of course, I can't judge till I look him over, can I?"

"That is sensible. Why don't you go right out to the Climax and ask about him and talk with him? Your cigar has gone out, David. Don't you want a fresh light?"

"No, I'll smoke dry a while."

Bidding good day to his old friend, David departed; but he took the inventory with him. Diagonally across the street was the main branch of the bank through which the M. P. C. operated. He scowled at it for some little time, then he sighed heavily. In his one setback, early in the business, he had needed some banking assistance. Quite cordially they had arranged it for him by a slight reorganization, an extension of capitalization and a bond issue; and it had taken him ten years to call his business totally his own again! He climbed into his limousine and drove out to the Climax studios, nestling prettily against one of the side hills of Hollywood, an imposing Spanish-mission-fronted building behind a green lawn and big trees. David Schusshel's teeth flashed in amusement. It was like Tim Barney to put up this front and make his plant look like a million dollars. Expensive rugs in the wide reception rooms, art pictures on the walls—and the sounds of violent quarreling back there somewhere; a rich, passionate voice; a high, querulous one; and a deep, curt one. That last was Tim. The quarrel stopped abruptly as David Schusshel's name was taken in, and when the old man was admitted Tim greeted him with nothing but happiness in his bright eye. David came straight at the meat of his errand, frankly and openly.

"Say, Tim, I understand you own the picture rights to The Guilty Witness. How much will you take for it?"

"Seventy-five thousand dollars," returned Tim promptly, but studying David's face with great exactness. They'd had many tilts, these two, and any meeting required caution on both sides. They used twenty exhilarating minutes on this topic, and then said David, rising, "Well, so long—till you have a whole lot different idea in your head about how much it's worth." He shook hands with Barney, but as he started to go he turned back, most naturally, with "By the way, you got a young man working here that's a son of an old friend of mine—Meyer Guldengeld's son. How's he coming along?"

A wild hope leaped up in Tim Barney.

"Tenny Guldengeld? Why, Tenny's the boy wonder, Mr. Schusshel!" Tim scoured his mind rapidly for a gaudy statement. "Why, he picked The Proud Lady!"

"You don't tell me!" David was genuinely impressed. The Proud Lady was the one sensational hit issued by The Climax. "My, I'm glad the young man's turning out so well, on account of his father. I haven't seen the boy since he was a baby. I guess I'd better shake hands with him while I'm here."

Nothing would give Tim Barney more pleasure. He sent immediately for young Tennyson Guldengeld, and almost as immediately the boy wonder came in—an undersized, fragile specimen, ungainly and stoop-shouldered, but foppishly dressed, with a pink carnation in his buttonhole, a high collar and a garish tie. He had a face like a girl's and the petulant lips of a spoiled child, while his brows were drawn with continuous bad temper. He greeted David Schusshel most effusively, however, for he had just been conversing with his father on the telephone.

"I been hearing some very good words about your work here," said David with benevolent unction, as he looked young Tennyson Guldengeld over minutely from head to foot.

"I haven't had a chance to do much," and the old man recognized, even in its deeper timbre, the high-pitched, querulous voice of the recent three-cornered quarrel. "I picked The Proud Lady, though, for one thing."

There was a choking sound in the doorway, and both Barney and young Guldengeld cast a swift, warning glance at the man who stood there, an impulsive-looking, red-complexioned fellow, whose scalp now shone scarlet through his sandy hair.

"Come in, Mac," called Tim heartily, everything in him joyous and open. "This is my general manager, McGowan, Mr. Schusshel. Mac, I was just telling Mr. Schusshel how Tenny picked The Proud Lady."

"Just like that!" came back the rich, passionate voice of McGowan, its passion now taking the form of tremendous enthusiasm. "We couldn't any of us see the book; but Guldengeld hung right to us, and fought us tooth and toenail until we produced it; and it certainly is some baby!"

"And how about Paid in Part?" shrilly demanded young Tennyson, chuckling right through his speech, he was so jubilant that they had at last admitted his contention—with a witness. "And how about The Man Who Turned Back, eh?"

McGowan gulped hastily, and the red beneath his hair gleamed like a forest fire; but he was game.

"That's what I'll tell the world! How about 'em, eh? How about 'em?"

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Amid the Throng at the Punch Bowl Was Tennyson Guldengeld, Entirely Surrounded by Goo-Goo-Eyed Girls. He Wore His Tuxedo Like He Was Used to It

Where Labor and the Farmer Get Off—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IF EVERY live American issue were articulate it would proclaim itself the most important of existing problems in precisely the same way that each human being regards his troubles as paramount over all others. Hence the difficulty of establishing some degree of relativity between them.

In this series of articles, immigration, taxation and the railroads have already been dealt with. They form only part of the tangle of interests that contributes to the prevailing indecision. There remain others no less vital to the national, social and economic well-being that must be coördinated if we are to have a definite program for tomorrow. Chief among them is the eternal conflict between capital and labor. Can industrial relations be harmonized? Linked with this is the no less significant dilemma of the farmer. Is it possible to standardize his market and price? In no two fundamental questions has the public a larger stake. The present paper therefore will deal with American opinion about them.

Let us take up labor first. The moment you mention this subject you make yourself a target for the special pleader. It is almost as difficult as discussing religion. Probably more sentimentality has been spilled by well-meaning altruists over the horny-handed son of toil than over any other type. Ignorant emotion, combined with class feeling, has been injected into a situation that primarily needed common sense and the exercise of sound business judgment. As one intelligent manufacturer put it to me, "Both capital and labor are constantly talking about their rights, when they should be heeding their responsibilities."

The Rule of the Few

IN CONSEQUENCE, industrial life in the United States has been a series of acute dislocations that have well-nigh exhausted public patience and made equally costly inroads on the public purse. Since 1918 there have been 12,254 major strikes in this country. A conservative estimate of the visible loss engendered by these disagreements is considerably more than $3,000,000,000, while the invisible cost—that is, the price that the public pays—cannot be computed. It is calculated that the deterioration of the roads during the last railroad strike represented a sum greater than the total loss to the shopmen in wages. So trivial a matter as the dispute between the carpenters and the metal workers as to which union should hang metal doors took toll of the building trades of $60,000,000. This sabotage of capital, for such it is, might be continued almost indefinitely. The big fact, however, is that the average citizen has reached the point where he regards the strike as a pernicious vice that must be eradicated. But how?

As with taxation, there is a variety of remedies. The uplifter wants to coddle the worker, and it only makes him more exacting. The courageous employer looks to the open shop as the key to industrial democracy. Organized labor, on its part, stands pat on the closed shop, which slams the door on the unhampered right of the individual to labor. Again you have the vicious circle.

The all-important factor not usually considered in the controversy that rages around industrial relations is the group that suffers the most, which is the public. Like the proverbial innocent bystander in a street fracas, it is usually the victim. Just how absurd and unnecessary is the position of the onlooker is best expressed in this declaration, made by a keen student of affairs. He said:

"When you consider that the rank and file of capital and organized labor in the United States only comprise a bare one-tenth of the total population, and that the labor end of this one-tenth can jeopardize the personal and economic comfort of the nine-tenths, it is high time that something be done to stop it. The employer and the employe do a lot of talking about a square deal. They never think of a square deal for the great mass of the people who pay the bills for this devastating struggle. The public is squeezed between the opposing and hostile forces, because unhappily it has no power of resistance save the good-natured power of passive resistance. The private war between capital and labor must cease."

Another fundamental point of view was expressed by one of the most eminent of living Americans, who made this contention:

"We are all employers and laborers, and the public is becoming more and more impatient about strikes. So long as strikes were contests between employes and employers to secure for labor a fair share of the new wealth that has come to mankind through invention and discovery, the sympathies of the American public were with labor. When a strike becomes, as so many have become, an attempt to coerce the public into taking action by cutting off the supply of food or service necessary to the community, I am sure the public feeling goes the other way.

"The first essential in a nation after the preservation of the law is that continuity of production of the necessaries of life be maintained. Labor agitators take no heed of this, and there is a growing discontent with the principle of labor that can plunge the country into periodical food, fuel and transportation panics.

"In the United States we are therefore approaching the point where the law of the land must protect the public against compulsion by threat or peril to life or to the machinery of civilization, and at the same time protect the workman's liberty to refuse to work or to continue to work. If we cannot come to that point, then this American government of all the people, by all the people and for all the people will fail and the few will rule the many."

The Ideal of Unionism

A THIRD basic attitude, and the one that expresses the conviction of the bulk of the people outside the labor unions, is this:

"For years there has been a growing lack of popular confidence in labor unions. No one questions the right of labor to organize. Nor does criticism of union policies or methods imply a desire or purpose to destroy unionism. No human institution is perfect. We do not discard the democracy of our cities because it often leads to waste, inefficiency and exploitation. Nor do we discard the church because its zeal sometimes becomes bigotry. In both these cases we do our best to shape the institution to meet the needs that give rise to their creation. Thus should be the general attitude by and toward the unions.

"The great defect in modern unionism is that it is based upon the ideal of force and not upon service. The closed shop does not meet the test of service. Nor does it offer to industry a constructive or upbuilding coöperation. It seeks by sheer strength or threat to compel acceptance of its

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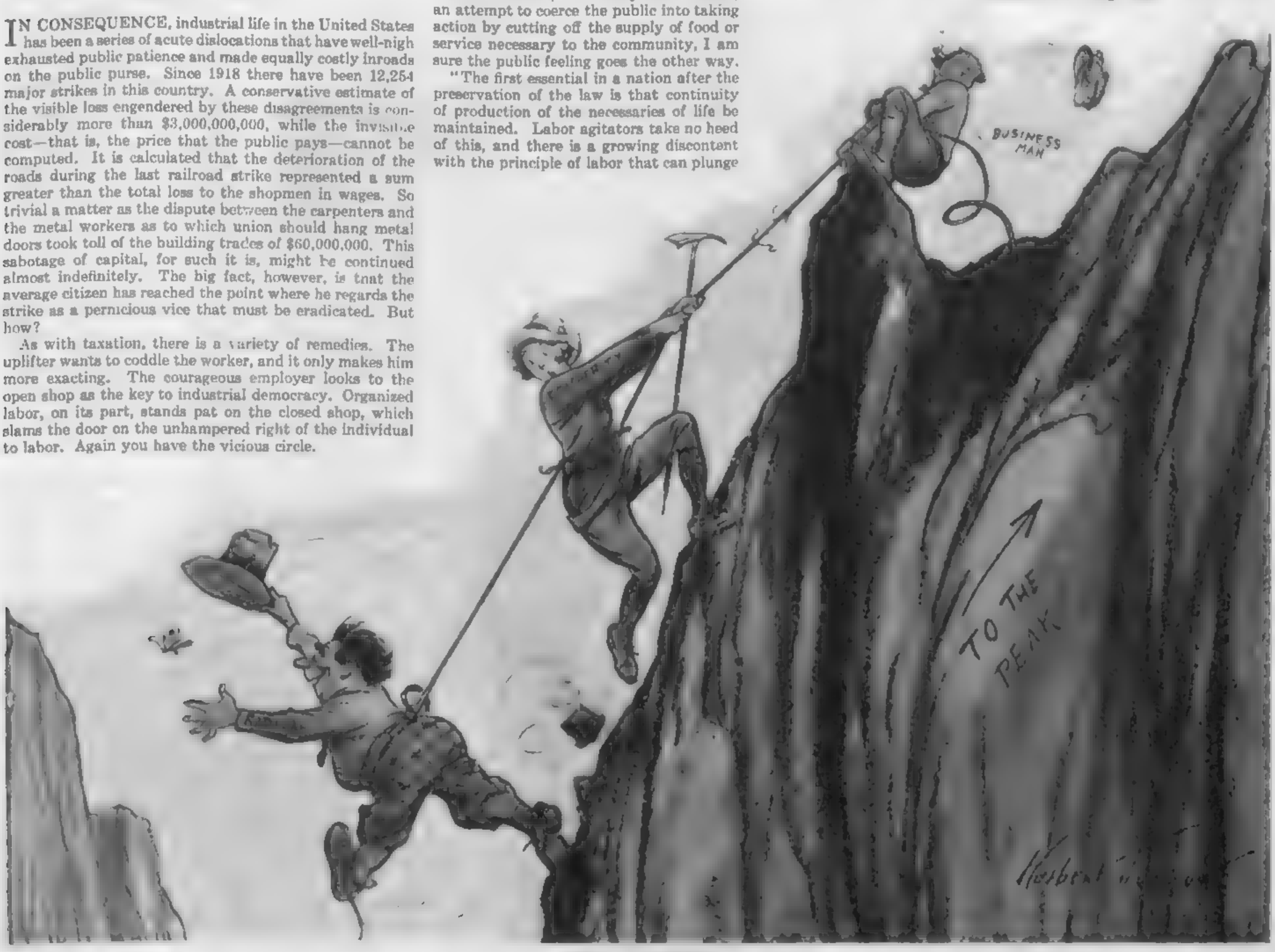


CRITICAL MOMENTS

BACKGROUNDED

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ALTHOUGH it was a novel, and written, besides, by an American, the book succeeded in bringing an occasional reluctant smile to Kendall Webscott's rather sullen mouth. The London critic, on whose recommendation he had departed from his fixed habit of reading nothing but time-tables and the persuasive literature published by resort hotels, had been accurate in declaring this work devastatingly ghastly in its depiction of soulless America, photographically merciless in its fidelity to fact. There had been, too, a statement from the author, interviewed in a London flat, and quoted as saying that though a gentleman might write about America, it was quite impossible to write in it. Kendall Webscott's prejudices succumbed to this double appeal.

He could understand now the mystifying popularity of the book in the States. It was shot through, he told himself, with that sort of realism which delights the artless subject. He was reminded of how pleased old Captain Jessop had been when the itinerant sign painter who made his portrait had, by accident or design, depicted the old man's goiter as slightly bigger than it was. This novel gratified the people it described, thought Webscott, because they recognized their identity without understanding the intent of the caricature.

He closed it with a sense of relief, however. It depressed him, very much as he was affected by encounters abroad with traveling compatriots. In a sense, he was implicated. There was no escape from the fact that by birth he was one of these people. He could even detect, now and then, traces of their comic traits in Kendall Webscott himself. He scowled at the long, cheerful lounge, where men and women, dressed for golf or riding, gathered in little, discursive, gesticulating groups. He winced at the blending clatter of their voices. They talked too much, too fast, too shrilly, about the wrong things. And he was one of them!

Surveying Her, He Commented Inwardly on the Change in Her From the Eager, Vivid Edith Lawrence He Had Married

His irritation focused on Edith. He wouldn't have considered coming to Pinecrest if she hadn't somehow got the notion that the climate was just what Shirley needed after that touch of influenza. There were hundreds of better places, where the air would be quite as wholesome and where a man needn't rub shoulders with these brassy, whinnying American business men and their womenkind.

His glance rested sourly on the nearest figure, a plump, short-necked man with a stubby, aggressive mustache, who held an open telegram in his hand and gesticulated with it while he argued over the penalty for a lost ball.

"No rime or reason to it," he declared. "Man that loses a ball is fined a dollar, isn't he? What's the sense of fining him a coupla strokes on top of that? I don't care who made the rule. I say ——"

He seemed to forget the dispute as he lifted the telegram into his range of vision. His face sobered.

"Long-distance service here is something fierce. Been trying to get my office ever since I came in."

Webscott got to his feet. Characteristic, that touch! Even when they reduced golf to a business they couldn't stand it to be cut off from their everlasting offices! Another week of this and Kendall Webscott would suffocate. Shirley was perfectly able to travel now. They needn't stay in New York more than a few days, either, thanks to that pull with the steamship people. A good long sea trip to Japan would do Shirley a lot more good than hanging around a hotel like this. Edith would have to give in this time, no matter how sure she was that Sicily was what Shirley needed.

He knocked at his wife's door. The act mollified him a little. He felt that it differentiated him from those people in the lobby. That stubby man with the telegram would not have knocked on his wife's door, even if he had taken a separate room for her! Kendall Webscott enjoyed a self-approving thought of his relations with Edith; they'd been on terms of correct formality for years, respecting each other's privacies in even such trivialities as this. Probably, if it hadn't been for Shirley, they'd have separated; the idea tempted him as he waited before repeating his tap. Edith wasn't getting any less difficult. She'd insist on going to Sicily, as if those unheatable rooms would be good for a child just getting over flu!

"Well?"

Edith's tone deepened his frown. He knew exactly how she looked when she spoke that way; she'd been asleep, of course, and she was always crosser than usual when he disturbed these absurd daytime naps. He answered briefly. There was a noise of springs, steps, rustlings, the click of the lock, into which, somehow, Edith managed to inject a note of impatience. She met him, as he came in, with lifted, challenging brows.

"What is it now, Ken?"

Surveying her, he commented inwardly on the change in her from the eager, vivid Edith Lawrence he had married. This woman was dull looking: it wasn't only sleep that put that heaviness in her eyes. Her mouth drooped in habitual discontent, a fretful look that irritated him afresh. She had nothing to fuss about. She'd had her way about coming down to Pinecrest, hadn't she?

"Fed up with this hole, for one thing," he said. "Should think you'd have had enough of it by this time too."

She drew in her breath audibly.

"As if I'd come here to amuse myself! You know I detest it. If Shirley hadn't needed ——"

He spread his hands quickly.

"Oh, all right, all right! But the point is that Shirley's fit again, and there's no reason for staying on here any longer. If we're going to get decent rooms on the boat we've got to wire today."

"I've wired."

Edith's hands fumbled with her hair. Kendall Webscott started.

"You mean you've come round—you realize that Shirley's got her heart set on seeing Japan?"

"Nonsense! She may have agreed with you out of politeness. She lets me see her real feelings. She's wild to go to Taormina, just as I told you."

He laughed shortly.

"Wild! You asked her if she didn't want to go there and she said she'd just as soon. I know! I've heard her ——"

"You have?" Edith patted her lips delicately, aware of his special detestation of that gesture. "That's what she told you when you began talking of that silly Japan scheme. I know what she really wants. I've wired for rooms on the Mediterranean boat that leaves on the tenth."

Her tone conveyed finality. Kendall Webscott had learned that inflection; it signified that Edith desired him to remember, without being told, whose money would pay for their tickets. He set his teeth. There were times when he envied men who had to earn their money. He thought almost wistfully of the short-necked man with the telegram. A fellow like that could put his foot down and get by with it.

"Look here, Edith, I dare you to leave it to Shirley! If you're so sure she's keen on shivering all winter in one of those moldy Italian tombs, give her a chance to say so. We'll get her up here and ask her where she wants to go. I just dare you!"

"You're rather quaint, Ken." Again Edith performed the patting gesture. She reached lazily for the telephone and gave an order in that suavely insolent tone she delighted to use on hotel attendants. "She's somewhere about the place. There's a child here who seems to have some fatal attraction for her. I told her she might play with—I think it's Winnie Somebody—when she finished her rest hour."

Webscott frowned.

"I don't like that. The kind of people who come here—I said all along that we ought to bring Miss Carlson."

"You did." Edith lifted her eyebrows wearily. "I remember it perfectly, thanks. Let's not dissect that question again, unless you're specially keen on it. It won't hurt Shirley to spend an afternoon with Winnie. She's quite nice."

The telephone informed Mrs. Webscott that her daughter was not visible downstairs, and Webscott found her room empty. He went down to look for her. It might be just as well to see her before Edith gave her that absurd Sicily notion; Shirley hated to disagree with people. Of course, she wanted to go to Japan, but Edith would ——

He discovered his daughter presently in the stuffy little cubbyhole set apart for the behoof of the hotel hairdresser, a voluble lady who was entertaining Shirley and her friend by a demonstration of her art. A stoutish, florid woman, swathed in a striped sheet, seemed annoyed at Webscott's intrusion, until Shirley accounted for him.

"Oh, papa! This is Winnie's mother."

Webscott acknowledged the presentation politely. Winnie's mother said something about being pleased to meet him, and her daughter, admonished by vague motions under the sheet, scraped her foot in a curtsy, her eyes solemnly interested.

"Mother's been trying to find you, Shirley. If Winnie will excuse you for a few minutes ——"

Shirley's hand slipped obediently into his; as always the touch seemed to tighten something in Webscott's

throat. His irritation smoothed into pride. He slanted his eyes down at her as they walked along the corridor. The gentle wave of her bright hair framed a face that was flushed and happy. He conceded that the Pinecrest climate had been good for her, after all; and, unreasonably, was ashamed of his thought about trying to forewarn her against Edith. Perhaps Shirley really would like Sicily better.

"Papa, Winnie's such fun! She knows the most interesting things!" Shirley laughed softly. "Neighbors must be awfully nice, don't you think? Winnie's are anyway."

"Been telling you about them, eh?"

Webscott grinned down at his daughter, and thought of that book that had been written about those neighbors. Winnie would be a novelty to Shirley, sure enough! A thousand miles from home, and talking about the people across the street! He chuckled. Probably Winnie's mother had been telling the hairdresser about those neighbors, too; women were curiously confidential with such people. He had suspected even Edith of sending for hotel maids or manicures for reasons mainly conversational.

"There's a family that lives right next door to Winnie's house ——"

Shirley stopped short, and the catch in her breath made Kendall Webscott remember, with a stab of wistfulness, a magical evening, a thousand years ago, when Edith had caught in her breath with just that sound.

"I was forgetting the most interesting thing! Winnie lives in Bicksburgh, and she says her papa used to know where mamma used to live—the very same house, papa! Winnie says it's got statues in front of it—a deer, as big as a real deer, running away from three dogs; and a fountain with a little boy holding an umbrella over a little girl. The water used to squirt up out of the umbrella stick and come down like rain, Winnie says."

Webscott chuckled again. Edith had told him about those cast-iron sculptures long ago, but he'd almost forgotten. For a moment the thought of them soothed his irritated self-esteem. There hadn't been any iron statuary in front of the old Webscott house. He seemed to see a clear vision of the yellow frame building, covered to the eaves with jig-sawed arabesques, crowned by that cupola where he and John had read Nick Carter and experimented stealthily with cigarettes. He even saw the barn next door, where the Dexter boys had stabled their goat, and seemed to hear the deliberate clatter of carriage wheels on the cobbled pavement.

Again he remembered to knock at Edith's door. Shirley kissed her mother's cheek, and once more something tightened in Webscott's throat.

"Mamma, Winnie knows ——"

"Just a moment, dearest." Edith's voice, round and low and sweet, hurt Webscott with another wistful memory. It was a long time since she had spoken to him like this. "We've been trying to decide where you'd like to go when we leave here. Your funny old papa thinks you want to go poking around Japan, instead of having a nice, quiet winter in that queer little place in Sicily that you liked so much."

Webscott intervened quickly. Edith wasn't playing fair, putting it like that.

"It doesn't matter a bit to mamma or me, Shirley. Don't think you've got to go to Japan to please me, or to Sicily because mamma likes it. We really don't care, do we, Edith?"

"Of course not!" Edith laughed softly. "As if we ever cared! Don't we always go where Shirley wants to?"

Shirley's gray eyes moved deliberately from one face to the other. She was grave, thoughtful. Again Webscott felt that strange inner contraction. She seemed older now than her eleven years.

"If you really want to go to Sicily, mamma ——"

"It doesn't matter a bit to me, dear." Edith spoke convincingly, her eyes soft and bright. Shirley's glance moved slowly to Webscott. "Or to Japan, of course ——"

"I don't care where we go, as long as it suits you, Shirley." He meant it. At the moment he wanted nothing but that flicker of pleasure that sometimes came into Shirley's look, and he seemed to see it now.

"Then, if it doesn't matter, I'd like to go to Bicksburgh," said Shirley quietly. "Winnie" -her voice lifted a little, became suddenly a child's voice—"Winnie says it's lovely there, mamma—ever and ever so much nicer than other places. And I want to see the dogs running after the deer, and the fountain with the umbrella children."

"Bicksburgh!" Edith seemed stunned. "Bicksburgh! Whatever could you do there, dear?"

"I could watch it grow," said Shirley. "Winnie's father says it's growing awfully fast. I think it would be fun to see a city grow, mamma, don't you?"

"Grow?" Edith waved her hands helplessly. Shirley performed a grave, sidewise nod.

"Yes; and they've got neighbors there too. I've never seen any neighbors, have I, mamma? There's one neighbor that lives across the street from Winnie ——"

Webscott's glance shifted from his wife's blank eyes to Shirley's face, and, as always, discovered the impossibility of damping that expectant glow. He even became aware, by the feel of his facial muscles, that he was grinning at his daughter.

"All right, Shirley. We'll go to Bicksburgh if you like."

He enjoyed the infrequent experience of announcing a family decision. His eyes moved defiantly to meet his wife's ocular rebuke. Amazed, he saw that Edith was smiling too. Shirley patted her hands together without sound, the gesture she reserved for moments of extraordinary delight.

"Oh, thank you!" She kissed Webscott's cheek lightly. "May I—may I go and tell Winnie? She'll be so surprised!"

Her running steps pattered on the drugget. Webscott faced his wife, bracing himself for complaint. But Edith only laughed.

"You spoil her, Ken."

"You can't spoil Shirley," he said stoutly.

He was conscious of an unfamiliar desire to stay and talk to Edith instead of escaping. He closed the door with something like reluctance, and he was in the lobby before he realized that Edith had spoken to him in the same key that she kept for Shirley.

His daughter's voice broke in on the thought. He turned abruptly.

"This is Winnie's papa, Mr. Doane," said Shirley.

The short-necked man with the stubby mustache carried another open telegram. He shifted it to his left hand and extended his right. Kendall Webscott, submitting gracefully to the clasp, was aware of obscure digital manipulations on the part of Winnie's papa. Just as it had begun to dawn upon his baffled intelligence that these signified membership in at least one confraternity of adoptive brothers, he felt Shirley's light hand on his sleeve, heard her funny little chuckle of content.

"Oh, papa! Mr. Doane's going to change his tickets so that we can all go to Bicksburgh on the same train! Won't it be fun?"

Kendall Webscott said weakly that it would.

II

A BLENDED clamor, not altogether unmusical at the twelfth-floor elevation, woke Kendall Webscott rather early. From his window Bicksburgh offered him the panorama he had expected. He surveyed it with a touch of amusement at the memory of Mr. Doane's descriptions. A fringe of factories straggled along one edge, masking, he guessed, a small river. In front of him a narrow ridge of business buildings ended abruptly in crisscrossing residence streets, each delineated by the leafless tree tops that separated the rows of roofs. Beyond, where low hills cut off the view, lay farming country. It was even smaller than he had guessed, and Webscott chuckled quietly as he experimented with the valves of the shower bath. His good humor puzzled him a little, as it had puzzled him yesterday during that endless journey in the unescapable society of the Doanes.

Doane had done all the talking of course. He was a good deal like the men in that book that had been written, of necessity, in London. Webscott frowned as the thought came to him. Doane wasn't so much like those people, either, when you came right down to it. You despised them, and you couldn't help liking Doane, so desperately interested in his town and his business, his dumpy wife and that awkward, homely little girl,

(Continued on Page 165)

She Was Fascinated by a Framed Engraving of a Little Girl, Penitent and Woebegone, on a High Stool in a Corner, Her Disgraced Exile Shared by a Distressed Fox Terrier

Wall Street Information and Misinformation

By Edwin Lefèvre

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MORE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

THE public wants to be told," Larry Livingston began when I asked him one day recently about Wall Street information and misinformation. "This is true in Wall Street as everywhere else, and this is what makes tip giving and tip taking almost universal practices. It is proper that brokers should give their customers what they want—that is, trading advice. This the brokers do through the medium of their market letters as well as by word of mouth. But brokers should not dwell too strongly on present-day conditions or speak about stocks being cheap or recommend purchases on reactions because earnings warrant higher than prevailing prices.

"The reason they should not do this is simply that they know from their own experience that the course of the market is always traveling from six to nine months ahead of actual conditions. Present earnings do not justify brokers in advising their customers to buy stocks unless there is some assurance that six or nine months later the business outlook will still warrant the belief that the same rate of earnings can be maintained. If on looking that far ahead you can see reasonably clearly that conditions are developing which will change the present actual power, the argument about stocks being cheap will disappear. When that time comes the same broker will be advising sales because conditions are no longer favorable. The trader must see the trend of prices and he can do this only by looking far ahead, whereas the broker is concerned with getting commissions now; hence the inescapable fallacy of the advice of the average market letter. Without the counsel so freely given to the general public by market letters and news agencies to buy at the peak of a boom because the present looks good, the insiders and the wise few would find it more difficult to pass on their goods to the public at high-price levels."

How Brokers Help Insiders

"IT HAS always been a curious thing to me that although brokers make their living out of the commissions the public pays them, nevertheless in order to get a few commissions from pool manipulators or insiders, so many of them will try to induce that same public through their market letters or by word of mouth to buy the same stocks in which they have received selling orders from the insiders or manipulators. 'Commissions at any cost' may prove to be too costly a policy.

"And, then, it is impossible to find any justification for that occasional broker who advises his customers to buy a certain stock, thereby creating a market for a block of it, just because some overloaded insider has given him a call on it way below the market. In such a case the broker not only makes money out of his commissions on the buying orders he receives and executes from his customers but gets a nice profit on the side from the call.

"The way it is done is this: An insider goes to the head of a brokerage concern and tells him, 'I wish you'd make a market in which to dispose of fifty thousand shares of my stock.'

"The broker asks for further details. Let us say that the quoted price of that stock is 50. The insider says, 'I will give you calls on five thousand shares at 45, and on five thousand shares every point up for the entire fifty thousand shares.' That looks good to the broker, and then the insider adds, 'I also will give you a put on fifty thousand shares at the market.'

"Now, this is pretty easy money for the broker if he has a large following, and of course this is precisely the kind of broker the insider would go to because he himself could not dispose of that stock. He is obliged to make a proposition of that sort. Some big brokerage houses with direct wires to branches and correspondents and connections in various parts of the country at all times have or can get a large following in a deal of that kind. You must remember that in any event the broker is playing absolutely safe by reason of the put. If he is successful in getting his public to follow he will be able to dispose of his entire line at a big profit in addition to his regular commissions.

"I have in mind the exploits of one particular insider who is very well known in Wall Street. In order to create a market for some of the numerous issues in which he is interested, he resorts to this method:

"He will call up the head customers' man of a certain brokerage house. At times he goes even further and calls up one of the junior partners of the firm and says, 'Say, old man, I want to show you that I appreciate what you have done for me at various times, and I am going to give you a chance to make some real money. We are forming a new company to take over the assets of one of our companies, and we'll take over that stock at a big advance over present quotations. You have been very kind to me, telling your people about my stocks, and I have never forgotten it. I've got a chance to do something for you now. I'm going to send in to you five hundred shares of Bantam Shops at $65. The stock is now quoted at 72.'

"The grateful insider gives the same song and dance to some other picked head office men in various big brokerage houses. Now, since these recipients of the insider's bounty are human and are working in Wall Street, what are they going to do when they get that stock that already shows them a profit? Just one thing: They will advise every man and woman they can reach to buy that stock. The kind donor knew this. That is why he was so grateful to these chaps, in advance. They will help to create a market in which he can sell his good things at high prices to the dear public.

"There are other devices of stock-selling promoters that should be barred from the game. The exchanges should not let themselves be used. For example, I think the Stock Exchange should not allow trading in stocks that are listed if those same stocks are offered for sale to the public on the partial-payment plan. The officially quoted price gives a sort of sanction to any stock that is listed. And when the official sales lists of the Stock Exchange are studied by people all over the country who are asked to become partial-payment buyers by promoters, the evidence of a free market in the stock or the difference in prices is all the inducement needed.

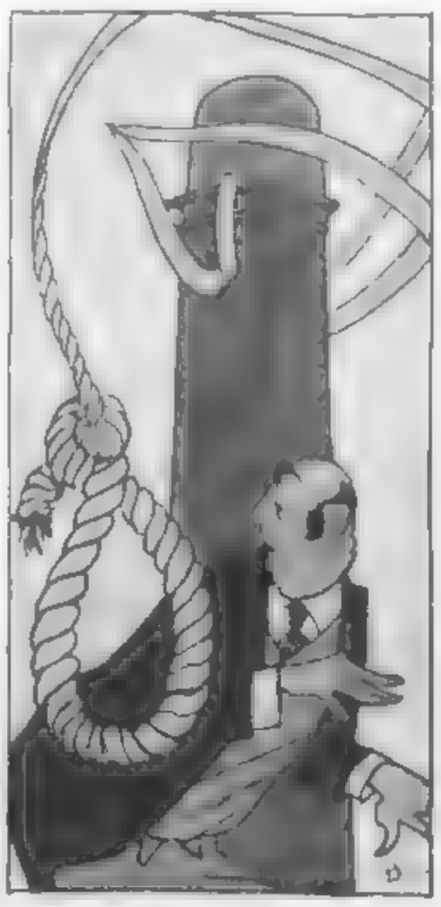
"Another common selling device that costs the unthinking public many millions of dollars and sends nobody to jail because it is perfectly legal is that of increasing the capital stock exclusively by reason of market exigencies."

Melons

"IN MANY cases where two or more shares of new stock are issued for each share of the old, the process does not really amount to much more than changing the color of the stock certificates. In the old days the capital stock of a corporation was sometimes increased unnecessarily, if one merely considered strict capital requirements. But there were apt to be other reasons. For example, when James J. Hill cut a melon in Great Northern he issued a lot of new stock at par. The market price was $200 or more, so that every stockholder was glad to buy a $200 share at $100. The reason was well understood. The stock paid 7 per cent, but earned much more. However, it wasn't politic to have a railroad company pay more than 7 per cent on its capital stock. If it did, there would be a loud demand for reductions of rates, and so on. So Jim Hill did not raise the dividend rate. He disguised the real earnings.

"The juggling whereby two or four or even ten shares

of new stock are given in exchange for one of old is often prompted by a desire to make the old stock more easily vendible. The color of the wrapper is changed. The new package is only a quarter of the size of the old, which wasn't moving freely. The old price was one dollar per pound package and it was hard to sell. At twenty-five cents for a quarter-pound box it might go better; perhaps even at twenty-seven or thirty cents. Usually it has happened that promoters or market manipulators have marked up the price to a level that discourages buying. The change is then resorted to, and in that way more stock is disposed of. The undiscriminating public is thus loaded up with issues that later on may show huge losses.



"Why does not the public ask why the stock is made so easy to buy by modest purses? And why was it made so easy to buy at that particular time? Certainly it was not when the public had a chance to profit. The wise trader should beware of the Greeks bearing gifts. It is all the warning needed. Of course, it is a form of advertising, and the public finds it so persuasive that every year it has to take losses of millions. The invitations are generously extended to one and all by the insiders—who do not give their names.

"There is a law—a good and proper law—which punishes whoever originates or circulates rumors calculated to affect adversely the credit or business of individuals or corporations—that is, that tend to depress the values of securities by influencing the public to sell. Originally the chief intention may have been to reduce the danger of panic by punishing anyone who doubted aloud the solvency of banks in times of stress. But, of course, it serves also to protect the public against selling stocks below their real value. In other words, the law of the land punishes the disseminator of bearish items of that nature.

"Now, how is the public protected against the danger of buying stocks above their real value? Who punishes the distributor of equally unjustified bullish news items? Nobody; and yet the public loses many more millions by buying stocks on anonymous inside advice when they are too high than by selling out stocks below their value as a consequence of bearish talk during the so-called raids."

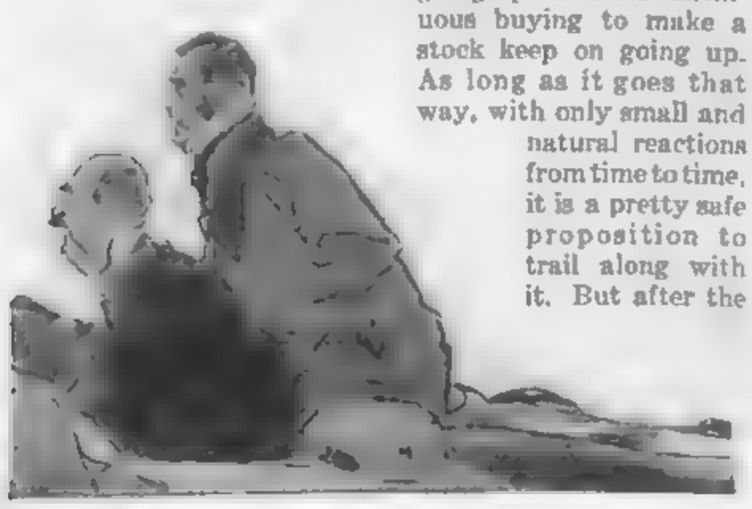
Signed Statements by Insiders

"IF A LAW were passed that would punish bullish liars as the law now punishes bearish liars, I believe the public would save millions. But think of the howl that would come from promoters, who would find it very difficult to get a market for their stocks if anonymous optimism were not allowed to be printed by newspapers or the financial news bureaus.

"Naturally these men and other beneficiaries will tell you that anyone who trades on rumors and unsigned statements has only himself to blame for his losses. One might as well agree that anyone who is silly enough to be a drug addict is not entitled to protection.

"The Stock Exchange should help to end such methods. It is vitally interested in protecting the public against unfair practices. If a man in position to know wishes to make the public accept his statements of fact or even his opinions, let him sign his name. The signing of all bullish items would not necessarily make them true. But it would make the insiders and directors more careful. The public would remember what happened, and the next time that man issued another statement it would know whether or not to believe it.

"Moreover, the public ought always to keep in mind the elementals of stock trading. When a stock is going up no elaborate or detailed explanation is needed as to why it is going up. It takes continuous buying to make a stock keep on going up. As long as it goes that way, with only small and natural reactions from time to time, it is a pretty safe proposition to trail along with it. But after the stock has had a long continuous rise and then turns and gradually begins to go down, with only occasional small rallies, it is obvious that the line of least resistance has changed from an upward to a downward course. Such being the case, why should anyone ask for explanations? There are probably very good reasons why it should go down, but these reasons are generally known to only a few, who keep those reasons to themselves. In fact, they are more likely to tell the public that the stock looks cheap, if for no other reason because they need a market for what they themselves wish to sell. In other words, the nature of the game as it is played is such that the public should realize that the truth cannot be frankly told by the few who know. Otherwise they could not benefit by their knowledge.



"I don't believe that many of the so-called statements that are attributed to insiders or officials have any basis in fact. I don't think that any directors are often quoted. Sometimes the insiders are not even asked to make a statement, anonymous or signed. These stories are invented by somebody or other who has a large interest in the market. At a certain stage of an advance in the market price of a security the big insiders are not averse to getting the help of the professional element to trade in that stock. But though the insider might tell the big plunger the right time to buy, you can bet he will never tell when is the time to sell. That puts the big professional in the same position as the public. He is hooked up with a lot of stock that he wants to get out of, and he has to have a market big enough for him to do so in. I believe that then is when you get the most misleading information. Of course, there is no denying that certain insiders cannot be trusted at any stage of the game; but as a rule it is not the men who are at the head of big corporations who stoop to the deliberate falsification of facts that the public suffers from. These men may act in the market upon their inside knowledge, but they don't actually tell lies. They merely say nothing, for they have discovered that where there is competition silence is golden. And there is certainly the hardest kind of competition in the stock market.

"I have said many times, and cannot say it too often, that the experience of years as a stock operator has convinced me that no man can consistently and continuously beat the stock-market game. He may make money in individual stocks on certain occasions, but he cannot beat the market invariably. I have tried to make clear how I have made money and how I have lost it, and why. No matter how experienced a trader is, the possibility of his making losing plays is always present because speculation cannot be made 100 per cent safe. But I do not think it is necessary to increase the hazards of the game unnecessarily. It is not asking too much to demand that the responsibility for bullish statements be fixed. Wall Street professionals know that action on so-called inside tips will break a man more quickly than famine, pestilence, crop failures, political readjustments and what might be called normal accidents. There is no asphalt boulevard to success in Wall Street. But why additionally block traffic?"

I left Larry Livingston's office wondering whether his warnings would keep the public from trying to get something for nothing. His conclusions as to the reasons why the average man loses money trading in stocks were the conclusions that every man reaches who has studied the subject dispassionately. His own successes, in my opinion, proved quite as convincingly as his failures that the game was unbeatable; for if his failures were the failures of every man, his successes were the successes of one man in a million.

That nameless thousands repeatedly tried to beat the game and were as repeatedly beaten by it was not an interesting fact, because of its antiquity and its inevitableness. Wall Street victims are kin to the thousands that die of an epidemic. They cease to be fellow men and become statistics. Mortality tables are not poignant tragedies. The fact that all men must die arouses no pity. Everybody knows stock speculators lose. Old stuff.

But if one never ceases to wonder why so many men will so stupidly persist in pursuing the unattainable, one is always exasperated by the uniformity with which all of them dwell on the fact that money is made in Wall Street more easily, more quickly and in greater volume than anywhere else. They invariably point to the successes of ticker millionaires like Larry Livingston. They usually have a list of names that they squelch you with—plungers all, who have made millions, in the Sunday supplements. Larry Livingston himself told the public that no man could beat the game, and all the good it did was to drive home the suspicion that Wall Street is the place where the many lose, but also the place where the few win. They argue that it is from the few that an intelligent man must learn. The greater the losses of the many, the bigger the winnings of the few! They do not see the sufferings and the misery, the wrecks and the suicides, because they have eyes only for the glitter of the kings of the Street.

The Ticker Taketh Away

AH, BUT the reign of these kings was short! They were human, brothers to the sucker and they erred, and in Wall Street to err means abdication. I do not recall a single king that died with his crown on. I refer to those wizards of the tape who reigned in the stock market and not, of course, to financiers like J. P. Morgan, or empire builders like James J. Hill, or railroad condottieri like Jay Gould.

I thought of Larry Livingston as a great stock operator. He had everything that a successful man needs to establish the fact of his success in the minds of his admiring fellows. He certainly earned his millions. There was no blind guessing in their making. He paid millions for his education. His Wall Street life contained as many chapters about losing as about making money. He was still young. There would be more chapters. What would the last chapter be? He has most intelligently provided against a possible Waterloo by buying annuities and trusteeing a few millions, as uneasy foreign potentates send treasure for safe-keeping to the Bank of England.

Well, my study of the history of Wall Street justifies a belief that the same ticker which giveth also taketh away. The only kings that were not ignominiously dethroned were those who abdicated in time and ran away from the danger of destitution.

"NEXT!"

There have been quite a number of these market monarchs. I have known some of them. Their history was identical with the history of their predecessors.

The first great leader the stock market had was Jacob Barker, a truly remarkable man, whose career reads more like a great American romance than like the story of a business man. He was born in Maine in 1779 of Quaker parents. Historians are agreed that his was one of the keenest business minds that America has ever produced. If anyone could beat the stock market, surely it would be such a man as Barker. Before he was twenty-one he owned a fleet of trading vessels and controlled enormous credits, no mean feat in Yankeeland at that time. He failed in 1801, but through some contracts for supplying the Government with oil he made another fortune. During the War of 1812 he was intrusted with the task of raising a

(Continued on Page 182)

CAVE CANEM!

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

"Your Idea of a Woman's Ability Is If You Take Her Hand Off the Frying Pan or the Perambulator She Becomes a Dead Loss"

MRS. LATTIMER-PRATT awoke to find herself endowed with a reputation of Machiavellian astuteness. This did not surprise Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt in the least. Nothing ever surprised her. If folks said she was astute, why, then, astute she must be. She was perfectly willing. It is true she had never been aware of her own astuteness until events had demonstrated it. She did not now quite understand what she had done to deserve it; but there it was, left homeless on her doorstep, and she took it in phlegmatically, gave it houseroom, and allowed it to nourish itself without any interference from her.

None of her characteristics changed under the hot sunshine of adulation; publicity could not move her. The thing did not go to her head in the least. It must be admitted that her behavior was perfect, neither savoring of false modesty nor taking on a tinge of arrogance. She merely sat and appeared to listen. She didn't try to understand. So what was in reality an abysmal dullness, a heaviness of thought long recognized by her friends, was transformed in a day into a magnificent passivity. When she sat in her drawing-room, bland, motionless, nibbling an endless procession of chocolate creams, her guests regarded her with hushed admiration. She was a sphinx. They marveled as they considered what deep, devious, efficiently cunning thoughts moved behind that broad and shining brow. As a matter of fact, no thoughts moved there at all. When Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt sat she merely sat. She ate chocolates automatically, and had only the faintest of ideas what was going on about her. As a matter of fact, she was scarcely moved to curiosity; but she liked it in her adipose way. She liked admiration as she liked sweets, and never questioned her deserving them.

Her friends and her enemies admired her silence. Since the memorable battle that had made her the elected head of the Woman's Party in Corinth nothing oral had come from her. Such a wonderful capacity for holding the tongue had never been encountered. It is true she gave interviews and issued statements and sent forth protocols to her committees, but always neatly typewritten. These writings of hers added to her stature, for they were undeniably astute; and what is more, they were invariably couched in language that even blasé newspaper reporters characterized as snappy.

Occasionally in committee meetings, when the ladies seemed on the point of getting out of hand or of chasing after some strange god, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt would bring them sharply back into the chosen way. She did this gracefully, skillfully, in a manner so grandly impersonal that it had a double effect. At such times she remained silent, unfathomable as ever, but spoke through her secretary, a Miss Geraldine McKellar, known to a large and vivid coterie of young friends as Jerry. When intervention became necessary this secretary, a wonderfully presentable young woman—not a paid secretary at all, you understand; a volunteer, and of the socially elect—would clear her throat and say in her lovely voice, "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt wishes me to remind you ——" and so on. Once in a while Mrs. Pratt, when interrupted, would look startled, and for an instant would appear to be fumbling about in the dense folds of her mind in an endeavor to discover how it was that she wished anybody to say anything. Apparently she never made anything of it and always relapsed into impenetrability.

The executive committee was listening to the report of its committee on legislation. Of this the aristocratic Mrs. Lentils was chairman, and it was to be seen that she was not in happy temper. Indeed, her manner was the one she wore invariably when she had encountered some individual who appreciated neither the social eminence of the Lentilses nor the impeccability of the Lentils family tree. It mingled hurt astonishment with patrician rage, and she did it very well.

"I called," she said, "upon the person, with results; I repeat, with results, which, if I may be allowed to say so, have given me a—I cannot speak in terms too severe—marked distaste for personal contact with the—save the mark—governing powers of our city."

The person to whom Mrs. Lentils alluded was none other than Alderman Tomlet, and in Alderman Tomlet resided the high justice, the middle and the low, of the city of Corinth. He was a practical politician, with a double accent on the "practical," and such was his local power that many a medieval duke might have profited greatly by a correspondence course in his methods. Yet great as he was, he had given offense to Mrs. Lentils, who never thereafter referred to him in any term saving and excepting the one she used today. To her he became "the person," and so he remained.

"He would not lend his assistance to our measure?" asked Miss Petunia Nancy Gunk, professional organizer of the Woman's Party of America.

Mrs. Lentils bestowed upon the committee the aristocratic equivalent of a snort.

"He was—and I believe the word is justified—jocular if not derisive," she said. "He made use of words which may be intelligible to persons employed in butcher shops, and to policemen, but which I am unaccustomed to hear. It was with difficulty I followed him."

Mrs. Lentils was also a purist as respected the English language.

"He said?" prompted Miss Gunk.

"He said—and I believe my memory enables me to quote exactly—'Lady,' said he, 'that there scheme is blah! If votes was fishes, and you throwed a line into a government hatchery with this thing on the hook for bait, them fish wouldn't even bat an eye.' I assure you this is direct quotation. 'Department of Social Service,' said he. 'Department of Medlin', you mean. You run off now and think up somethin' else funny whilst I stay and laugh at this one. . . . Say, lady, is this here the idee of this Woman's Party in goin' into politics? Because,' he said, 'if it is, what you're in ain't politics.' I eyed him up and down and asked coldly, 'And what, pray, are we in?' He threw back his head and guffawed—I believe that is the word for the raucous sound he made. 'In Dutch,' he answered. Thereupon I arose, and in a manner calculated to put him in his place I said, 'Good afternoon. I shall report your attitude.' And here I am."

"You are indeed," said Mrs. Burtis, whose business in life was seconding Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's motions.

And here, apparently, was an end to the first serious objective of Corinth's Woman's Party—its first projected legislation, to be known as the social-service ordinance. It was a measure carefully thought out and efficient to achieve its worthy purpose, providing, as it did, for the creation of a Department of Social Service as a branch of the city government, to be presided over by a duly appointed commissioner, under whom would function a number of visiting nurses, playground supervisors, and the like. The measure was progressive, scientific and wholly desirable. It opened a field that sadly needed tilling in Corinth; and now, because Alderman Tomlet was out of sympathy with it, it was destined to perish unborn.

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt reached for a caramel, cleared her throat and said in her ponderous voice: "Regrettable. The nurses could have taught the people the perils of dieting. Dieting, as I have often pointed out, is an unmixed evil. It weakens resistance. It undermines health. If divine Providence had not wished women to become stout He would not have permitted them to take on flesh. I am not slender; you observe it. Yet I am in perfect health. I lay this condition to the fact that I never diet. . . . Ahem ——"

Having come to the bottom of her reservoir of thought, she ceased abruptly.

Jerry McKellar was observed to lean close to her principal and to whisper for some moments. What Jerry actually said was: "I don't believe those chocolates are as good as Nuttall's. I'll get you a box this noon." But, having done, she faced the committee and said, "Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt wishes to know what action should be taken, but suggests that nothing be done for a few days until the situation can be studied. It is her opinion that in an emergency of this sort we should pattern our conduct after that of Lloyd George and become opportunists."

"What, pray, are opportunists?" asked Mrs. Lentils.

Again Jerry whispered to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, and then addressed the committee: "Opportunists, as our chairman explains, are folks who watch the mousehole and jump when the mouse comes out."

"Indeed! But suppose the mouse stays in?"

"A mouse," said Jerry, "always comes out sometime."

II

ALDERMAN TOMLET was returning to his home following a banquet given by the Third Ward Republican Club—returning on foot and alone, for the night was fine, the distance short, and he craved a bit of exercise to improve the quality of his sleep. As events turned out, he got rather more exercise than his appetite craved, and this was due to the too pressing solicitude and to the one-track mind of a dog whose ancestors had been guilty of escapades. As a result of these escapades, eleven persons upon encountering the dog might justifiably have alluded to him by eleven different descriptions, such as Airedale, bull terrier, great Dane, collie.

His outstanding feature was size; and next in order came teeth, of which he had a large number and efficient variety, all very white. He was a faithful animal with one idea, and this idea was that the world could be purged of many of its gravest ills if he could prevent all pedestrians from traversing his block between the hours of midnight and the arrival of the welcome milkman.

The alderman, his chubby figure decked with a suit of evening clothes—a trifle tight—over which he wore a light coat, and above which he wore a silk hat, approached the corner all unconscious of the dog's existence and prejudices. The next corner was the one at which the alderman usually turned; but such is fate that it can even make one select an unaccustomed street to stroll upon. Tomlet walked slowly for a third of the block before he and the dog became conscious of each other, for both had been preoccupied—the alderman with certain political possibilities, and the dog with a most engaging cat that seemed able to appear and to disappear at will. The cat disappeared for good, leaving the dog in a state of irritation and without occupation. It was with deep satisfaction he espied a man venturing upon his property, and with a "Woof!" that indicated enthusiasm and determination he set out to make good his ideal. He was perhaps a hundred feet distant, approaching with an intention not to be mistaken, when Alderman Tomlet took note of him.

In reflecting upon the incident later the alderman took occasion to thank God that trees were useful for purposes other than giving shade. Throughout his career he had been a man of prompt decisions; in this emergency he broke his established record. For a chubby man, he displayed noteworthy agility. One bound and the lower limb of a small maple was grasped in his hands. He swung his rotund legs upward, and by good fortune caught his heels in the crotch of the tree. It was at this juncture that he lost the greater part of the rear of his topcoat. The dog shook the fragment speculatively, found it was not what he had hoped for and leaped upward toward that portion of Mr. Tomlet which was most conspicuous to the eye. Mr. Tomlet flinched, and so dislodged his silk hat. The alderman heard a hollow crunch, and figured its net cost to him at fifteen dollars.

The dog was a silent, taciturn creature, who went about his business without discussing it with every Tom, Dick and Harry. His business appeared to be to reach the most adjacent portion of the alderman, a portion that was more adjacent than it would have been if the alderman had weighed fifty pounds less than he did. Every time the dog leaped and his teeth snapped vainly, Mr. Tomlet drew up that part of himself which usually occupied the seat of a chair, and grunted. He regretted his evening clothes, and especially the tall, stiff collar, which was sawing unmercifully at the third, or lowest, of his chins.

Now, if there is one thing dear to all politicians it is dignity. They all try for it. Hence silk hats and frock coats. A man who all his life has taken off his coat the instant he entered his home, and who on winter evenings has sat with shoes off and woolen-clad feet toasting in the oven, will, immediately he is mentioned for the nomination, take to broadcloth and beaver. It is a part of the disease, as the whoop is inseparable from whooping cough. Therefore, the alderman was being deprived of something dearer to him than his own flesh. Had the dog merely appropriated a bit of Mr. Tomlet's calf and gone away to gnaw it under a hedge he might have been forgiven, or at least forgotten. But the alderman's dignity! It was for this reason he did not call for help. Help was the last thing he wanted. If only the dog would fall and break his neck after one of those leaps, or if he would tire of his pastime and go hunting another cat! The alderman did not know his dog. It had all the tenacity of a wartime President.

It was at this juncture that a car, returning from the country-club dance, came up the street at a moderate pace. It came slowly, because the driver was young Marshall Tree, one of the county's assistant prosecutors, whose chief ambition outside politics was to achieve the life position of husband to Jerry McKellar, who was his passenger and companion. Jerry was being difficult; for Marshall, whose defect was a youthful omniscience, had dominated a certain conversation learnedly and dogmatically, and Jerry was teaching him manners.

"You're bad enough to go to a dance with," she was saying. "There's no privacy about your education. You never pull down the blinds on it. What you need, Marsh, is a good, severe attack of loss of memory. Marrying you would be like buying a phonograph record of the Encyclopædia Britannica—only one could shut off the phonograph."

"But ——" he began.

"You're so dog-gone dogmatic," she said with exasperation. "I like the way you look, but I can't marry your looks without taking in what goes with it. When it comes to being cocksure you're the Pekingese's paddies. . . . For cat's sake, what's that?"

"That" was Alderman Tomlet, pendulous from his tree like some huge black hornets' nest.

"It's too big for a cat," said Jerry, "and too small for a bear. Pull up and let's take a look-see."

Marshall brought the car to a stop under the suspended object, and the dog ran out and bit the tires, because he resented interference.

"It's a man," said Jerry, entranced. "How'll we get him down?"

"We can't get out," said Marshall. "The dog won't let us."

Jerry spoke to the alderman:

"Can't you drop and skedaddle into the car before he gets you?"

"No," said the alderman indistinctly but firmly.

"In that case," said Jerry, "we'll back over the curb and you can make believe we're a life net. Just let go all at once and drop. If I'm any judge you'll fetch up sitting."

Marshall, under orders, backed over the curb, bringing his left rear wheel to rest on the remnant of Mr. Tomlet's hat. The dog tried patiently to jump into the tonneau.

"All ready!" said Jerry. "I'll count. When I come to three you shut your eyes, and the rear cushion'll do the rest. I don't think he'll break your springs," she said in an aside to Marshall.

There was a sudden thump, the alderman rebounded once or twice and finally sorted himself out and stood up to address the dog; but adequate words failed him. All he succeeded in saying was "Damn dog" some twelve or thirteen times without any variation whatever.

"Your technic," said Jerry, "has the fault of monotony. . . . Well, I'll be jigged if it isn't Alderman Tomlet!"

"Dog," said the alderman, pointing with pudgy, shaking finger. "Dog! Dog! Dog!"

"Quite right," said Jerry. "Your natural history is faultless. Ask Marshall if it isn't. He knows everything. . . . Now, where can we take you?"

The alderman sat down, panting the single word "home" and then passing into an incoherent mutter.

"People," said Jerry, "ought not to keep dogs with a taste for alderman. It's against public policy."

"Believe me," said the alderman, becoming suddenly intelligible, "after this night nobody'll keep a dog—not in this town! Not if I know myself! Dogs are out!"

"A cat can look at a king," said Jerry, "but nothing was ever said about dogs and aldermen."

"I'll show 'em! I'll show 'em!" muttered the alderman.

"You might abolish dogs," said Jerry helpfully.

"I'll abolish 'em—in Corinth. You watch my smoke!"

The alderman's temper was lost beyond recall, and Jerry rejoiced. She prodded him, because, as she explained to the apprehensive Marshall, when a pudgy man loses his

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Her Manner Was the One She Wore When She Had Encountered Some Individual Who Appreciated Neither the Social Eminence of the Lentilses Nor the Impeccability of the Lentils Family Tree

THE WHITE COLLAR SHIFTS INTO OVERALLS—By James H. Collins

BUDDY OVERSEY joined the group engaged in that popular outdoor sport of the city dweller—watching somebody else work. A welder in goggles, with an oxyacetylene torch, was repairing a casting near the car-shop door, and the blinding flash made an unusually attractive free show for the loitering pedestrian.

Some of the crowd were wasting their time or somebody else's, but not Buddy. His time was worth exactly nothing, for he was out of a job

When the Leviathan dropped him in New York three months after the Armistice, instead of going back to Ohio and his can-works job, Buddy joined the thousands of service men who stuck in New York and became white-collar workers. One of the war organizations got him an office job at twenty-five dollars a week. Compared with feeding sheets of tin into a slitter, it seemed better in every way. He had charge of the mailing list, adding new names, weeding out old ones, changing addresses, cutting and filing the stencils that took brains! No factory whistle at 7:30 in the morning, and no check on his work; but a day that ran from nine to five, relieved by occasional visits with the other well-dressed fellows and girls in a clean, light office. Buddy took himself very seriously as a brain worker instead of a factory hand.

The only drawback was—it didn't last! The house he worked for began cutting down its staff Week after week employes were dropped, and those who were kept had to accept lower salaries. Again and again the ax came close to Buddy, but months passed before it hit him. And then followed weeks of fruitless searching for another office job. He had saved some money, for among other things in this new city life, he had got engaged. But there were mighty few dollars left in the savings bank now, and the outlook was pretty blue. Brains just didn't seem to be in demand any more.

Had one of the loiterers hanging on the gate across the car-shop door told him that three months later he would be working in overalls and goggles at just that kind of a job he wouldn't have believed it. Yet that is exactly what happened, and here is how it came about:

"Say, feller, how much money you got left?" asked one of his out-of-work pals at the boarding house.

"Not very much. Something's got to turn up before long or I won't have a bean."

"I met Jim Davis yesterday—you remember him down at the office, don't you? What do you think he's doing?"

"Landed another bookkeeping job?"

The Demand for Labor

"NAW, nothing like that. Jim's pulling down eight dollars a day over in a Brooklyn shipyard. He's got a welding-and-cutting job."

"You have to have experience to do that kind of work, don't you?" asked Buddy. "Did he know that trade?"

"No, but they teach it up at the Knights' trade school. You can learn it in six weeks in an evening class. I'm going to take the course."

"They can't teach you any trade like that in six weeks," said Buddy skeptically.

"Well, not the whole trade, of course; but if you ain't an absolute dumb-bell, and will work, you can learn enough to land a job, and earn good wages while you are learning more."

Until Very Lately the Architect or Contractor Estimating the Cost of a Building Did the Plan Reading Himself

And so Buddy and his pal joined the movement of clerical and office workers into manual trades that is now going on in many sections of the United States.

The white-collar workers have begun a nation-wide hike into the realms of the wage slave. Clerks are dropping the loose-leaf ledger for the electrician's kit and leaving the adding machine for the motor truck.

The white collar and silk shirt are being replaced with khaki and overalls, and instead of the salary envelope, with its twenty-five to thirty dollars a week, are drawing a pay envelope fattened by wages of eight, ten and even more dollars a day.

People who study employment questions hold different views about what is going on. Some maintain that our industries have grown lopsided, with too many men in clerical jobs and not enough in the trades. Others believe, on the contrary, that the movement is small, transitory and being capitalized for publicity purposes by institutions that teach trades. However, there are some interesting facts that support those who insist that the movement is real and beneficial both to the country and the fellow who changes his line of work.

Immigration has been cut down to a fraction of what it was before the war, setting up a shortage of labor for rough work and semiskilled jobs.

The country is far behind in its building program, with a building boom in full swing.

Public utilities all over the country are expanding, carrying on local construction and creating a record-breaking demand for apparatus back in the factories.

Automobiles are being built in record-breaking numbers—in March, 346,383 cars and trucks were turned out.

Even the railroads, with their many difficulties, will, it is estimated, buy one billion dollars' worth of cars, locomotives and other equipment this year.

All signs indicate that the country is entering another period of prosperity, and to make the things it wants most there must be a decided shift in things people do for a living. When the fellow who has been working in an office or bank for thirty dollars a week, with no prospect of getting more, hears that bricklayers, electricians, plasterers, tile setters, welders and other workers are being paid anywhere from eight to fifteen dollars a day it sets him thinking. He is making inquiries, deciding to shift, and doing it.

Jobs Aplenty

THE shift is real enough if you look for it in the right place. At the employment agencies they will tell you that this movement is trivial or imaginary. That is because the man who sits behind a desk interviewing job hunters seldom sees a clerical worker come in and apply for a job at some trade. The employment agents say they would welcome such a movement, as there is a strong demand for craftsmen of all kinds, with a surplus of office workers. The man with a trade is much more easily placed. When the office worker loses his job, very often he loses seniority or experience that brought him additional salary. They mean little to a new employer, and he must start at the foot of the ladder again and work up. But the man with a trade or tools can step right into a job at prevailing wages.

"We had a plasterer here the other day," said one agent. "He was past seventy, but he went right out on a job at sixteen dollars a day. The clerical worker cannot do that."

The best place to see the shift actually occurring is at one of the trade schools maintained by organizations like the Knights of Columbus or the Young Men's Christian Association.

"We are teaching trades to men who have been working at white-collar jobs," said the principal of the Knights' trade school in New York City. "They are coming from life-insurance offices, Wall Street brokerage concerns, the civil service, railroad offices and other quarters, and range all the way from young clerks to a fairly high class of salesmen and managers. What trades do they take up? Well, we find building and automotive trades in greatest demand—automobile mechanics, tire vulcanizing and repairing, automobile electrical equipment, radio, electrical installation, carpentry, plumbing, welding, and so forth.

"Our students decide what we shall teach. Take plan reading and estimating as an illustration. There's a good line for the office man—a sort of combination of trade and profession. Until very lately the architect or contractor estimating the cost of a building did the plan reading himself. But the building boom has made it necessary to have help, and even to delegate that work to a department. We did not discover this change, nor start a course in that work and say to prospective students, 'How would you like to learn plan reading?' On the contrary, prospective students came to us and said they wanted to study plan reading and estimating because they could get jobs. When we found enough students to make up a class, we got an instructor.

"When the class grew to fifteen or twenty students, as many as one instructor could teach, we started another. Today we have six classes in that branch, nearly 100 students, with a waiting list. We have twenty-eight classes in automobile mechanics and a dozen classes in welding."

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

America versus Europe—By Norval Richardson

WHEN I left Rome to go to Chile, via Washington, I hadn't the slightest idea how I was going to get there. The first step seemed to be Paris, where I hoped to get some information at least about crossing the Atlantic—a somewhat difficult problem at that disorganized moment. However, the Hotel Crillon, which appeared to be a sort of section of America transported in its entirety to Paris, offered a quick solution of my difficulty. After a few hours spent in finding the right person, who in this case turned out to be the naval attaché of the embassy, I was rushed off on a night train to Brest, where a transport was sailing early the next morning. Brest, too, appeared to be another section of transported America, with hundreds of American soldiers wandering about the streets, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross cafeterias, nurses and a dominating sound of the American language. In a drizzling rain and a cold, blustering wind I got into a launch, and after a few minutes of tossing up and down on a foggy sea I was landed aboard the America and in the midst of seven thousand of my own countrymen.

One of the first impressions I received after getting on board this boat was that I was eavesdropping on all the conversations taking place about me. It was so long since I had heard everyone speaking my language that I found myself listening intently to everything being said; and again, the familiarity of certain types—so long unseen struck me from an entirely new perspective. Compared to the dark faces of Italians, I found my own people looking a bit pale, almost colorless, as if they were underfed; and the first meal served on board rather accentuated this idea, though I got considerable fun out of learning the names by which constantly repeated dishes had become known—goldfish, corned willie, cow, monkey meat.

Travel on a Crowded Transport

TRAVELING on a transport, even when you are given an officer's cabin, is a very long way from being the comfortable trip that a traveler is accustomed to; and when a boat that usually carries a thousand passengers is suddenly commissioned to take seven thousand, any real comforts disappear as completely as though they had never existed. The few steamer chairs on board were reserved for wounded men, a fact that necessitated others sitting in the dining room, where the scent of goldfish became oppressive, or wandering disconsolately about the decks or remaining in bed. The corridors were so congested that if you attempted to walk through them the effort developed almost into a battle or a hurdle race, for the seven thousand were camped about on every open stretch of floor space; typewriting machines were installed on the staircases and hammered upon with warlike energy; cardtables were improvised from suitcases; moving pictures went on day and night in various mess halls; athletics were thought suitable for bathrooms and deck corners; amateur orchestras played different airs so near each other that you couldn't tell when one began and the other ended; impromptu quartets sang continually a composition that seemed to be far and away the most popular song of the moment, and recounted the exploits of a little bird in a cognac tree that warbled toot sweet all the livelong day; and the climax of rivalry arrived one Sunday morning when mass was celebrated at one end of the open deck in the presence of several thousand men and at the other end the remaining thousands attended a prize fight. A steady roar of voices went on above the other turmoil: the whole ship was like pandemonium let loose.

Nothing in the world could have been more impressive to a man being suddenly thrown back among his own countrymen than this voyage of ten days, and the delightful part of the whole experience was to find existing in what appeared to be such confusion a good fellowship and friendliness and kindness that are so entirely Anglo-Saxon. Even those invalided fellows, who were brought out on deck from stuffy cabins where their bunks were arranged in tiers above each other, were always smiling and genial and ready to talk with you and tell you their experiences with a light-heartedness that was amazing. No matter what they had been through, no matter how much they had suffered, it had been a great experience—good fun, some of them called it. Anyhow, it was all over now and they were going back to God's country. What had they thought of Europe—of France? Oh, France was all right; they knew how to fight, those Frenchies; but—well, it wasn't the good old U. S. A. Paris? Yes, a pretty fine town; but all the buildings needed a good scrubbing. Now, New York!

The orderly who waited on our table, and who, in spite of jeers, continued to bring us with expressionless countenance huge platters of steamed, fried, baked and even cold goldfish, became very much interested in me when he heard I was in the diplomatic service. Once when I was late for breakfast and alone at the table, and after he had brought me a soup bowl of oatmeal that would have kept a husky soldier going for a week, he leaned comfortably on the back of the chair next me and looked me over intently.

"Say, doc, what's this diplomacy job like anyhow? They tell me you're in it."

I tackled the oatmeal; this seemed easier than trying to explain to my new friend the intricacies of diplomacy. However, he went on with his questionnaire.

"I've got to look round for a new job when I get back home. Do you think I'd like it?"

"That depends upon you—your inclinations, your interests."

"There's good money in it, isn't there?"

This was easier to answer. I shook my head firmly.

"Then what are you in it for?"

Again he was becoming difficult. I tried a question of my own: "What made you think of the diplomatic service?"

"Oh, I've been round the embassy a lot in Paris. Drove an automobile for one of the officials at the Crillon. Struck me those guys there were having a pretty good time of it—all dressed up and riding round in cars. Does the Government give you all those automobiles?"

Again I could answer definitely.

Candidates for the Service

"YOU see, I had a good job before I left for the war. I was working in a big store on Fifth Avenue—silk department. Fifty dollars a week. Easy job, too, in a way I got to know it pretty well. Why, just by running my hands over silk I could tell you whether it was any good or not! That takes lots of practice; it's all in the feel of the stuff against your skin. They couldn't put any rotten quality over on me. I got to be a regular silk shark."

"Can't you have that job back when you return?"

His face clouded.

"No, I can't. I know that without trying for it. The war's ruined my hands. Just look at them! They're all horny and like sandpaper. I could rub them over anything all day long and not know if I was feeling silk or galvanized iron. That's the reason I'm looking round for a new job Say, how do you get in this diplomatic business anyhow?"

There were several other soldiers who wanted to know something about the diplomatic service; and one had even gone so far as to go to the Hotel Crillon a few months before when an examination had been held there for those who wanted to enter the service—this was held in Paris, as practically half the State Department was there at the time and so many young men had expressed a desire to take the examinations before returning home—but he had been frightened off by the number of applicants and the rumor that had been circulated that it was not a payingjob. Almost all those I talked with appeared to be looking about for something to do quite different from what they had done previous to going into the war; and the peculiar part of their attitude was that, though few of them seemed particularly pleased or interested in what they had seen of Europe, they looked upon any work that would take them back there as being more exciting and adventurous than returning to old jobs in home

One of the Busiest Corners in the World, the Intersection of Fifth Avenue and 42d Street, New York City. Taken During a Quiet Hour

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Three Black Pills in a Bottle

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

MIAD BLAKE being eleven and Cornelia Van Suttart two years younger, Miad called her Corny for the first time in their long acquaintanceship. Up to that day it simply had not occurred to him to call her by her nickname. It happened in the most casual manner At the corner of Roosevelt and the New Bowery, just as she was about to turn north on her homeward way from school, and he south, he said, "So long, Corny."

Her slight figure drew erect and quivering. Her eyes blazed; her lips trembled and twisted. "Oh!" she cried as if he had struck her. "Oh!"

Miad stared at her in dumfounded amazement. "Say," he demanded, "what's the matter with you?"

"You—you called me Corny!" gulped Cornelia, and burst into tears.

Miad, whose basic principle was action and who when in doubt invariably resorted to his fists, stood before her, numb, paralyzed, and watched her weep. For once in his life he knew not what to do, and did it. He neither spoke nor moved. To all intents and purposes he was dead in his frayed pants and worn-out shoes. Still weeping, Cornelia turned from him and resumed her way, her head bowed, her thin shoulders shaking to her sobs. And speaking of thin shoulders, those were the days of the tightest sleeves and the most bebuttoned, skinny little jackets of all time.

Miad came to life slowly. No mortal was less introspective than himself, but even at his tender age he had often been forced to the expert deduction by which thrives all that division of humanity which lives on its wits. He perceived that Cornelia disliked her nickname of Corny, probably because of its unfortunate connotation with corns. He realized vaguely that her innate delicacy shrank from the superficial affinity between the two sounds and promptly resolved that henceforth neither himself nor anyone else should call her Corny.

He wandered home with staring, unseeing eyes, pondering purposefully on just how he would issue the edict on the following day. Owing to this foresight the matter of the decree progressed normally. The first time a boy chanted "Corny, Corny, Corny! Do you love me? No sir-ree!" his song stopped short in the middle of a bar as his eyes fell on the sturdy figure of Miad Blake planted directly before him in a well-known attitude of belligerence.

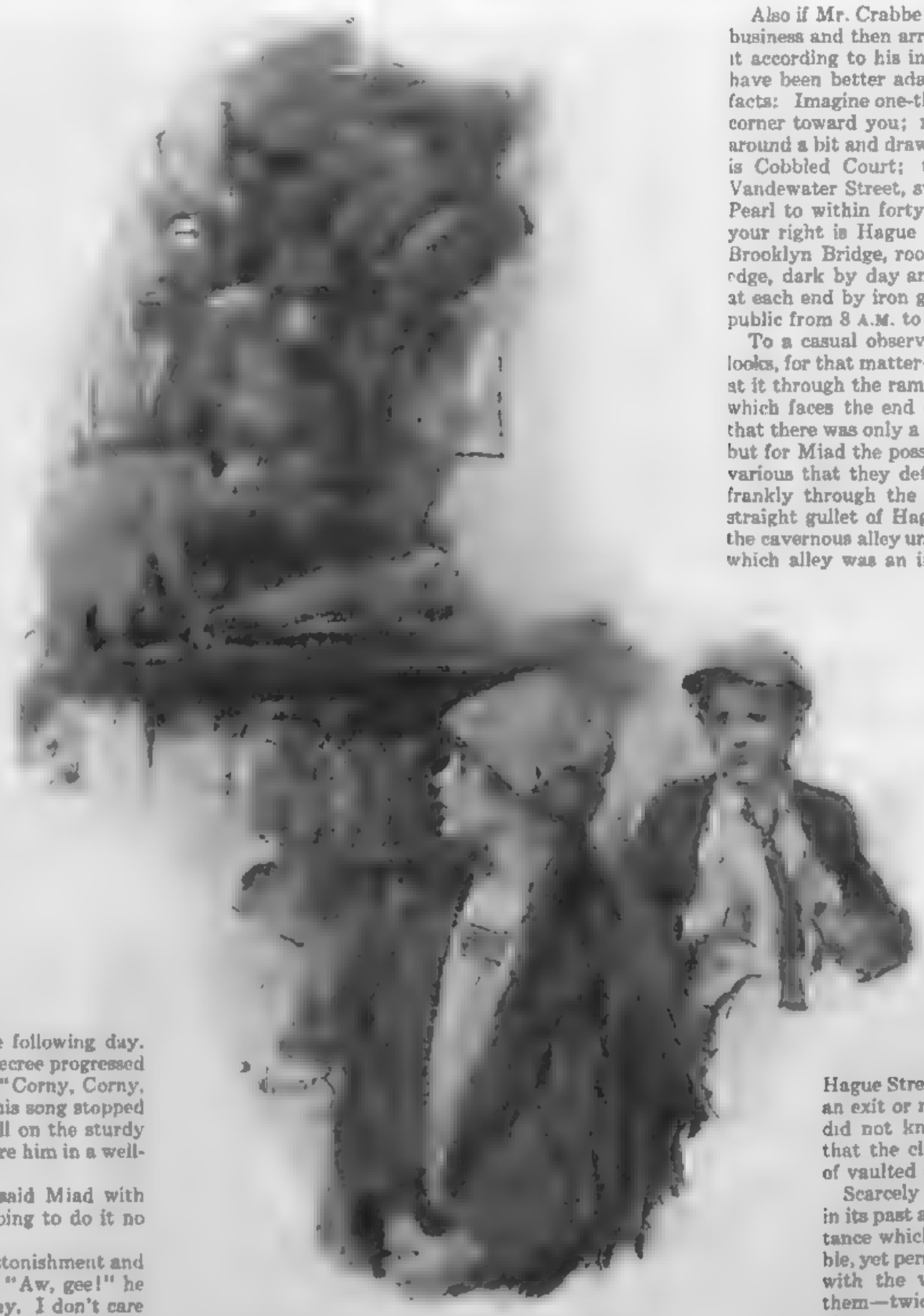
"She don't like to be called Corny," said Miad with deceptive mildness, "and nobody ain't going to do it no more."

The boy eyed him for a moment with astonishment and then realized that it was fight or crawl. "Aw, gee!" he muttered. "I don't want to call her Corny. I don't care what I call her, and I guess nobody else cares neither, only her and you."

Cornelia had thick eyelashes which ordinarily veiled her eyes, and a mouth that was rather wide though full, but which curled up sensitively at the corners. Miad caught a fleeting glance of gratitude and a trembling of one of the turned-up corners of her lips, and gathered that he was on his way to forgiveness for his offense of the previous day, but something elemental within him told him that this was not enough.

Cornelia? Cornelia was different. To hurt her was wrong. He did not know why, but it was all wrong, like—well—like striking one's mother. Now all men, eighty years old or ten years young, are cast in the same mold when it comes to wounding the woman who for any reason is nearest to their heart. At such times a cry goes up which is universal, though single to each instance. "What can I give her to make it right? What treasured possession can I share with her? What sacrificial offering can I lay upon the altar of atonement?"

Consider that Miad's apparel was a source of strictly silent wonder to all with whom he came in contact outside the periphery of Vandewater and Frankfort Streets, not because of its perpetual ill fit but by reason of its astonishing variety. Just to illustrate, let it be recorded that at the age of eight he went into long trousers—very long trousers—and at ten had returned to knee pants. No other boy could have weathered such an ordeal, but to Miad it was all in the day's run of luck. What he could pick up in Cobbled Court or what was handed him absent-mindedly by his weird patron, Mr. Crabbe, was what he wore; and it should be remembered that the more ludicrous the result to the outside world, the more did it harmonize with Cobbled Court.



She Poised on One Foot to Emit Her Ecstatic Little Cry of "Oh, Miad!" "You Wait," Said Miad, Following Her Around. "You Come With Me"

To look at his unbrushed hair erupting from a broken crowned hat, at his disintegrating garments and unwashed hands, and then to take in with a glance Cornelia's air of refinement, which triumphed over the scant simplicity of her clothing, was to conclude instanter that there was nothing on earth that Miad could give her in spite of the purposeful fire in his eyes which made them seem to protrude in their effort to meet the world at large nine-tenths of the way. But listen to this:

Had anyone told Miad that the locale of his birth was unique in the annals of the New World and assured him that it surpassed in every essential particular the bandit dens made vivid in the Forty Thieves, Robin Hood, Lorna Doone, Robbery Under Arms, and even the storied haunts of Captain Kidd, he would have grunted, "Ya! Go on!" But deep in his heart he would have known the saying for the truth. What he could not have believed was that anyone else could fully appreciate the peculiar characteristics of Cobbled Court—always excepting old man Crabbe.

Also if Mr. Crabbe had built the location for his strange business and then arranged the city of New York around it according to his individual fancy the result could not have been better adapted to his purposes. Here are the facts: Imagine one-third of a pumpkin pie; hold with the corner toward you; run your tongue straight in, work it around a bit and draw it out. The hole your tongue leaves is Cobbled Court; the ninety degrees of crust rim is Vandewater Street, swinging around from Frankfort into Pearl to within forty yards of Hague. The clean cut to your right is Hague Street itself; the one to the left is Brooklyn Bridge, roofing a high alley under its northern edge, dark by day and pitch black by night, and barred at each end by iron gates bearing the sign, "Open to the public from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M."

To a casual observer Cobbled Court looked—and still looks, for that matter—like a genuine cul-de-sac. Glancing at it through the ramshackle iron gate and the great arch which faces the end of Cliff Street one would have said that there was only a single way in and the same way out; but for Miad the possibilities of entrance and exit were so various that they defied surveillance. He could walk in frankly through the arch or come through the narrow, straight gullet of Hague Street from the east or through the cavernous alley under the northern eaves of the bridge, which alley was an innovation to his seniors but not to Miad, for he and it were coeval. To him it was as old as time itself.

Nor was this all. Years ago he had learned that he could saunter around the curve of Vandewater from either end, stop halfway at the entrance to Maclntock's Warehouse, Importers of Hides, Green and Cured, loiter on the two broad shallow steps of wood, enter, meander among the odorous bales, pass through a narrow musty corridor into Maclntock's dray-horse stables, and encounter his own front door, staring him in the face with a suddenness and propinquity to which he never grew wholly accustomed.

Add to all these, the most mysterious exit of all, the underground passage leading off from the cellar of Crabbe's shop in Cobbled Court in the direction of Hague Street. Where did it really end? Was it an exit or merely a well laid on its side? Miad did not know—not definitely. He only knew that the clammy tunnel debouched in a series of vaulted chambers.

Scarcely a child, however young, who has not in its past a looming recollection of vast importance which is nevertheless nebulous; intangible, yet persisting, lying fallow, as it were. Thus with the vaulted chambers. Miad had seen them—twice. When he thought of them he always remembered his mother, and a sort of choking lump would rise in his throat. He did not know whence that lump came or why; he only knew that it was something which could be swallowed most quickly by banishing the underground passage from his mind.

The advantages to Mr. Crabbe of so hidden and yet ubiquitous a situation as Cobbled Court will develop in due course, but the profit to Miad is immediately apparent. At the moment when the children of the primary class as a unanimous body had laughed at his name on the crucial occasion of his first day at school he had perceived that between himself and these a great gulf was fixed. It went almost without saying that he would not permit them to laugh at him again; his perky nature, two hard little fists, chunky build and, above all, his amazingly belligerent eyes had seen to that. But above and beyond the just returns of prowess, he had absorbed more or less instinctively the determination to preserve the isolation in private life which was his only birthright. None of his playmates knew where he lived and none was ever to find out, at least not by sleuthing or chance.

It is true that on the top floor of the building in which he resided lived the mother of five and her offspring, but, as it happened, this brood was all older than Miad by the huge minimum of three years and in its entirety went to work and not to school. As a result Miad was the only

scholar recruited from Cobbled Court and its immediate environs. Another feature had strengthened his resolve to play only in other people's back yards to the complete exclusion of his own, and that was the peculiar conformation of New York as he had grown to know it at this period of his life. On East Broadway still lingered a few stately residences reminiscent of its day of fashion, and the same was true of Madison Street—not Madison Avenue by three miles and as many decades—and it was from these streets that the enrollment of Number 112 was largely drawn. It was natural that Miad should defend the stablelike attributes of Cobbled Court from the snobbish inspection of his more stylish schoolfellows.

Nevertheless let it not be thought that he was an ugly duckling among prigs, for nothing could be further from the truth. Away from the benignly grim atmosphere of Cobbled Court he was a youngster among youngsters, warmly regarded by many, respected by all, welcomed by shouts of "Hi! Miad!" whenever there was a bout of miggles or three-o'-cat in the empty lot on New Chambers Street or a game of cross tag amid the jumble of short blocks and sharp corners which marked the intersections and interstices of Oak, Chestnut, Pearl, Cherry, Roosevelt and Madison Streets. Incidentally and as befitted his age, he had had no use for girls. He did not actively disdain them; he merely felt crucified to his outlandish garb when they were around.

As regards the female sex, however, Cornelia Van Suttart formed a small but towering exception. Toward this slip of a girl, so quiet in her dress and ways, petal white as to cheeks, dangling pigtails lustrous with the gloss of a raven's wing and possessed of hidden deep blue eyes, Miad felt no instinctive reticence whatever, nor did she toward him. By no means was he drawn by the eyes, hair and complexion listed above. They did not enter into his consciousness; he did not even know that she had them. All he knew was that she was Cornelia; all she knew was that he was Miad and that it came easy to stand shoulder to shoulder whenever they felt like it.

So supremely natural was this allegiance that it actually precluded gibes from their playmates. Just as it never entered Miad Blake's head to caress Cornelia Van Suttart or utter a tone of tenderness to her any more than to any other mortal, so it never occurred to their schoolfellows, hawk-eyed only for the offal of sentimental mush, to question so matter-of-fact a friendship. If the one living human being out of the millions which comprised the city of New York who suspected the truth, had told Miad and Cornelia that Mary Malone, Mary Van Suttart and Mary Blake were three names for one person, making Cornelia half sister to Miad, Cornelia's eyes would have grown wide open, profoundly luminous, ineffably soft, and Miad would have fallen over dead with the shock.

Fortunately for the continuance of this story, one individual out of an odd number of millions is not easily stumbled upon, and the man who suspected the truth was so wraithlike a memory of Miad's babyhood that, had he appeared, Miad would almost indubitably have taken him for a phantom and run, as is the privilege of the bravest when confronted with the supernatural. Fate might yet draw the long bow of coincidence and shoot its single arrow to the mark so swiftly that the shaft could not be dodged, but in the meantime enough has been said to show that Miad was by no means destitute of treasures, abstract but most real, to be shared with a trusted playmate.

"Cornelia," he said on a happy day when a sudden colic incapacitated the teacher of their last class of the afternoon, "you ain't got to go home yet. Listen. Can you keep a secret?"

At the magic word her eyes flashed wide open for an instant. "A secret, Miad?" she whispered.

"Sure," said Miad. "An honest-to-goodness secret. You don't have to cross your heart nor nothing like that. That's just kids' stuff. Old man Crabbe says the reason a mummy lasts two thousand years is because it knows how to keep its mouth shut, and if you can keep your mouth shut for two thousand years I guess maybe I can show you something I wouldn't show anyone else."

"I can, Miad," said Cornelia earnestly. "I can keep a secret forever, and that's more than two thousand years even. Where is it?"

"You come with me," said Miad.

He led her across the New Bowery into Pearl to give the other children time to go their ways, and then doubled back toward Vandewater. The mere act of initiating Cornelia into the labyrinth of Cobbled Court constituted in itself a great boon, but Miad was not old enough to conceive of it as such. While subconsciously the responsibility involved weighed heavily upon him, his youthful imagination demanded a more definite offering as the supreme gift with which he was to make atonement for having wounded Cornelia, and finally settled upon a strange object. He would share with her nothing less than the contemplative enjoyment of his embalmed father, John Blake.

At the corner of Pearl and Vandewater, Miad halted, as was his custom, to satisfy himself that the coast was clear of acquaintances, and then plunged into the long curve of the latter street. When the strangely assorted pair of children entered Maclintock's encumbered warehouse nobody paid the slightest attention to them, which gave Cornelia courage to seize Miad's hand and follow him through the dark and musty corridor that led them into the stables. They had only a few steps to go to attain to the refuge of Cobbled Court, but the broad doorway of the stable made it as light as the passage had been gloomy.

"Hey! Miad!" called the mucker-out on duty. "Got a girl! Eh, Miad? Look out she don't step quick and break one of them pipestem legs. Eh, Miad?"

"She ain't a girl," muttered Miad, never swerving his gaze. "She's just Cornelia."

Being no fool he realized that there were a few large men he could not thrash at present, but he registered a black mark against the stable attendant for future attention. He also dropped Cornelia's hand very suddenly. Thirty seconds later they entered Crabbe's shop and came face to face with the old man himself. For a moment Cornelia looked at him and he looked at Cornelia. She saw a tall bent figure which looked like a twisted strip of rawhide fitted with a white-haired head and glasses over whose steel rims two deeply set gray eyes twinkled like the shiny points of a pair of gimlets. What Crabbe saw was an immature specimen of a sex for which he had little use.

"Got a girl. Eh, Miad?" said Mr. Crabbe.

"She ain't a girl," repeated Miad doggedly. "She's just Cornelia, and she says she can keep her mouth shut forever, and I guess that's a lot longer than two thousand years even."

"I reckon it is," said the old man, pinching his under lip pensively, "but I doubt she could do it unless we should stuff her with honey like we done your dad."

Cornelia said primly that she was not allowed to eat away from home. Miad blushed and Mr. Crabbe grinned, but Cornelia saw neither blush nor grin. Her eyes had passed Mr. Crabbe and promptly she followed them, moving cautiously at first with one hand on the long workbench, and then stepping lightly from one astonishing wonder to another. Before the stuffed dugong, a side table upon which were scattered numerous dull-covered but exotic-looking journals, a rare specimen of the newly discovered gorilla, jars of pickled snakes, cases of butterflies, the Gila monster, the trachomatous goldfish and, finally, before the Egyptian mummy, she poised on one foot to emit her ecstatic little cry of "Oh, Miad!"

"You wait," said Miad, following her around. "You come with me."

He guided her at last down the cellar stairway at the rear of the shop, warning her to look where she was going, for Cornelia's head was swiveled on her shoulders in the traditional position so disastrous to Lot's wife. Never in her restricted life had her hidden eyes stayed open so wide and so long. She followed Miad with the resigned air of a woman abandoning fascinating shop windows to accompany her man to a masculine ball game. But once she was in the cellar its shadowy mysteries seized her entire attention with a suddenness that made her catch her breath. To add to her excitement Miad took her by the wrist, and immediately she became conscious of an unaccustomed tensity in his bearing.

"Look," he said.

In the soft glow of light shed by a shallow, dust-begrimed window reposed the placid effigy of John Blake; nay, John Blake himself. The Egyptian mummy case into which he was neatly fitted was propped higher at the head than at the foot, but both trestles were so low that even the diminutive Cornelia could get an uninterrupted view. Never had she seen anything more real, more approachable and, in a manner of speaking, more companionable. The long white mustache and curling beard looked as if the faintest breath of air would stir them, the locked hands as though they might move to brush away a fly, and even the artificial eyes, cunningly set under half-dropped eyelids, seemed to regard her from the profound depths of a living peace.

Strange scene. The shadowy cellar. The amber blotch of light. Within its pale effulgence, John Blake, ineffably serene. Upon its borders, the two children, held for an instant within a spell. Can't you see them? Cornelia of the glossy pigtails, so slim, so lightly gentle, so intently absorbed; Miad, wide-eyed, shock-headed, sturdy, holding firmly her palpitating wrist. He let it go and left her. Unaware that she gazed upon a masterpiece of the embalmer's art, she stood entranced while he fetched a soft cloth from a cranny in the wall and proceeded to dust off his father.

"Miad," she whispered, "who is it?"

"My father," answered Miad with pride. "His name is John Blake."

There was a long pause; then Cornelia murmured with the genuine pathos of orphaned childhood, "How wonderful to have a father, Miad."

Miad nodded gravely and with a quick turn of his head made his bid for atonement. "You can have half of him, Cornelia. He'll be ours together."

"Really, Miad?" cried Cornelia, clutching his hand impulsively. "Really?" As Miad again gravely nodded his head she added solemnly, "And you may call me Corny—when we're alone."

How did she know what Miad was about? Why did she instantly connect self-sacrifice with half-forgotten offense? How do children know anything?

"All right," said Miad with prompt acceptance. "Now you better go home because I've got to work anyway. And you won't tell nothing about coming here. You'll never tell anything ever forever, will you?"

"Never forever," declared Cornelia earnestly. "Forever, Miad."

Meeting her fervent gaze, Miad measured the strength of her avowal and was content. To avoid the rude stable hand he led her through the short cut of Hague Street to Pearl and grinned at her amazement at finding herself so quickly on familiar ground.

(Continued on Page 93)

After Half an Hour, During Which the Staring, Granitelike Expression on Miad's Face Had Never Once Flickered Into Life, Mr. Levis Exclaimed, "Let Me Get at Him"

America's Dependence on Britain for Rubber

By CLAUDIUS H. HUSTON

Formerly Assistant Secretary of Commerce

SECRETARY Hoover, at a meeting of the National Manufacturers Association in New York, May 18, 1921, sounded a warning note when he said:

"We have sought by the enactment of our laws and in their enforcement to prevent the growth of economic groups where a few could dominate the many; nor does this national aspiration for individual, social and economic equality of opportunity apply solely to our domestic life. It applies with equal force to our relationships abroad and enters into every avenue of our foreign trade. We find in some countries today, either through encouragement of, or lack of restriction upon growing industrial solicitation, the creation of great trusts whose activities can dominate the efforts of individual merchants of other nationalities in foreign trade."

Tapping a Rubber Tree in the Far East to Extract the Fluid or Latex. Above—A Young Plantation of Trees of the Hevea Brasiliensis Variety, Considered the Best for Quantity and Quality Production

Crude Methods of Gathering

HE HAD in mind many commodities—such as nitrates, rubber, quinine, sisal, copra products—produced in tropical zones, and others of equal importance produced in other latitudes. In 1922 he pointed out our growing dependence upon the tropics for our sole supply of many essential raw materials, and in May of that year, at his direction, I left Washington to visit the Orient. One important object of my mission was to acquaint myself with conditions surrounding the production of crude rubber, a tropical product of prime importance and one not produced in America, although we regularly consume 70 per cent of the entire world's supply.

Before the advent of the automobile fifty-odd thousand tons of rubber a year were all that the trade of the world demanded. During 1922 the requirements of the world had risen to fully 375,000 tons. It is estimated that 386,000 tons will be needed in 1923.

Practically all the fifty-odd thousand tons of rubber that the world used in 1900 came from Brazil and Peru, where the very best rubber grows in a wild state. The tree producing it is known as the Pará rubber tree, or scientifically as the *Hevea brasiliensis*, and is indigenous to the upper valley of the Amazon.

The trees found wild in the Amazon Valley and other near-by areas do not grow in groups, but are found scattered throughout the jungle. Before the first rubber plantations came into bearing the world was dependent upon the native rubber gatherer for its entire supply of rubber. His first interest was to locate a sufficient number of Hevea trees by cutting a circuitous path through the undergrowth so that he could pass from one tree to another until he commanded the output of about 100 trees. This path probably averaged five miles in length. Early in the morning the tapping would occur by cutting the bark with a sharp tapping instrument. When the flow began, small containers about the size of teacups were attached to the trees to catch the drip, and later in the day this same path was traversed to gather the rubber milk, or latex, as the flow lasts only a few hours each day. The rubber gum was then solidified by a crude process of smoking. Besides being produced by primitive, unsatisfactory methods, rubber development was further checked by the difficulty of transportation; in fact only sections of the jungle that bordered on natural waterways could be profitably exploited.

It occurred to Mr. H. A. Wickham, an English scientist who was visiting the South American tropics in 1870, that the way to overcome these unsatisfactory conditions was to plant trees in an orderly way instead of trying to work them promiscuously in the jungles. It was his idea that the British colonies in the Far East would afford suitable conditions of soil, climate and labor for such plantations, and naturally he desired to see the experiments made and his plans carried out under the British flag.

In 1876 Wickham took from Pará a quantity of rubber seed, which was germinated in Kew Gardens, in London. The seedlings were transplanted to Ceylon and eventually Ceylon furnished to Malaya and the Dutch East Indies young rubber trees, which became the nucleus of the rubber-plantation industry.

An Expanding Industry

THE first areas planted were of course small and experimental in nature. The British Government's interest in them increased and under its patronage the cultivation of rubber trees continued in a state of incubation for the remainder of the nineteenth century. In 1900 plantations produced four tons of rubber and wild areas contributed almost 54,000 tons.

These trees are planted in rows twenty feet apart each way, and approximately 100 trees are found to the acre. The following table gives the area under plantation rubber:

AREA UNDER PLANTATION RUBBER

DATE OF PLANTING	TOTAL FOR YEAR ACRES	GRAND TOTAL ACRES
1905	116,500	116,500
1906	177,700	294,200
1907	212,350	506,550
1908	180,800	687,350
1909	173,800	861,150
1910	261,400	1,122,550
1911	382,800	1,505,350
1912	312,000	1,817,350
1913	204,400	2,021,750
1914	159,300	2,181,050
1915	112,700	2,293,750
1916	165,200	2,458,950
1917	152,400	2,611,350
1918	148,600	2,759,950
1919	150,800	2,910,750
1920	110,000	3,020,750
1921	49,000	3,069,750

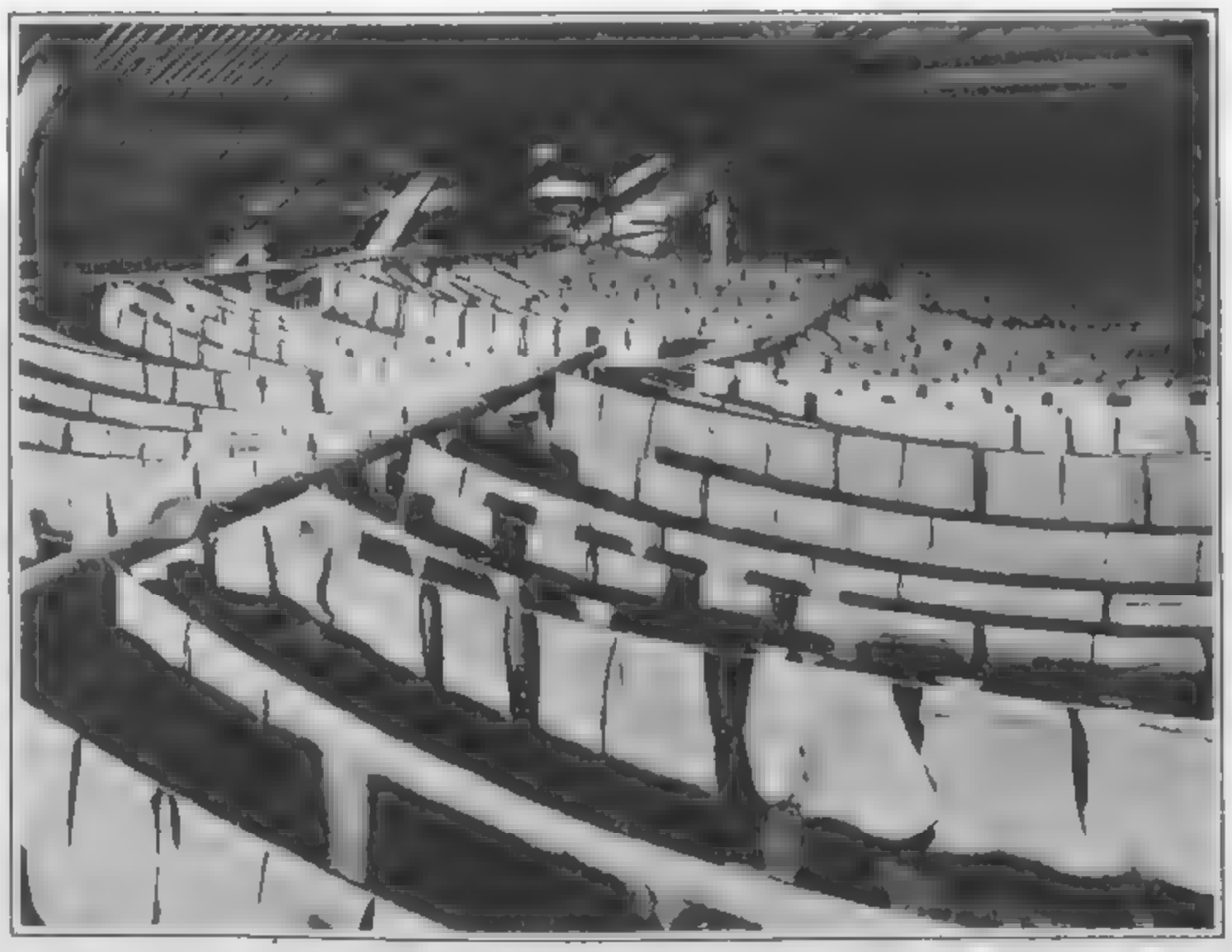
The undergrowth is kept cleared, but of course after the trees are well matured the cost is reduced, as they shade the ground and prevent much tropical growth beneath. For five years no rubber is produced. Between five and six years after planting, authorities place the production at 120 pounds per acre, which is a little more than one pound per tree. As one gallon of latex produces approximately three and a half pounds of rubber, one can readily figure the small flow per tree coming from a single tapping. Between

the sixth and seventh years the production is approximately 180 pounds, the next year probably 240 pounds, and thereafter about 400 pounds per acre.

In 1913, 44 per cent of the world's production of crude rubber was from plantations, and in 1914 the turn came when 59 per cent was plantation produced, as compared with 41 per cent from wild areas, all of which demonstrated the superiority of Nature assisted by man as against Nature alone. The triumph of the plantation industry continued, and, in 1920, 89 per cent of the world's takings had come from cultivated areas

This percentage has increased still further, until today well over 92 per cent of the world's rubber comes from plantation sources.

It must not be imagined, however, that the success of plantation rubber was assured from the very first. The four tons of 1900 and the relatively small amounts of succeeding years were received by the world's rubber industry only as a foolish attempt of mistaken East Indian planters to compete with the great natural forests of Brazil. Manufacturers were skeptical of the plantation product and experimented with it cautiously.



After Milling, the Rubber for Ribbed Smoked Sheets Is Hung on Wooden Rods in a Shed for Smoking—the Final Process in Its Manufacture

During the World's Fair in St. Louis, Sir Stanley Bois made a forecast that is interesting reading today, and it is a concrete evidence of the farsightedness of the British business men; and when this one fact is pointed out it explains many of the reasons why so much of the world's trade is today under British control. Sir Stanley spoke as follows:

> The exhibit of Ceylon cultivated rubber is arousing the very greatest interest and in this product it is only a question of time, and the consequent increase of supplies available, for a large business to arise with the United States. Its fine quality was much admired and there would appear to be at present an almost unlimited demand for rubber in America.

When Sir Stanley came back this year on the committee from the British Rubber Growers' Association and visited the mammoth plants at Akron and elsewhere he saw his predictions fully realized. When I saw him in Washington after his visit through these rubber-consuming districts he was visibly and justly gratified at the stupendous proportions the rubber industry has attained.

The Great Rubber Boom

IN 1905 the offerings of the plantations had risen to 143 tons, and in the same year came the beginning of a tremendous growth in the demand for rubber. The automobile was hitting its stride, particularly in the United States, and both pneumatic and solid tires of rubber and cotton had been developed to make this great invention practical. The rubber plantations were swinging into greater production and the prejudices against their product were becoming less. In 1907 the plantations marketed 1000 tons of rubber, and three years later their production stood at slightly over 8000 tons, and the price stood in the satisfactory range of from $1.50 to $2 a pound. Such prices as have just been mentioned meant large profits, and when in 1910 plantation rubber actually sold for as much as $3.18 a pound, those pioneer planters were regarded as farsighted men instead of fools. Their sensational and unexpected success had the effect of turning the usually cautious British public into a scrambling mob to get their money back of the new plantation industry. The number of companies multiplied rapidly, and speculation became rife. The earnings were fabulous, much water was injected, administrative overhead on many plantations amounted to 40 or 50 per cent, stock dividends were extravagantly declared, and the plantation-rubber industry paid for more than one year's handsome returns on a $3,000,000,000 capital investment. Sales of land planted to rubber trees brought from $200 to $1000 an acre, and rubber investments yielded to stockholders in many cases fifty times the amount of the original investment. The large plantation investments dating from 1908 began to make themselves felt in 1915, when the output of plantation rubber jumped to 108,000 tons. The Brazilian output of wild rubber in 1915 amounted to 37,000 tons, which was near the average during the previous eight-year period. The price of rubber had declined somewhat, but was selling at an attractive figure, and planting continued, but not on such a grand scale as had been induced by the 1908–10 prices.

The British planters themselves point out today that just as the investments of the Far Eastern plantations were protected by the surprising advent of the automobile, so was the rush of investors in 1908–10 protected by the automobile's meteoric growth in the United States

Significant Figures

IN ALL the world, except the United States, there are approximately 2,275,000 passenger automobiles and motor trucks; in the United States alone there are 12,375,000 registered. Right here it might be interesting to tabulate the development of the automobile since 1903

Output of Motor Vehicles Since 1903

YEAR	OUTPUT	YEAR	OUTPUT
1903	11,000	1913	485,000
1904	21,975	1914	[illegible]
1905	25,000	1915	[illegible]
1906	34,000	1916	[illegible]
1907	44,000	1917	[illegible]
1908	65,000	1918	1,153,937
1909	127,731	1919	[illegible]
1910	187,000	1920	[illegible]
1911	210,000	1921	[illegible]
1912	378,000	1922	[illegible]

Motor-vehicle registration in the United States first passed the 1,000,000 mark in 1912. Registration in the United States for 1912 and subsequent years has been as follows:

1912	1,063,996	1918	6,105,974
1913	1,287,588	1919	[illegible]
1914	1,711,720	1920	[illegible]
1915	2,471,742	1921	[illegible]
1916	3,584,567	1922	[illegible]
1917	[illegible]		

Eighty per cent of the rubber consumed in the United States goes into the manufacture of tires.

The following table shows in tons (a) the total world shipments of crude rubber from producing countries in the period from 1900 to 1922 as stated in Rickinson's World's Rubber Position; (b) the total annual quantity of crude rubber retained in the United States as shown by official customs statistics; and (c) the production of rubber over and above the amount consumed in the United States.

	(a)	(b)	(c)
1900	[illegible]	20,307	[illegible]
1901	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1902	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1903	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1904	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1905	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1906	66,210	28,643	[illegible]

(Continued on Page 170

Receiving Shed of a Plantation Factory, Showing Coagulating Methods. Tappers in the Background Waiting to Deliver Their Daily Collection of Latex

The Dough Formed From the Latex Being Placed in Receptacles on the Floor. It Is Then Rolled by Hand Into a Coarse Sheet for Milling

BARBRY

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"He's Alive," She Said. "Get Blankets! He's Breathing! Fill the Stone Bottles!"

XI

OTHER men came and wrestled, to throw or to be thrown on the sailcloth, but not young Pagan, Barbry's lord, who had gone, leaving noble games to drag without him as they might.

"Well," said Mr. Mowle, "I got to go play my own self pooty quick."

He led her away into the green shade of the birches, now filled with lively music that grew louder as they pushed aside the leaves and advanced

"Here you are," said the keeper of Old Gunjerboo at last. "You can see all, and your fo'ks can see you."

He left her throned on a stump in the grove, a broad flat stump cushioned with moss, right on the rim of the circular bank that sloped down into the clearing. High among golden columns of birch, she overlooked the women with their banqueting trestles, the press of people in fine clothes and, at her own level, the platform where dancers went whirling through a maze of speckled sunlight. Near, but hidden by leaves, a cornet and fiddle were playing The Soldier's Joy, into the full gallop of which another fiddle suddenly and boldly plunged. It was too much rapture. The eye was satisfied with seeing, the ear filled with hearing. Barbara sat dream bound, while her feet danced of their own accord on the air

"Balance your pardners!" called the voice of Mowle, chiefest among all chief musicians

At his command the movement of the dance broke, changed, and revealed a sight that woke her, first to admiration, then to anguish. There, dancing together, in a kind of separate radiance which blotted the rest, were her own chosen one and the loveliest lady of them all. He was calm, even smiling. The lady, who looked downward, had cheeks as full and pink as a rose peony, and hair brighter than this yellow birch bark

"They will be married," Barbara knew in a flash, "and live happy ever after."

She whirled round on the stump, turning her back, and while the music continued to mock her sat winking both eyes hard.

Of course, he would be the king of that or any carnival. It was right and fit that he should dance with no one lower than the queen of beauty. Nevertheless, Barbara winked faster and faster. The lady was too fair, too plump, light-footed and blushing

"I wish the Moor," cried some inward devil—"I wish the Moor would bring his pillow and smother her! Oh, no, I don't! That's wicked."

The green-and-gold darkness of the wood swam before her. To run away, hide in the depth of it and never come out—perhaps that would be best. For a moment she was ready to slide down the moss and go; but a cold, unwelcome truth prevented.

"You needn't be silly," it informed her. "He's a big man, grown up, can do whatever he likes. You're nothing but a little girl who has to work out her keep."

The merrymaking went on below. She would not look again, but would sit it through. Far under the trees a mound of bunchberries gleamed scarlet; from somewhere a chipmunk, perhaps the same chipmunk she had seen before, ran billowing into underbrush like a spurt of tawny flame; and afterward nothing moved in all the grove but one dry leaf which, hanging on a spider's thread, wagged in the sun and gave her wink for wink. The longer she stared into these woods the nearer their stillness crept from bough to bough, almost enfolding her at the very edge of the noise, and though driven back, yet returning to touch her with a stealthy consolation.

The place, indeed, had grown quieter. No music sounded. Barbara turned and cast a glance down at the platform. It stood bare; the dancers were gone from its waxed plain; and on three sides round it, packed in tight order along benches, everybody, old and young, sat feasting A few talked or laughed, but most were too well employed

Barbara faced the woods again. She began to feel hungry. Footsteps and a shadow halted beside her.

"Come with me and get something to eat, won't you?"

She peered up under her hair. Leaning one hand on a yellow birch, holding a plate in the other, stood young Mr. Pagan. She looked away swiftly.

"Come on down, young one. Not going to sit all alone at a picnic? We'll make room for you."

She shook her head.

"Why not?"

Dumb before him, she wriggled for a time, then found not her own voice but a squeak in her throat.

"I've got to wait here," she answered, "for Deacon Savory."

"That all?" said he, as though the deacon were a trifle. "I'll watch for him and tell you. Come on."

Barbara could do nothing but shake her head and dig moss from the stump. At last he had mercy on her.

"Well, then, you take mine. I'll get another."

A big brown hand was laying a plate beside her. Such ineffable kindness made her bold. She laid her finger tips on his arm, looked up and tried to speak.

"What's wrong, Old Sobersides?"

He was hot and flushed, but his dark blue eyes appeared to sparkle with good nature and to rain influence down, she thought, like stars.

"Nothing. I hope," said Barbara—"I hope you -I hope you'll be very happy with her ever after."

"What?" he cried, staring as if puzzled "Who? What's that?"

"The pink lady."

Mr. Pagan's face began to work in the oddest way. A light seemed to break over it

"Tilly Ramage!" said he under his breath violently, the words exploding like a curse. "Oh, golly! Womankind!" He sank away, crumpled, and with one shoulder against the yellow birch trunk rolled there, laughing—laughing silently, but so hard that the motion frightened her. "Oh, womankind! Early to your trade!" At last he pulled himself together. "My dear," said he with a look of grave mischief. "Tilly's a bouncer already; she is so, no mistake. Did ever you see her mother?"

With this dark speech he turned and slid down the bank, laughing again in pantomime. The crowd swallowed him. Barbara stared among the green leaves, alone once more, but with a new loneliness in which there seemed hardly room enough for her joy. The plate on the moss lay untouched. What it held she never rightly saw, but knew to be some sacred offering of food, ambrosia given her by the king of men.

Later, perhaps long afterward, a faint sound of music breathed round her From behind a bush someone had begun on muted strings a whisper of The Devil's Dream. She looked about. No one else heard it, for the banquet went steadily on, everybody eating or talking. The platform glistened bare. Her own fiddler, in hiding, played a secret invitation.

It was not to be resisted. One corner of the platform jutted near her bank, only a step away. The Devil's Dream whispered her to come quickly. All those people had their backs turned.

"Come, come and do it," sang the fiddle in the bush, tempting, drawing her. "Oh, come, come, and do it!"

She dared, and it was done. Stealing out like the chipmunk, she danced by herself, unheard, on that corner of the glassy floor. It was the same quiet dance, full of skips and pauses without rule, that she and the flame and the running water had invented one night in Savory's kitchen; the same fear, the same delight caught in secret.

How it happened was a mystery, but the tune shifted into The Lord Mayor's Delight; from this into The Cheshire Round; next into Moll Peatley; then fast and furious into Lumps of Pudding; and behold, there she danced in full view, with Mr. Mowle nodding and grinning at her over a bush, playing his loudest, while a host of pleasant watchers beneath her laughed encouragement.

The charm snapped. Barbara stood helpless, abashed, without power to run and hide. Bion's hook nose appeared to cleave the ring of faces.

"Down off that!" said he.

"Let her stay, man!" rang Captain Barzy's voice.

But the deacon swept her down in his arms and carried her out to the hot stubble field.

"Jen'd give me quicksilver," he muttered, "if she knowed this. Dancin'! Public! Like a nactriss!"

Hitched to the gray logs of the fence, horses browsed a hedge growth of spiræa and raspberry, switching tail after tail down the row, or here and there, more fortunate, making a fly harness of black leather network shudder in every thong. The wagons were empty. Heat and a buzz of flies reigned here, though the hedge cast a belt of shadow. Bion, angry, and Barbara in disgrace, climbed to their own wagon seat.

"'Tain't your fault," growled Savory. "Come, le's eat. You must be hungry by now. Hotter'n a nest of wossips."

They ate the sandwiches, a limp handful made in haste, and passing the stone bottle drank sour brown tamarind water, now lukewarm.

"I felt ashamed, ye know, Nubbins," quoth Bion, "to lug these orts to their grand spread of victuals under there. Can't be helped. I do wisht you hadn't gone dancin' so cussid open. She'll hear word of it. She's got scruples."

Their outcast meal having ended, the pair climbed to earth again and wandered past the long rank of wheels. At the far end, by a mountain-ash clump, men were gathered to admire a brown mare. She wore nothing but a halter, which Tom Grele's father was grasping in one hand while with the other he turned her lips back. The mare's coat gleamed as though burnished. Her eyes rolled, showing the white, and her ears pointed awry.

"Handsome," declared a man.

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"What's Wrong, Old Sobersides?" "Nothing. I Hope," Said Barbara—"I Hope You—I Hope You'll be Very Happy With Her—Ever After"

GLAMOUR

By MARYSE RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"How Delightful to Have No Illusions! It Lightens One's Luggage So"

SHE was very angry and worried. She lay back in the gondola, a little woman in black with too much powder on her cheeks, too much red on her lips and too much bitterness in her heart. There was no rest anywhere, certainly not for the wife of Major Brassington-Welsh.

Her companion sat bolt upright beside her, chewing on his cigar. He was a small, bony man with a rummaging eye that he had ably used during the evening. His present silence meant several things, all of them wearisomely familiar and all of them to be summed up in a significant word—"trouble." She had been sure of that ever since, in the mellow afterglow of coffee and liqueurs, Hal had shown off the Fabbia necklace and with it his own impaired powers of invention. Why couldn't he have told the truth; told how he came to have such a valuable thing to sell, and to whom it really belonged? Or, if the contessa so insisted on discretion, why couldn't he have lied convincingly?

Mr. Gale had not believed a story more intricate than the filigree carvings of the old-gold setting. She had observed the startled intensity of his gaze as he examined the jewels.

He recognized them! And then he had caught her watching him. He was watching her now. She knew that as she knew too many things in this sad world.

Hal, of course, realized none of this. With the recovered magnificence any dinner he paid for always gave him, he had sauntered up to her in the hall of the Hotel Danieli and bent to whisper, "You'll manage the old bird now, won't you, Nita? There's a dear girl." Whereupon, fatuously remarking aloud that the Contessa Fabbia was waiting for him, he had swaggered on ahead, leaving her to trail behind with William P. Gale. By the time she and Mr. Gale reached the Quays the Fabbia gondola had melted into the Venetian atmosphere. Of all abominable insolence, carrying Hal off like that, without a word to her!

Well, she was in no mood to be a dear girl. And if she managed anything, it would be to find out why this fascinating red-haired widow chose, in her mother-in-law's absence, to intrust such a man as Hal with a ruby-and-diamond heirloom worth a fortune. Interesting to know what the old Marchesa Fabbia would think of Major Brassington-Welsh handling an ornament that for centuries past had adorned the proud necks of great Venetian ladies. She could see the rubies now as they had scornfully flashed their wise old fires in Hal's congested face among the subdued gilt furnishings and mirrors of their *salons* in the Hotel Danieli; could hear the showman's tone in Hal's voice and feel again the odd excitement in Mr. Gale's manner.

"Known the contessa for long?" Mr. Gale addressed her for the first time since their imposed tête-à-tête.

"Only for a little while."

She tried to speak quietly. From the lesser distinction of the hired gondola, she could at last dimly make out the Fabbia gondola gliding along in the moonlight, fantastic, fairylike in this languorous world of stars and water, of whisperings, of lanterns, of tenor voices. She imagined the glow of Hal's cigar, his heavy, lounging figure and the sinuous line of the contessa reclining beside him in pale draperies. Having one of their business talks, no doubt, in which Major Brassington-Welsh felt himself lifted into the faded splendors of Venetian society; saw himself selling for fat commissions the treasures of high-sounding names

"Know anything about her?" Mr. Gale casually questioned. But there was nothing casual in the deliberate movement with which he struck a match for his cigar and held it so that he could peer into her face.

"Do you?" she parried. Heigho, but she was tired of distrusting and being distrusted! So tired of those rusty little bells that rang ever fainter the alarm within, as if the nerves that set them off were weary of their job.

"Oh, I've heard a few things." Mr. Gale shifted his pose to gaze at Santa Giorgio Maggiore couched against the stars. "Kind of woman men fall for, isn't she?"

"Fall in trouble—yes," slipped from her. Sorry she had said that. "She's very lovely."

She tilted her head against the leather cushion, wearing her little smile like a knot of red ribbon to hide shabby spots.

Through half-closed green eyes, she could follow now the slender silhouette of the Fabbia gondola, the rhythmic sway of the Fabbia gondoliers; ghostly figures bending to and fro.

But Mr. Gale had not done with her.

"Beautiful necklace your husband has got hold of. I know something about jewels. Who did he say it belonged to?" His small keen eyes sounded and probed.

"Mr. Gale, do you know the Marchesa Fabbia?" She asked it abruptly. His expression altered ever so slightly. Her guess was right then. She pressed her advantage. "I think you do."

She was smiling, an innocent plump little woman in black. Venice around her.

"I'd like to hear what else you think."

He leaned closer, his cigar loosely held between short bony fingers. She let him wait while she fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief. Then slowly: "I think, Mr. Gale," she said, "that you have seen that necklace before."

He appeared to be flavoring his cigar before dryly remarking, "You're a very bright young woman. Let us suppose that I have. What then?"

She had perhaps gone too far; certainly far enough to have cast a perceptible shadow on the whole transaction. Well, the shadow was and had been there from the beginning, and if Hal had listened to her ——

She stared out at the swimming loveliness of the night. They were drawing closer to the lantern-hung barge of the Serenata. Italian song drifted. Her heart was filled with the pain of yearning and she couldn't for the moment answer. What was Venice to her but a city of bridges, pigeons, crumbling old apricot fronts and Byzantine domes? Her storeroom of memory was littered with such junk—the painted scenery, cracked and peeling, of Paris, Florence, Monte Carlo, London, Vienna. She thought of Vienna and shuddered.

"What then?" Mr. Gale called her back.

She was goaded on to answer: "Why then, knowing who it really does belong to, you either want to buy it without too many unpleasant questions, or ——" She turned to face him. "I don't see why I shouldn't tell you," she said defiantly. "The Contessa Fabbia asked Hal to sell that necklace without mentioning any names. So he made up that absurd story about a starving prince. I'm telling you this because I want you to understand that he's in no way responsible ——"

Hal would be furious with her. He would be furious!

"Very clever," murmured Mr. Gale as if he appreciated a performance given for his benefit.

She floundered on, miserably aware of a blunder. She wished now that she had held her tongue.

"You knew it! You gave yourself away this evening when you saw that necklace. It's only fair to Hal ——"

Gale nodded.

"So I gave myself away, did I? What eyes you have, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh! Well, well!" Smiling, he puffed at his cigar.

Only a few more moments now before they reached the Serenata barge.

In the clear soft light she could see the Fabbia gondola nozzling in among the others, a black brood circling the troupe of musicians in the larger boat. Above the long black-and-gold stuffs trailing over the deep dreamy seat, she saw Hal's dark head and the rich glow of the contessa's hair.

"Mr. Gale, please forget what I told you." But he wasn't the forgetting kind.

The gentle urge of the gondolier's long, slender oar pushed them forward. Click of silvery prows and rubbing of gondoliers, intimate, glamorous. Strangers who looked like melted sticks of candy, red and white, spilled all sticky and smeary under the moon, Hal's voice drowning the song of an olive-skinned boy.

"O sole mio ——" The boy stood, his head flung back, singing.

Poor sad little woman with the years showing under her powder, and her man not beside her. Nita Moffett, of Stamford, once so young and gay and trusting.

"I say, you two! Thought you were never coming on."

It would take more than a few fluttery mandolins and a Neapolitan song to keep Hal quiet. He leaned forward, all shirt front and mustache, preening himself among

carved dolphins and the Fabbia arms. His face shone a red and jolly contrast to the contessa, who lolled beside him like a long uncurled feather; too languid to stir.

"Where have you been, *carina?*" she murmured.

"Oh, we browsed along," drawled Mr. Gale; but the look he gave her did not go with a drawl.

"All right, old dear?" Hal craned his head around, wagging and beaming. That jovial mood wouldn't last for long if he knew what she had done. Her heart sank within her as she imaged him stamping about, flushed and swollen, roaring at her, "What the devil d'you mean, Nita, meddling ——"

Yes, she had meddled-and would meddle again. Why did a woman like that need to take up with an old battered creature, whose shady military title, game leg and swagger were all that was left of a questionable career? No good in it.

"Rippin'!" Hal proclaimed, graciously bowing to the musicians; and his hand moved up to his mustache as the contessa begged him in that soft, slurred voice of hers for a match. Obvious device, that—a cigarette, a match, a whisper.

Pagliacci.

What did anything matter? She lay back, her little smile moored to her lips. You knocked about and grew old and nobody cared. Sheen of water, plash and click. Twang of strings, limp, mooning strangers. Well, the color painted by lantern and star gave them all for a while the sense of being disguised. Forgotten hotel bills, postal cards, the exchange, Baedekers. In a sweet sirup of illusion, they swam together, unaware of the acrid taste of this stuff of Venice; unaware that beneath the smooth watered surface the nerves of the past dangerously tingled. But it was there, that slumbering violence of ages gone by.

"How about it, Gale, old man?"

Hal's gesture offered up romance much as he had shown off the necklace.

"Oh, I'm looking around."

And Mr. Gale proved that he could do just that. Under his cool stare the contessa stirred as if the late August air were yet too chilly for summery stuffs and white furs.

"If you don't mind, major—I am tired." And she sent one of those frail, bright glances in the direction of the men. But the brightness she fixed on Gale was a trifle more intense, more like the flash of a weapon.

"Right-o!" Hal was gallantly at her orders. He remembered in time. "I say, Nita, why don't you and Gale trot along after us? Jolly ride up the canal."

Trot along after them, indeed!

"Not a bad idea." Her green eyes were frosty.

To a tarantella thrummed on mandolins, the Fabbia gondoliers were already pulling out. The contessa fluttered a languid farewell with her long tapering fingers. Hal's face, red and black, grinned a moment in the lantern glow. He twisted about to wave and shout, "See you later!"

And now the illuminations of the barge grew dimmer, music floated. They slid past the lighted fronts of hotels into sleek shadows. Smell of fish, of rotten eggs on the ebbing tide. She felt emptied of anger, weary of it all. Came the hoarse, lugubrious cry of a gondolier sweeping around a dark corner.

"I think if you'll excuse me I'll go back to the hotel." She sounded her dreariness.

"Just a moment." Mr. Gale lit another cigar, taking his time. "Are you going to tell your husband of our little talk?"

"I suppose so." She wished he hadn't reminded her of it.

"You must not tell him, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh."

There was a note of command in his voice. It drew her up, her head held high, thin nostrils quivering.

"I shall do as I think best, Mr. Gale."

He softened his tone.

"Look here, I'll be frank with you."

She turned away to gaze up at the spectral arches and pillars of old façades. Perhaps it would be wiser to listen.

"Look here," he said again. His small hard body seemed charged with sudden energy. "This countess, now—she's no friend of yours." He was watching her closely. "Suppose I give you a bit of her history—if you don't know it already."

It was as if he played a cold little searchlight over her

"Go on," she consented, and settled deeper in the black cushions.

"She's an American. You wouldn't think it, but they get that way sometimes. She married the Fabbia boy several months before he was killed in the war. His family refused to recognize her until about a year ago. She's a persistent young woman." Persistence, apparently, was a quality he grudgingly admired. "But they're not satisfied. Understand? Now she and that husband of yours—I'm not saying anything against him, but ——"

"You'd better not!" She spoke up harshly. In the moonlight her face was whiter for the red of her lips.

"Seems to me"—Mr. Gale squinted at the stars—"seems to me I've heard of Major Brassington-Welsh."

Trying to frighten her!

"What if you have?"

She faced him, an aroused, blond little woman, ready to fight for her man.

"Wait a moment! Wait a moment!"

With a brusque movement he turned and spoke to the gondolier. And now their gondola lay like a long black fish in the shadows of a moldy wall.

"I want to go back to the hotel."

She was very angry; and she was frightened, as he had meant her to be.

Opposite them, on the canal, the Fabbia gondola glided up to the old stone steps of the Fabbia Palazzo.

"See that?" Gale pointed.

It was as if the contessa had set her stage for a tableau, which she immediately presented as wrought-iron doors opened onto a dim vista of marble and stone statues.

(Continued on Page 40)

She Could at Last Dimly Make Out the Fabbia Gondola Gliding Along in the Moonlight, Fantastic, Fairylike in This Languorous World of Stars and Water, of Whisperings, of Lanterns, of Tenor Voices

THE I. O. ABANDONED

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

IN AN anteroom of the president's suite in the Planet Trust a tall young fellow stood at a window looking out over the distant bay. For half an hour, an hour, he did not know how long, he had been waiting the pleasure of President Allison, occupied in the adjoining room with affairs more important than the needs of an unfortunate young man. But the latter waited without impatience, sometimes standing still, sometimes pacing measuredly, his level gaze clouded, and broad shoulders held stiffly under a burden of remorse and hopelessness almost too heavy for them.

Once in his abstraction he came face to face with a young woman who entered unheard, and for an instant he gazed bewildered before bowing himself out of her way. She had halted in her tracks with a stare and then passed on swiftly to the door of Mr. Allison's room and entered unceremoniously. Cole Shandon, the young man, during that instant face to face, experienced a queer gratefulness toward this natural comforter of man who had appeared so mysteriously in his darkened hour. But she had passed him indifferently, and with the closing of the door he forgot her.

He Had Received a Telephone at His House Near the Right of Way to Fling and Notify Cole of the Stealing of the Velocipede

After a time the door of the inner room opened and a secretary announced: "Come in; you'll have to hurry."

At the threshold he encountered a committee who had been conferring with President Allison; one member of the committee of three turned back a pace and in a dogged manner reopened the discussion that had kept Cole waiting so long. Again the latter stood preoccupied and utterly withdrawn into his own troubles, until the emphatic naming of a certain obscure Southwestern railroad, the Inter Ocean, awakened a melancholy memory and interest.

The controversy seemed to be over a lease that a mid-continent system, the Gulf Midwestern, had on the I. O. and was about to abandon. Allison was chairman of the Gulf Midwestern executive board. There was a vigorous exchange between him and the stubborn committeeman, who was finally drawn away by his companions.

"It takes a citizens' committee to tell an executive how to run his railroad," said the heated Allison to his daughter, the young woman who had passed Cole in the anteroom. Then seizing his hat and turning on Cole, "Your business; your business!"

"I have a letter to present, sir—from an old friend."

Cole's clear, heavy voice had a vibration of deep feeling which drew him a quick scrutiny from Barbara Allison. The young man's sun-browned countenance was not comely at the moment, with the wide mouth set straight, and eyes bleakly gray; from its wave of sandy hair his forehead and high-bridged nose were on a line, sure sign of a fighting man, but at the moment his expression was that of a boy who has had all the spirit mauled out of him. Miss Allison shrugged, but stood listening to the conversation.

The meager Allison had taken the letter and glanced upward, raising his scanty brows.

"From Burke Shandon, introducing his son," he said. "This letter is two years old."

"I've been taking an engineering course in Boston and haven't visited New York before," explained Cole. "The fact is, I deserted my father, who died last week—alone—in a Northwestern construction camp. I heard of it only yesterday. I thought I would like to meet one of his old friends today." The tall fellow drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Yes; I knew him," said Allison. "Shandon was once a partner of mine in railway building; did the field work. What is it you want?"

"Nothing; except to talk a little about dad."

Burke Shandon, railroad contractor, was a man whose energies never let him rest from business; but twenty years ago he had taken motherless Cole to a construction headquarters with him, and except for some months during the boy's public-school days in Chicago the two were together every day of their lives till the war broke out. When Cole returned after a year in the Army and wished to take engineering the elder Shandon consented, but disappointment and dread of the separation were in his look. Still, during nearly two years there was much hilarity in their correspondence over this partnership-to-be, of Shandon & Shandon.

Burke Shandon died in a British Columbia camp, and had been buried in Vancouver before notification reached his son. Cole left school the same day; the big fellow was wrecked and hopeless and, though now a man of twenty-six, bitterly remorseful for leaving his father, who at the parting seemed to have a premonition they would not meet again.

Cole had convinced himself since yesterday that he was guilty of the basest ingratitude, a deserter. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand as he talked to Allison, and the beautiful Barbara smiled curiously at this plebeian exhibition of grief.

"Papa, I am waiting," she reminded resignedly.

Allison did not like grief or mourners or death; he had to struggle against an indecent impulse to send the depressing Cole to the devil. As it was, he could compel himself to no better acknowledgment of the courtesies than this: "Well, he is dead, and it can't be helped. As there seems to be nothing I can do for you I will go."

He was going, preceded by Barbara; not one word had he said of Burke Shandon in praise or regret. Cole, dumfounded, suddenly remembered, and interpreted what Allison had just declaimed loudly and angrily to the citizens' committee. Burke Shandon's old partner had doubly insulted his memory.

Cole took a long stride after him, cried "Wait, sir," and twirled the meager Allison with a touch on the shoulder. "Did I understand that you justify your abandonment of the I. O. on the grounds that it is not standard built?"

"Yes, if it's any of your business," shouted Allison.

"You will account for that answer," said Cole. He leaned forward, peering into the other's convulsed face and the startled eyes of Barbara. "My father, Burke Shandon, built that railroad," he said. "You are a false friend and a wrecker. But not only his character but his work will stand against you."

His fierce glance still covering and holding these two, he drew the back of his hand across his eyes; then they watched his broad shoulders disappear through the door into the anteroom.

With this indignant championing of his father's business reputation against the unfeeling Allison came a welcome responsibility to Cole. He accepted it as a means of atoning for what he believed his selfish desertion of the elder Shandon; and two weeks later, having brought back the latter's body and buried it beside Mrs. Shandon's in a Chicago cemetery, he appeared in Oilwell, the western terminus of the I. O., and its junction with the Gulf Midwestern.

Oilwell is on the very eastern edge of the oil fields; from there the I. O. ran east through the hill country, or Uplift, two hundred miles. It thus began and ended in the hills, though the intention of the promoters had been to build east to a Mississippi bridge gateway and west to the oil and grain country. The Gulf Midwestern with its vast north-and-south trackage had sensed danger and leased the new line for five years; the controversy as brought to Allison by the citizens' committee was this: That having tied up the I. O., its lessee proceeded to build another east-and-west line through the well-populated level country south of the Uplift, to the Mississippi. Of course having this line the Gulf Midwestern would not renew its lease of the I. O., which would thus be left to its scanty local business. It was now folly for the stockholders of the I. O. to extend it as originally planned, with the G. M.'s own east-and-west line as a competitor. In brief, the G. M. had the little road blanketed.

But the answer of Allison and his general manager, Creighton, was reasonable enough when they were asked why not extend the I. O. to the Mississippi instead of building a new line.

"The I. O. uses light equipment; it was never built to carry our Mikado locomotives, or even the big four-wheelers; its territory is rough and too thinly settled for profitable local traffic."

Cole Shandon came to Oilwell carrying his suitcase, big as a steamer trunk, by two fingers, crossed the tracks to the office building of the Gulf Midwestern, and sent in his

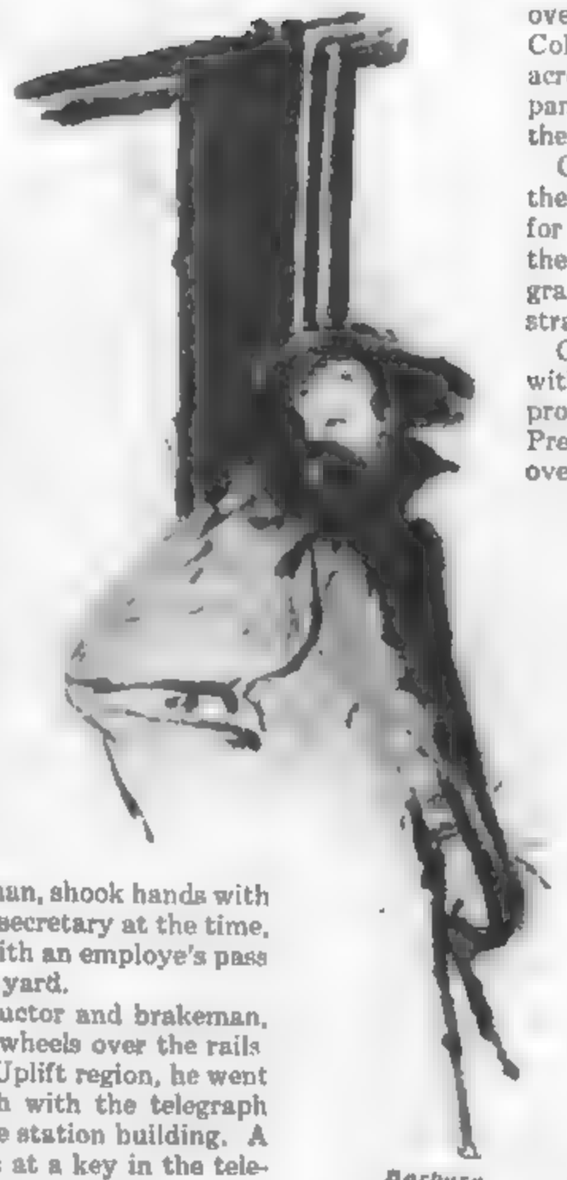
card. "Tell him I know Mr. Allison," he instructed the office boy grimly.

General Manager Creighton, usually not responsive to the amenities, rose at his desk to greet the man from Allison. As Cole was to engage him first of all his enemies, he took a deliberate survey of the rangy big-boned man with the heavy countenance, in whose eyes a spark of red vibrated.

"In New York I gave Mr. Allison a letter of introduction," said Cole. "He asked what he could do for me and I said 'Nothing.' But now I'd like to locate up the I. O. at Elm, where I have friends. I'm a draftsman, operator, stenographer. Any vacancy up there?"

Cole, who had for years served as his father's secretary, was in fact a capable station or division employe.

The very name of Allison demanded respect. "Superintendent Weeks, of the I. O. Division, with headquarters at Elm, is in the next office," answered Creighton, and called him in.



Barbara

Weeks, a small, harassed-looking man, shook hands with Cole and, wanting a stenographer or secretary at the time, employed him. Half an hour later with an employe's pass Cole caught a local freight out of the yard.

On the trip he talked to the conductor and brakeman, and listened to the even purr of the wheels over the rails. At Elm, the small metropolis of the Uplift region, he went at once to the division office, which with the telegraph office occupied the second floor of the station building. A dark-haired girl in a blue smock was at a key in the telegraph office, and Cole stood waiting while she wrote an order for the freight conductor. Then he gave his name and his business there, and asked for Dawes, the dispatcher.

"He was to put me on some pay-roll work till Mr. Weeks comes tomorrow."

Dawes was at lunch, and the girl, Miss Blake, was taking his trick; she was operator and ticket clerk, selling for the four daily passenger trains in the office below. She had been working on the pay roll herself between telegraph calls, and showed Cole the time book.

"What you learn working on time books!" Miss Blake observed. Her dusky crown came just above Cole's shoulder, her eyes were dusky, too, and cheeks a velvety flush. As she gathered the books together she philosophized absorbedly.

"I work on them and think as the clock ticks. There goes one second for nine hundred employes, nine hundred seconds, fifteen minutes, charged to the company. Now what have we employes done in that second which means nine hundred seconds to the company? It's very little, but it ought to be something! We should keep moving, don't you think? Every motion, look or word"—she had gathered the books rapidly and was speaking half over her shoulder as she hastened before Cole toward the superintendent's office across the hall—"on duty costs the company so much. And it's hard enough for the I. O. to make ends meet anyway."

Cole nodded indifferently as the girl in the blue smock scanned him anxiously for the results of her exhortation. Then the station call sounding from the telegraph office, she vanished, tucking up a strand of the dark silky hair.

Cole was an adept at time keeping, and with the rate card before him he settled promptly to work on the engineers' roll. Presently the girl slipped in to glance over his shoulder and speak advice on constructive mileage; then Dawes appeared.

"What's the word, Blakey? New secretary?" He was a slender devil-may-care, and on being introduced to Cole greeted him sympathetically. "One more wreck victim," he said.

Cole looked inquiringly at Miss Blake.

"It's the way the men talk about the I. O.," she said indignantly.

"Why not give Brother Cole here the dope, Blakey," demanded Dawes, "and let him save himself while there's yet time? The fact is, Shandon, you'll be wasting your time; the G. M. has already run off our good rolling stock and left us just about power enough to lift along our broken-down equipment into a wreck and then out of it again. The I. O. will be dropped by the G. M. in three months, and abandoned. If I hadn't married an Elm girl and bought a house I'd have been gone long since."

Blakey, who could not refute one of these statements, smoothed her frock, with a wisp of hair in her eyes, and looked at Cole appealingly.

"Thank you, Mr. Dawes, I'll stick," said Cole.

"Pleased to meet you," said Dawes. "Your blood will be on Blakey's head, not mine. By the way, if you want a place to board I can accommodate you."

This was arranged, and Blakey's anxious face beamed approval as Cole began working swiftly. In that household of nine hundred disgusted men she felt that she had at last a fellow loyalist.

In a parting moment she said, "The I. O. brought promise and bright days to Elm; I love it, Mr. Shandon. We lose our best friend when it is abandoned to rust."

Cole found plenty to do as superintendent's secretary, though even he never made the seconds on duty count as Nora Blake did. Mr. Weeks took him out on the line occasionally and he saw for himself that the equipment was decrepit, and track maintenance neglected. The employes conducted themselves with a gloomy hilarity; nothing mattered but to bluff at railroading and draw their pay till the wreck was pulled off as advertised. It was the wake of the I. O. Cole, riding in the engines and cabooses, became personally acquainted with the employes; he was interested to learn that many of them had not only bought homes but land along the line, and expected the cancellation of the G. M. lease to wipe out their savings.

Throughout all that territory after the return of the committee to consult Mr. Allison the value of the valley farms dropped and business stagnated. Building was halted in Elm and at station towns just beginning to thrive along the line. The planting of orchards ceased on the south slopes of the hills, sheltered from winds and late frosts, and prolific under a semitropical sun. The picks were dropped in the lead mines. With the last blast of the locomotive whistle the Uplift would return to backwoods isolation and decay.

Late one day about three months after Cole found his job on the I. O. he was taking a letter from Superintendent Weeks, when the latter broke off with an impatient wave of the hand.

"Let it go at that, Cole; what's the use? There'll be no I. O. after the directors and Creighton meet tomorrow."

"The whistle hasn't blown. Suppose we finish," said Cole, and his chief with a stare added a concluding paragraph.

Then Creighton, who had come in an hour before, beckoned from the door, and Weeks hastened to join him. Cole heard them descending the stair, and after typing his letter started uptown, looking for Mr. Varden, the local banker who had headed the Allison committee in New York.

He found his man still at the bank in disconsolate conversation with a friend. Cole said, "I'm here on I. O. reorganization, and have phoned Mr. Ferguson, the hardware man, to meet us. Here he comes."

The two looked at him in amazement which extended to Ferguson a moment later.

Cole continued, "Mr. Ferguson, the citizens of Elm will not admit that the I. O. has a heartbeat left in it."

"Dead as a hammer," agreed Ferguson; "now that the G. M. has completed its east-and-west line."

"To prove you a poor judge of corpses I will take a two-day option on your ten thousand stock. I don't buy outright because I want you a stockholder and sitting in the directors' meeting tomorrow with the

(Continued on Page 56)

"Creighton, You Can't Convict Me of Running Off G. M. Equipment. You Must Know That Under the Lease the I. O. Is a Part of Your Own System Till Midnight"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 26, 1923

Look Out for the Locomotive

AT POINTS in this country where railroads cross highways at grade more than nine thousand persons were injured in the past five years. In thirty years fatalities from this cause have increased 345 per cent, and injury cases 652 per cent. The growth of our population in those thirty years has been less than 70 per cent. It looks as if this tragic experience had taught us less than nothing.

The greatest increase in these railroad-highway crossing accidents has been during the past few years, and in that period the distribution of automobiles has advanced by leaps and bounds, so that now we have on our roads one car for about every ten of our population. As a matter of record, automobiles figure in by far the larger number of grade-crossing disasters.

The certain way to put an end to this danger would be to eliminate all railroad crossings at grade, and something in this direction has been accomplished in and near centers of populations. There exist today, however, more than two hundred and fifty thousand grade crossings on Class I railroads alone. Obviously it would be the work of many years to elevate or depress these, to say nothing of the expense involved, which, by statements of the railroad people, would run into billions of dollars.

The practical answer would seem to be suggested by the experience of the railroads in safeguarding their own employes by educating them in safety measures. Organized effort in this direction has resulted in a reduction in fatalities among employes on duty from 4354 in the year 1907 to 1446 in the year 1921, which is said to be the lowest record since 1888.

Education in safety measures of the automobile driver and of others who use the highways obviously is a task of more complexity than that of the railroad employe, since machinery to organize the general traveling public as well as authority to enforce measures of safety exists with the railroad companies but is lacking in the case of the general public, and, moreover, cannot well be supplied. Something might be done by holding the user of the highway to stricter accountability for accidents at grade crossings in which contributory negligence on his part is shown; but there is observable in jury judgments, in court practice and in police rulings no marked tendency to take such a course. Adherence by the everyday user of the highways to those simple precautionary measures which common sense dictates is the surest and most promising remedy for the situation. To that end everything should be done by the distribution of printed matter, by other advertising, and by discussion of the subject by civil authorities, by bodies interested in civic development, and by organizations having an interest in the automobile and those who use it, and likewise by close coöperation with the railroads in devising and giving publicity to safety measures. Laws, ordinances and printed regulations dealing with grade crossings, however, can go only so far if the power to enforce obedience to them is not present at the points of danger, as almost invariably it is not, except near centers of population. Warning signboards are wasted if the mind of the man about to make the crossing is asleep at the switch, or if he decides deliberately to take a chance.

Final dependence for a reduction in the number of railroad grade-crossing disasters must be placed upon the individual's sense of responsibility. If when approaching and crossing a railroad at grade the traveler will think of that crossing as a zone of danger to him, and regard himself and those with him as in imminent danger until the crossing is completed, the chances of accidents will be automatically reduced to the minimum.

The Real and the Unreal

IF THE much overworked visitor from Mars had made his first trip to this country thirty or forty years ago and his next journey at the present time, he would find no doubt a few unpleasant surprises along with the many heralded improvements. Possibly he would see less poverty; at least all the outward signs of a very general affluence would greet him on every hand. He would be nearly run over by more automobiles than he had supposed existed, and most of the women would bear an outward appearance formerly associated with that of the wives and daughters of millionaires.

But if the visitor were astute enough he might discover that much of the show is less than skin deep, that much of our magnificence is only tinsel. He might wonder if quality had quite kept pace with quantity. For the increase in wealth and the sudden expansion, the flowering of material substances, appliances and objects, these have not carried with them quite the solidity or equality that would make the advancement an achievement of the first order.

Quality in the best sense of the word is a product of slow growth. The age is one that produces quick results and imitations on a gigantic scale. When has a good complexion been beyond the reach of those who would give of their time to exercise, fresh air, sleep and wholesome living? The achievement of the last twenty to forty years has been an incredibly rapid distribution of creature comforts and luxuries. It is natural that people should expect to attain reputations, success, complexions, pleasure, happiness, culture and distinction by the same instantaneous and mechanical method.

It will take time to consolidate the material gains of the last few decades. Crudeness and tawdriness are natural for a while. Perhaps the finer distinctions, the clearer estimation of values and workmanship, the truer knowledge of what is important and what is unimportant, of what is real and what is unreal, will come with time.

Monetary Sheep and Goats

THE year 1922 seems to have made the separation of the sheep from the goats in the European currencies. Five countries went on a paper-money debauch last year—Russia, Germany, Poland, Austria and Hungary. Their records in 1921 were not good; but in 1922 these countries went to extremes in inflation. Russia naturally led the procession, and multiplied the paper money of 1921 forty times in 1922. Germany was not far behind, for the patriotic Germans celebrating the last New Year's Eve could boast that their fatherland was thirty-six times as rich in paper money as a year before. The inflations of Poland, Austria and Hungary were relatively modest in comparison, and these countries have not seemed to display the zest for inflation that was characteristic of the monetary policies of Russia and Germany. That these two countries should be running for the paper-money championship of the world for all time, must make the historians turn in their graves. The combined gold reserve of these five countries is less than one-tenth that of the United States.

The remaining countries of Europe, figured on a unit basis, expanded their note circulation only 10 per cent during the calendar year. Every country that was neutral in the war improved its position. The other countries suffered inflations that are to be regarded as relatively insignificant. The gold reserves were improved during the year in Belgium, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Italy, Jugo-slavia, Netherlands, Norway and Rumania—not greatly, but measurably. The gold reserves declined during the year in Bulgaria, Czecho-Slovakia, the East Baltic States, France, Switzerland and the United Kingdom—not much, but measurably. The gold gains have not been enough to advance the day of gold payments; the gold losses not enough to change the aspects of the eventual parities. But when the gold reserves and the note circulations of the five first-named countries are contrasted with those of the rest of the countries of Europe, it is clear that 1922 separated Europe into two monetary camps—those that are holding their grip and those that have lost their grip.

There can be no adjustment of prices of commodities in the different countries of Europe while these conditions persist. The buying power of the European countries cannot be measured so long as the yardsticks of their currencies cannot be compared except in index numbers that fluctuate toward one another like so many marionettes. The extreme inflations in the five countries result in a veritable redistribution of wealth in those countries. The debtor class pays its debts, but acquires little advantage thereby. The creditor class is paid off in paper that cannot be reinvested. All is in confusion, everyone loses, no one gains except those who can convert their holdings into foreign values. The processes of industry and trade have been improved notably in Europe during the year, but the degradation of the currencies in five important countries results in such maladjustments that the industrial gains are obscured.

What could the United States have done to prevent the inflations in the inflation-intoxicated countries? With the best intentions in the world, nothing, except in an age of miracles. Are these countries innocent victims of monetary furies? They are the victims of the Concert of Europe.

Getting Off Cheap

AN INGENIOUS lawmaker lately introduced in his state legislature a bill imposing an occupational tax of ten dollars upon every person in the state entitled to the ballot, with a provision that every taxpayer who votes at the primaries shall receive a rebate of five dollars and a further rebate of the same amount if he votes on election day. The passage of such a measure would inevitably crowd the polling places and cause a hitherto unprecedented eagerness to exercise the right of suffrage; for the surrender of ten dollars in real money out of pocket is a far more impressive and painful transaction than the spending at the state or national capitol of public funds that will eventually mean a great many times ten dollars in future taxes.

According to recent estimates there were about fifteen million persons entitled to vote at the last presidential elections who did not do so. Their civic dereliction did not cost them any flat tax of ten dollars a head, but it set them back considerably more in indirect ways. It was estimated that the Senate filibuster which marked the closing days of the last Congress cost the country some millions by blocking the passage of a single bill. Scores of other measures, including an immigration bill of the gravest importance, went by the board at the same time. A careful summing up of all the losses due to party politics, bloc intrigues, private deals and needless expenditures would reveal an amazing total. If the nonvoters were permitted to settle these liabilities for a ten-dollar bill all round they would get off lighter than they deserve and very much lighter than they will.

JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

By Henry H. Curran

THE jolly old legislature is still on the job, seeking new forms of taxation with which to bedevil poor old John Citizen. And there are other legislatures—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—doing the same, to say nothing of Congress now and then. How is it that the legislative perspiration springs always from the labor of laying new taxes, instead of abolishing an old tax once in a while?

Well, John Citizen is beginning to find out. He is the man who asked me how to take a hand in politics, then went in and took it. He is careful, and thorough, and never lets go. That is his nature. In short, he is on the back of the neck of his assemblyman right now about the new spring taxes. It is doing the assemblyman no harm A few more like John might even abolish the annual spring headline, some day, about the legislature hunting new sources of taxation. We don't have to have these spring freshets in taxes if we don't want them. There in no law of Nature about it.

Are Tax Bills Worth Auditing?

YOU remember that question of John's about whether he was really needed in politics? Whether it was worth bothering about, even once in a while? In starting to answer it in an earlier article, I ventured the idea that government is so much more complex today than it used to be a hundred years ago, so much more inquisitive, and, especially, so much more expensive, that we need the interest of good men and women in politics now more than we ever needed it before, because politics makes government, just as men and women make politics what it is and government what it is—good or bad, thrifty or wasteful, sensible or stupid. It all depends on the character and watchfulness of the men and women who are in the game.

And the taxes that bothered John Citizen are the pay-as-you-enter of this child of American politics that we call government. They are the price we pay in cash for what we get in service—and a very high price it is. They are half the bargain—the spending side of the government account in every American family's ledger. It will help to take a look at this account, just as we look over the food, rent and clothes accounts from time to time.

For we all pay taxes, directly or indirectly, visibly or invisibly. Some taxes, like those on income or real estate, are ripped away from us so openly that we know what has happened. Others, like those in the rent and the tariff, are extracted painlessly; they just go, silently and unnoticed. But, in either event, they are taken out of your earnings and mine, out of your home and my home.

What we want to know is where they go—those taxes—and whether we are getting our money's worth. For a dollar gone in taxes do we get a dollar back in government service or don't we? I say that we don't, and I want to tell a few stories from my own political experience to prove it.

First, in a word, let us see how much it is that we pay. Is it too little to bother about? Or too big to let go by unwatched?

Here are the facts:

The annual private incomes of all the Americans put together—105,000,000 of us—amount to some $70,000,000,000, more or less, this way or that. Our Federal Government costs us a little more than $3,000,000,000 a year. That figure is for the fiscal year from July 1, 1923, to July 1, 1924, and is exclusive of the $600,000,000 we pay for the postal service in stamps and otherwise. The state and local governments cost about $4,000,000,000 more. Thus our total annual bill for government is $7,000,000,000, or one-tenth of our total private income of $70,000,000,000—one dollar in every ten that we earn, dropped into the hopper of government, and gone forever. That is the average. That is our tithe. Is it worth a little attention, that one dollar in the last ten you earned? It is for you to say.

The Care of the Poor

HERE is how some of it goes: In the budget for the Department of Public Charities in New York there was a shortage of about $25,000. That was some time ago, when I was an alderman, and when the name of the department was still Public Charities. Now they have changed the name to the Department of Public Welfare.

A word as to that—for politics did that too. I never could see the why of the change. It costs nothing in dollars, but dollars are not everything. The work of that department is to care for about 15,000 poor men and women of New York who are sick or old and infirm, and have no means with which to take care of themselves, nor relatives or friends to harbor them. They are alone in the world. In every community we have some of those unfortunates. Always we have had them, and always there will be more to come, as those of today go. They are just the wreckage of life's ocean storm, cast up on a kindly beach of civilization. We pity them in their old age, nurse them, guide their shortening years with

(Continued on Page 109)

STILL SOAKING THE RICH

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Fifty-Seven Lamps of Architecture

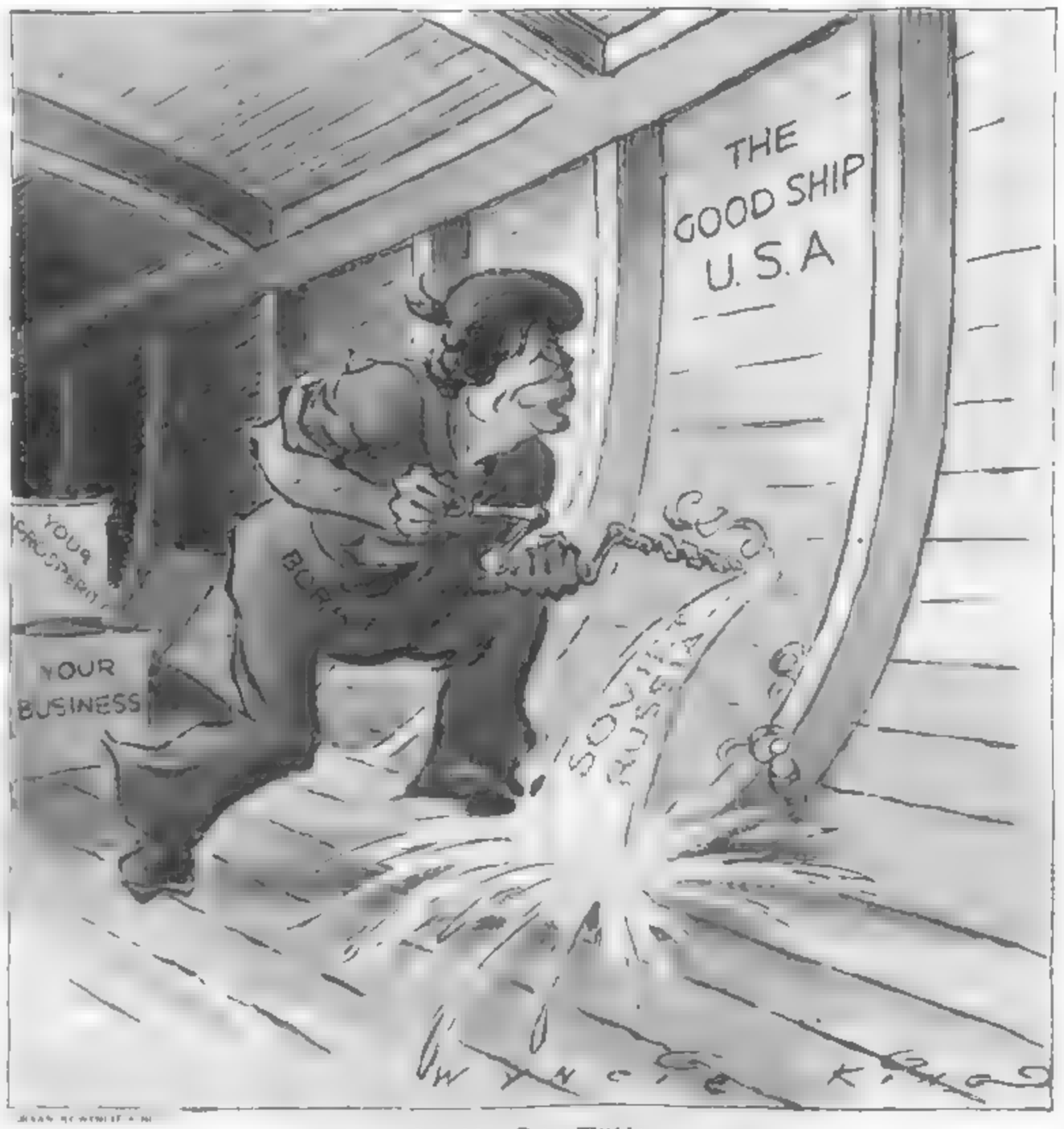
WHEN I had decided to build
me a house
I felt just a little afraid
That plan and design were not quite
in my line,
So I sought architectural aid.
And I said: "Show me, pray, some-
thing most recherché,
For I'm weary of hanging my hat
In an Early Victorian,
Pre-Montessorian,
Plain two-by-fourean flat."

The architect puffed at his period pipe
As he sat in his Renaissance chair,
And he gave me a smile in the pure
Gothic style,
Though he spoke with a Roman-
esque air.
Said he: "If your taste is not wholly
debased,
The best you are certain to find,
Is the later colonial,
Pseudo baronial,
G. Washingtonial kind."

I thanked him politely and paid him
his fee,
But sundry acquaintances cried,
"That stuff you should shun, for it
hasn't been done
Since Benjamin Harrison died!"
And they took me direct to a new
architect,
Who argued with logic compelling
For a quasi Delsartean,
Post-Bonapartean,
Wholly Beaux-Artian dwelling.

My downfall had started; I groped
in a maze
Of traces, transitions and trends,
And I labored anew over prints that were blue,
With the aid of my numerous friends.
But I don't knit my brow about building plans now,
For all of my money is spent—
And my home's an Arcadian,
Second-Crusadean,
Pink-lemonadean tent!

—*Stoddard King.*



Borahing From Within

How it Worked

John
Little
Started business
On a much restricted
Plan, for he had but little
Capital and he was a cautious
Man; but he kept his eye on every-
Thing and every detail knew, and his
Business started growing, and it grew
And grew and grew, till the Little place of
Business was a place of much renown—the
Solid, old reliable in-sti-tu-tion of the town.

James Bigger entered business on a most gigan-
Tic scale. He loaded up both hold and deck and
Clapped on all his sail. But he couldn't look
To details and he couldn't watch each leak,
And his capital slipped from him, and
His business, so to speak, leaked
Out before he knew it, and a
Pity 'tis, no douht, Mr.
Bigger's big, big, busi-
Ness slowly, surely
Petered
Out.

—*Arthur J. Burdick.*

How to Know the Natives

A Rimed Editorial

AS PRETTY near everyone knows
Who's been to our vaudeville shows,
An Englishman may be defined
As a man of the following kind:
He says, "Ripping!" and "Topping!" and "Rot!"
He says, "What?" "What, what, what?" and "What, what?"
He says, "Blighter!" and "Bally!" and "Prime!"
And that's all he says all the time.

II

As everyone's sure to recall
Who has read English novels at all,
An American may be defined
As a man of the following kind:
He says, "Jingo!" "I swan!" and "Dew tell!"
He says, "Well!" "Well, well, well!" and "Well, well!"
He says, "Sartin!" "I reckon!" and "Hey!"
And that's all he ever does say.

III

But if lecturers flock here as fast
As they have in the not so dim past,
And our tourists continue to pile
On the right little, tight little isle,
You'll soon know an Englishman as
A man who says, "Wowie! Some jazz!"
While a Yank will be anyone who
Says, "Right-o, old bean! Toodle-oo!" —*Baron Ireland.*

Yesterday and Today

MY, BUT ther's been lots o' changes in ever'thing—business, society, amusements, crime, farmin' an' politics—in th' last twenty years or so. Groceries are twice as clean an' hard t' beat, it costs twice as much t' see a black-face comedian as it used t' cost t' see Booth an' Barrett, th' hotels are gittin' thirty-five cents fer baked p'taters, women no longer complain o' high street-car steps, Democrats don't think nothin' o' carryin' Ohio, men 'll drink anything, an' th' famous Northfield, Minnesota, bank robbery that terrified th' country back in th' '80's, has been duplicated time an' agin in ever' town an' city in th' nation.

But we believe ther's been th' most transformation in th' farmer. Interurban cars an' busses, th' radio, telephones, rural free delivery, daily newspapers, mail-order catalogues, improved roads, an' politicians have jest about made a dude o' th' farmer. Th' farmer that used t' dig himself in in November an' go till Aprile without seein' a newspaper or gittin' a pustal card, now knows what Lloyd George said an hour afterwards. A few years ago, if a farmer's wife's folks wuz goin' t' visit him he didn' know it till they walked in on him, but in this day an' age he knows it in time t' lay in some coffee an' artichokes an meet 'em at th' train with a seven-passenger car. T'day a farmer knows what he'll git fer his hogs an' grain before he hauls 'em t' market. If he wants t' buy a pianner he loads up a hog, an' if he only wants a suit o' clothes he chucks a calf in th' back seat

A farmer's wife kin git up in th' mornin' an' run out t' th' mail box an' git an apronful o' mail an' read an' churn all forenoon. City folks can't tell a farmer's wife any more when they meet her. She kin roll in town an' buy a little triflin' close-reefed twenty-dollar hat t' wear ever'day, or a Hudson-seal coat, without anybuddy ever dreamin' that she's jest made a tubful o' soap, an'll be back on th' farm weanin' a calf in less than an hour.

A farmer an' his family used t' come t' town covered with dust in a big green wagon ever' Saturday, roads permittin', an' hitch behind th' courthouse an' climb out, stiff-legged. Mother an' her little flock would take th' butter an' eggs t' th' O. K. Grocery, while paw dickered around th' gristmill. Then they'd park in th' doorway o' th' dry-goods store till paw went t' th' pust office an' waited till th' clerk dug his green-goods letters an' farm journal out o' th' general delivery. Then they'd all pile back in th' wagon an' th' team would scare an' sidestep all th' way out o' town. It used t' be almost impossible t' farm a hundred an' sixty acres an' know who th' President o' th' United States wuz, but that's all ancient history. T'day it's no uncommon thing t' meet a farmer that kin almost name th' members of th' President's cabinet. But th' funny thing about all o' this is that while th' farmer has been improvin', it seems like th' rest of us have been sort o' goin' t' th' dogs.

—*Abe Martin.*

King Lear

(Up-to-Date)

THE scene is in the palace of KING LEAR *of Britain. On the right side of the stage is the* KING'S *throne. The* CHORUS *of peasants, male and female, stand grouped about the room in pairs, each one holding an empty pewter cup. During the opening number they clink their cups together as a sort of accompaniment.*

OPENING CHORUS

Oh, it's pleasant to be present in the costume of a peasant,
And to dine on quail and pheasant
As we gaily laugh and sing,
For we're glad today to add to all the merriment we've had, too,
So we're here, each lass and lad, to
Toast the birthday of our King.
So today shall be a mirth day,
Peace-to-man, good-will-on-earth day
As we celebrate the birthday
Of King Lear, our noble King.

[*The* CHORUS *repeats this, marching about the stage in close-order military formation. At the conclusion they are lined up in two ranks on the left side of the stage. The music now changes to a stirring march, and the* ROYAL GUARD *enters. The* ROYAL GUARD *is composed of young ladies of the Court. They are gorgeously attired in black tunics, cut extremely low, crimson tights, black patent-leather boots and silver trench helmets. The* CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, *a shapely young woman, undoubtedly a daughter of one of the aristocratic British families of the day, advances to the footlights and sings:*

CAPTAIN:

When the martial trumpets blare
We are there.

CHORUS:

Yes, we are there.

CAPTAIN:

In our uniforms to battle with the foe.

(Continued on Page 54)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Splendid food for your outing!

Because Campbell's Beans are so delicious and so filling! Because they're so convenient—already cooked! Because they take up so little space in your outing kit, yet yield so much real nourishment! Outdoors or indoors, served hot or served cold, Campbell's Beans are a great national dish—famous everywhere, liked everywhere. And Quality has won this reputation!

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SLOW COOKED DIGESTIBLE

NORTH OF 36

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XLIII

"COME right on in, you poor child." When Taisie Lockhart first had climbed down from the lofty cart seat and approached the front door of the Drovers' Cottage, she walked straight into the arms of sturdy Lou Gore, matron of the first cowman's hotel of the North and Florence Nightingale of the frontier. That good soul took the girl to her bosom, patting her shoulder like a mother. "My!" she exclaimed. "To think I might have took you for a boy!"

When they entered the door she felt her young charge wince, draw back. A tall young man stood in the office near the door. It seemed to Lou Gore that these two must somewhere have met, although she scarce heard the voice of either now as they saluted, acknowledged.

"Why, you knew that gentleman?" she asked later.

"Yes," said Taisie; "he was once a neighbor of ours down in Texas He was with us part way on the trail."

"Oh-ho! Well, he don't seem so very neighborly now, up here. He don't talk to nobody except Wild Bill. Them two were shooting at a mark over on the street. My husband says neither of them didn't miss. My dear, don't never have anything to do with a man who is a shooter—take my advice. Men is bad, and shooters is worst.

"But now you come on in with me, child; I've got to take care of you. Law me, is this all the clothes you got—and this the Fourth of July?"

"Yes"—Taisie turned on her the gaze of her troubled eyes—"it's all I've got. I am poor—unless we sell the cows. In Texas no one has anything but cows."

"Well, you ain't poor if them's your cows. You'll sell 'em, all right. Everybody's howling for cattle right now.

"But come back into my kitchen, my dear, and I'll fix you up. Who is that hollering out in front?"

"Oh, that's Milly, my black woman," said Taisie. "She's out in the cart. Wait, I'll go get her." And presently she returned with Milly, in one hand carrying her long-barreled weapon.

"Miss Taisie, Ah cross my ha'ht," said she. "Ah'm right sho Ah done seen dat no-'count nigger man o' mine right down de street. If he ever do come a leetle bit closter Ah gwine to blow the lights outen him. Ah sho is!"

"Law sakes!" remarked Lou Gore. "How you talk! Set that gun down and come on and help me get this lady fixed up. If I only had a change of clothes for her," she added, finger at lip, dubiously regarding Taisie's male apparel. "We don't fit each other."

"Change of clothes, ma'am!" exclaimed Milly. "In her trunk out in the k-yart she got all kind of clothes!"

"My mother's wedding clothes!" Taisie smiled sadly. "I brought them along because I had no place to leave them. My own are all worn out."

"Well, that's all right, my dear. We got to fix you up a little first, you so dusty. I reckon my big dishpan will do. You'd think they'd have washtubs over at the store, but they haven't; not one. There ain't a bathtub in the whole state of Kansas, and never was. Plenty of shooting, but mighty little washing."

He Was Dragged Away, Fighting, to the Door of the Largest Lodge

She pushed Taisie down into a kitchen chair and tenderly removed her broad-brimmed hat. Thus was revealed the heavy queue of hair that lay down the girl's neck and shoulders.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed Lou Gore. "Lemme cut that string off." Her scissors were at her belt; a snip or two, a shake, a running through of her fingers, and the glorious flood of Anastasie Lockhart's tresses fell about her as she sat, a Godiva in a cotton shirt.

"I am going to take off that shirt, my dear," said Lou Gore, and leaned Taisie's head against her own bosom. She caught the garment by the lower edge and left the girl sitting, touseled, her arms now huddled to her.

"My Lord, my dear," exclaimed Lou Gore, "you're a beauty! You don't belong here. And wedding clothes? You say you've got wedding clothes out in the cart? You'll need them. Look at that hair! My dear, how do you make it curl up on the end that way?"

It was Milly who explained: "It just quoil up on de fur e-end dat way nacher'l. She got more hair den ary lady in Texas."

Lou Gore stood back and looked at Taisie once more.

"My dear," said she, "you are a beauty! What's more, you are good. Give me a hour or two with you fixed up in woman clothes and I'll marry you to any man you'll point out to me."

"In her trunk, I done told you," interrupted Milly, "she got all kind o' clothes; all silk—pink an' blue an' everything. Her maw had the p-er-ttiest clothes in Texas. She brung her clothes out from N'Awlins. You-all knows quality, ma'am."

Lou Gore pursed a lip.

"Well, we'll get the trunk in," said she. "Now, child, you go into my room there and lay down until I get the water het. You're that nervous, you jump when you see a young man standing around."

Taisie Lockhart, clinging to Lou Gore's hand, flung herself upon the white bed, the flame of her hair all about her shoulders, concealing her face. She began to sob indeed, utterly unnerved. Lou Gore understood this to be the fatigue of a thousand miles.

She must have slept. It seemed hours later that she was awakened by what seemed to be the sound of a door slammed shut

A few moments later came the sudden sound of a horse galloping away. That was Del Williams, passing out of town.

Lou Gore heard the arrival of the railway train, saw men passing from the train. When she met Hickok and McMasters at the foot of the stair they told her what she would see if she went upstairs. But to the sturdy soul of Lou Gore hysterics were unknown. She did go upstairs, did make a certain discovery, did perform certain offices for the first man in Abilene to pass with his boots on. Then, whether in care of Abilene's reputation or out of kindness for her sleeping guest, she did not open the door of Taisie's room to tell her what had happened. Well, a man was dead. There would be others. Lou Gore sighed, her great hands wrapped in her apron.

"Milly," said she at length to the black woman, whom she found in the kitchen, "you come help me get supper. It takes a awful lot of fried mush. And these men keep coming here, though I ain't got this hotel really opened yet."

When the party from the herd jogged into town the first man they met was McCoyne, and now he had news of his own.

"Wild Bill told me about the little trouble upstairs." He nodded toward the Drovers' Cottage. "One man seems to have left town. I didn't want anybody to think we've got a tough town here. Fact is we haven't got any courthouse or coroner or anything. We've got to hold an organization meeting and get these things fixed up before long. I just got a couple of men that was standing out near the door to go over and dig a good grave on the hill yonder; you can see it from here. First grave in Abilene, July 4, 1867. Well, Mr. Nabours, they buried your man fine; they fixed up some sort of a box for a coffin. I seen them two carry him over to the hill all right. I declare, I don't believe there is a coffin in this whole town—our storekeepers is that negligent, got that poor a notion of goods. Now, think of my getting so busy, forgetting to have our merchants order plenty of coffins! I don't want Abilene to be back of no town in Kansas. You understand, in the hurry of getting things started, gentlemen, a man's liable to overlook a lot of things."

They informed McCoyne of the sale of the Del Sol herd. He shook each by the hand effusively.

(Continued on Page 36)

INDIVIDUAL owners can find a safe, sure guide for their choice of a car, in the experience of business houses operating fleets of Hupmobiles.

Any business survey today would reveal a largely increasing use of the Hupmobile by salesmen and others who travel far and hard.

This in spite of the fact that lower-priced cars might be thought more economical.

In comparative, carefully-kept data, the Hupmobile shows a greater return on the larger investment, in the way of longer life, lower upkeep, reduced operating expense, and greater ability to stand up and keep going, under both favorable and unfavorable conditions.

(Continued from Page 34)

"Didn't I tell you" to Nabours—"didn't I say you'd find buyers up here in Abilene? Sold out, the first day you hit town! Sold out at twenty straight right through! More money than you ever seen before!"

"That ain't no dream," said Jim Nabours, taking a chew of tobacco. "Say, Mr. Pattison, you couldn't raise some silver money, could you? This paper money is all right, of course; and if Dan McMasters says so, that paper on the bank is all right and it goes too. But silver is the only money that's money in Texas. I don't reckon my men would take any other kind, and I know old Sanchez wouldn't. You can't pay no Mexican nothing but silver."

"You don't need very much money," smiled McMasters. "But, Jim, did you ever stop to figure how much money you'd have if you got it all in silver?"

"Why, no, I don't reckon I ever did."

"Well, a thousand dollars in silver weighs about sixty-three pounds. Now sixty times sixty is thirty-six hundred, isn't it? You'd have pretty near two tons of money. You'd have to load a cart to get it home. If the Comanches didn't get it, it'd sink any wagon you tried to ford."

"My Lord!" said Jim Nabours. "My good Lord! Look what we escaped, coming North! Tell me, has Miss Taisie got that much money now?"

"She certainly has if she gets it all in silver," smiled Pattison. "You begin to see what banks are good for?"

"By gum!" exclaimed McCoyne, slapping his thigh. "We certainly have got to have a bank in Abilene, right off! Anyhow, for looks we've got to have a church and a school; but a bank is almost as useful as a livery barn."

"I'll see what can be done about that when I get back to Kansas City," said Pattison. "I'd not be surprised to see a million cattle come up the trail in the next two seasons. Think of the silver it would take to pay for them!"

"Mister," said Jim Nabours, in a very genuine mental distress, "how much silver money would a million cows come to at twenty straight—I mean how many pounds?"

"So much that pretty soon we'll have to have banks at both ends of the Texas trail," said Pattison quietly. "So much that before long we'll have to have railroads north and south instead of trails. So much that before long there'll be a dozen towns instead of one handling the cattle coming North. So much that all this country north and west of here is going to be settled with people—farms, towns, railroads. Trail makers? The first trail maker of the world was a cow!"

He dropped his chin for an instant in thought.

"And the men who'll be in on that," he added presently, "are the ones who can see it now and not after a while. My new partner and I can see it now. We traded quick. I always trade fast or not at all."

Nabours still remained uneasy.

"I've got five thousand paper dollars in my saddle pockets," said he. "Where's Miss Taisie at? I want to pay off the men. They'll be wanting a little frolic. Won't you come along and find her?"

He looked at Dan McMasters keenly, a little sadly. But though McMasters directed him to the Drovers' Cottage, he excused himself. For this reason not even cheery Lou Gore could make Taisie Lockhart smile.

McMasters went after Wild Bill, whom he found, hands in pockets, watching a faro game.

"I've watched your men," said Hickok, quietly getting McMasters to one side. "Three or four of them don't show any signs of leaving town."

"The herd men are coming to town tonight," said McMasters. "If we want help I can get it."

The border man stroked his long yellow mustache.

"You and I wouldn't need any help if we didn't need any of them alive," said he. "I'm going to sit in with you on this, because you can hold up your end. We can stick around for a while. Of course, your man Rudabaugh knows you are here. He's got horses over at the Twin Livery barn; I know that much. He may pull his freight any minute. Or he may be laying for a chance to plug you from around a corner."

McMasters nodded quietly.

Hickok went on: "Well, they didn't keep your herd from coming through, did they? What price do you think your cattle will fetch?"

"They're already sold," said Dan McMasters.

He gave the details of the late transaction, including his own arrangement with Pattison for a northern-ranch venture. Hickok listened indifferently.

"I'm glad you took my advice," said he. "That's all out of my line. I only keep the peace. Looks like before long there'd be plenty of peace to keep.

"And that girl in the boy's clothes is rich, eh? Well, I'm glad, aren't you?"

"No one is gladder."

"Where is she now? She's vanished. Has she heard of the sale?"

"Not yet. Her foreman has just gone over to tell her. I think Lou Gore has been taking care of her. No, she doesn't know yet that she's rich."

XLIV

JIM NABOURS, his shirt front bulging, approached the door of the Drovers' Cottage, near which he found a man tinkling a steel triangle, which one day soon would boom a summons thrice a day.

"How are you, sir?" began Nabours. "Can you tell me if Miss Taisie Lockhart is in here? She come up on that herd with us."

The husband of Lou Gore indicated the rear of the building. Unannounced, Nabours pushed on through the rear hall, beyond whose door he heard sounds of culinary conflict.

"Law, mister, ain't you in a sort of hurry?" said Lou Gore, a large spoon in one hand. "This is the kitchen. You go on out."

"But I want to see my boss," remonstrated the old foreman. "I've got five thousand dollars in my shirt for her."

Lou Gore wiped her hands on her apron.

"Well," said she, "if you've got five thousand dollars come on in. I'll let you see her if I can." She approached the bedroom door

"Jim! Jim!" called a voice he knew very well, a voice full of eagerness now. The door flung open. Taisie, shrouded in blankets, broke out, her radiant face framed in its mass of glowing hair. She flung an arm about the grizzled foreman's neck. He seemed almost the one friend in all the world for her. "I'm so glad you've come!"

"Miss Taisie," said Jim Nabours succinctly, "here is five thousand dollars. I reckon you'd better put on your pants—if you got nothing else."

But Taisie sank into a chair, enveloping herself in her blankets. Her eyes were startled.

"Five thousand dollars?"

"Yes, ma'am. I done sold the cows at twenty straight. There'll be about three thousand head. That's sixty thousand dollars, ma'am. This here, now, is only part of it. It'll be in and around sixty thousand. We can get the rest any time we want. I reckon we done right well for you, Miss Taisie."

Taisie Lockhart looked up at him with sudden tears in her eyes, weak in the reaction from the strain of years.

"I could kiss you, Jim!" said she.

"I wish you wouldn't, ma'am; not until I get shaved Yes, ma'am, we done right well, all things considered. Now, I think you better get about five thousand worth of more clothes."

"She's got all the clothes she needs, she told me," remarked Lou Gore; "a whole trunk of clothes out there on the cart. We haven't had time to fetch it in yet."

"Why, shore she has, ma'am! We brung that trunk all the way from Texas. You can't ride a cow horse in them kind of clothes, ma'am. So Lord Lovel, he mounted his milk-white steed. Ain't she pretty, ma'am? Prettier'n any spotted pup ever was!

"But say, Miss Taisie," he went on to the girl who still sat huddled in her blankets, "I got to tell you all the news. Dan McMasters has throwed in with the man we sold our cows to. They're going to start a ranch up North here. We-all are a-goin' to drive cows up to their ranch next year. Dan, he's a partner in that; he's going to be plumb rich. I heard him say he was going to leave Texas, him sher'f and all.

"Far as that goes, if it hadn't of been for Dan, we maybe wouldn't have traded. He bid up for all the light stuff, at the same price the other man offered for fours—twenty straight through. Now, Dan ——"

"For mercy sake, man, how you run on!" broke in Lou Gore. "You go help this black woman to bring in that trunk from the cart. This is the Fourth of July, and we may have some sort of dance here if them band people ain't too drunk. Go fetch that trunk."

"Well, all right, all right," said Jim Nabours. "I was just trying to tell the boss a few things she'd orto know."

But in three minutes Jim Nabours was back in the room, gray under his tan.

"Miss Taisie," said he dully, "your trunk's gone! It ain't in the cart at all. The scrip in there was worth maybe five times as much as sixty thousand dollars. Lands'll go up in Texas now. And here I've lost all the scrip that yore paw give you!

"Miss Taisie, it was all my fault. I never did once think of that trunk a-tall; I was only thinking of cows."

"Why, Jim, who could have taken it?"

(Continued on Page 38)

A Little Group of Men Departed in the Moonlight on a Certain Errand

for Economical Transportation

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Commercial Cars, with water-jacketed motor

Superior Commercial Chassis	$425
Superior Light Delivery	510
Utility Express Truck Chassis	575

(Continued from Page 36)

"I don't know," said Jim Nabours. "It's gone oncet more." He stumbled into a chair.

"I reckon I'm too old now. I've let you get robbed oncet more."

XLV

THE sun sank gently back of the grasslands encircling Abilene. The night chill came, the quavering wail of the coyotes crept closer to the outskirts of the town, the unbelievably brilliant stars came out to illuminate a many-splendored night. But to these things Abilene paid little heed. She held festival on her day of triumph.

The fumes of liquor, the reek of packed humanity filled each insignificant room along Liquor Lane in Abilene. Especially crowded were the two more ambitious places, where dancing was obtainable in connection with strong drink. Here the scene was such as might best be forgotten as a part of the record of the outlands. There were a dozen or more women, or those who once had been women; and with these, in an obscenity that should balk any pen, a hundred or two hundred men danced.

A general confusion, many voices arising continuously, passed out of the open windows and open doors. The stamp of feet, shoutings, senseless laughter, shrill hysteria of females excited by drink, the coarser basso of males excited likewise, joined in a curious roar whose sensuous undertone resembled no other sound or blend of sounds in all the world. In no corner of the world have the primitive instincts of man found fuller loosing than in the border capitals of the cow trails.

It was the etiquette—unvarying in Saxon outlands—that he who danced with a damsel must lead her to the bar after they twain had trod a measure, else lack in a decent respect for the opinion of mankind. Of actual sets, of any measured cæsura, there was none. The music was furnished by rum-soaked men who sat apart on barrels, the same who had welcomed that morning the first Texas herd ever seen in Abilene. Such as it was, and supported by fiery stimulant, the concord was continuous, the floors were always full. Men danced in hats and boots and spurs. The voice of a submerged set caller droned on: "Dolcie do! Allemand left! Swing your partner! Lift her high!" It was festival in Abilene.

McMasters and Wild Bill Hickok passed from door to door, the quietest and soberest men in all the town. There approached them a man in uniform, a sergeant of the United States Army. He recognized McMasters.

"I've been looking for you, sir," said he. "I am up from the Wichita Mountains, from Colonel Griswold. I've got two ambulances and an escort of five men for each. I was to offer you any help you required, sir, and to put the ambulances under your order if any of your people wished to travel south. The Colonel could not come. He sends his compliments and hopes you are quite well. He thinks it would be much safer for you to travel south across the Nations under military escort. He hopes the young lady will occupy one ambulance for her own in case you sell out and start south, sir."

"All right, sergeant," replied McMasters; "that's very fine of Colonel Griswold. The young lady has sold her herd today and will be starting south before long. Where are your ambulances and your men?"

The sergeant grinned, somewhat embarrassed.

"The ambulances are at the Twin Livery Barn," said he. "I put my mules and horses in there too. I guess my men may be scattered."

"Stop your drinking," said Dan McMasters. "You may be needed tonight. Go get your men together. Be at the Silver Moon half an hour from now."

"Very good, sir," said the man, and saluted. He cast a longing eye through windows as he passed down the street.

Near the door of the Silver Moon Dance Hall a man pushed by them, anxious; Nabours, looking around him, not hurrying to the bar.

"Dan!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of McMasters. His genuine agitation, his naïve disregard of all the past, bridged any gap remaining between them. "Look here! Hell's to pay!"

"What's up?" asked McMasters, startled by the look on his face. "Anything gone wrong with—her?"

"Yes! Miss Taisie's trunk is gone; it's been stole out of the cart right in front of the door. All her scrip was in it—you know what."

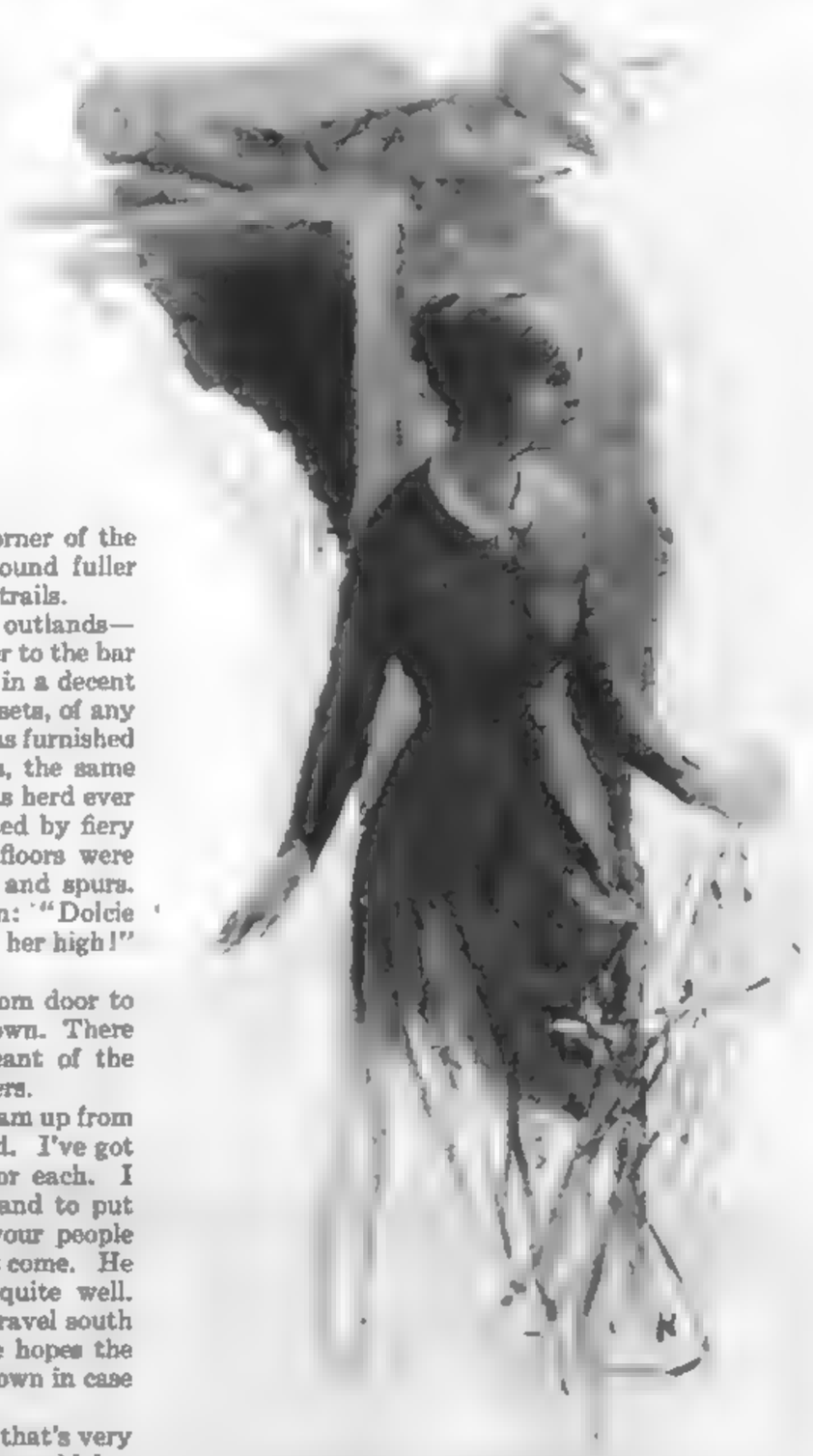
A sudden flush came to Dan McMasters' face.

"You are rather a fine foreman, aren't you, Jim?" said he. "Was that the best you could use that girl?"

"Call me anything you like. I'm a damned old fool. I've quit her hire. I gave her the money and quit her hire right here."

"Don't you know that Sim Rudabaugh and some of his gang are in town right now? They've beat us, after all; they've got the scrip, even if they couldn't stop the herd. Rudabaugh can get his lands now in spite of you and me. He'll own all the state of Texas, west of the Double Mountain Fork. He'll get what Miss Lockhart's father left her, her fortune in lands. We have been making money for him, not her! You let that thing happen right now, when I have almost got my hand on his collar!" He spoke with greater bitterness than any man had ever known of him. At length the indomitable side of his nature took sway again. "But we'll comb out the town first. Go get McCoyne."

They did get McCoyne, and solicited his aid in such general search for the missing treasure chest as they hurriedly could contrive. It was all hopeless. No one had seen two men carrying a trunk. The cart was precisely



She Turned. That Same Rider Now Was Entering Her Gate

where it had been left. No vehicle had left town, no train. The Del Sol treasure trunk simply had disappeared.

The allies, discomfited, met at last in the open street, Hickok having joined them by this time, and having heard the story.

"Hark!" said the latter, raising a hand.

His keen ears had caught the sound which presently became obvious to them all—the pounding of hoofs, yelling of riders in concert. Sweeping over the prairies at top speed, the herdsmen of Del Sol were coming in to have their share in the Fourth of July celebration. But as they stood looking to the north there came the sound of a heavy rifle shot, close at hand. A red streak came from the window near the kitchen of the Cottage. Two men came running. On general principles Hickok halted them.

"What was that shot?" he demanded.

"That?" panted one of the runners. "That old negro woman. She got scared and shot through the window."

But by now Hickok thought he had recognized the speaker as one of the men he had seen talking with Rudabaugh earlier in the day. The two fugitives turned into the door of the Silver Moon Dance Hall just before the Del Sol riders swept up and cast down their bridle reins. All the overflow population of Abilene seemed to be packed into or on one side or other of the door of the Silver Moon. Hickok, Nabours, McMasters pushed in through the crowd, hard after the Del Sol men, ragged, wild, troubled with no false modesty as to their own place in the world. They pushed on up to the bar, Len Hersey leading them.

"Come on, men!" called the high voice of that lusty youth. "I got enough dinero for one little time, and I'm going to have more. Set 'em up, mister, and do it quick. You come in here, Sanchez—come on, Sinker!"

Then pushed forward from among them the thin figure of a boy, ragged, unshorn, his hair through his hat, his lower extremities pushed through a pair of leather leggings a world too large for him. It was Cinquo's first appearance at a public bar, part of his education for his calling. At his shoulder was the thin figure of a dark man, old, grizzled, imperturbable—Sanchez, the only Mexican on the Del Sol herd. Unsmilingly Sanchez drew from under his coat the object which had had a place on his saddle horn. He set down upon the bar a much bedraggled, entirely dilapidated gamecock—nothing less than Gallina, whom he had cherished for a thousand miles. And Gallina now repaid him. He cast a red eye over the multitude and bade defiance to the world in a long and lusty crow. A peal of laughter broke from the crowd. Again the voice of Len Hersey arose:

"This here rooster can lick ary chicken in the state of Kansas, five hundred a battle. This here boy and his horse can outrun ary outfit in this town, ary distance, for five hundred a race. I can whip any man in this here room myself. We're just from Texas and we're wild and woolly. Our steers has longer horns than anybody's. Del Sol has came to town!"

The not ill-natured rioters crowded about him and his fellows, accosting him partly in jest and partly in earnest. The Del Sol orator leaned against the bar and faced them.

"Come on, men!" said Hersey, sweeping a wide arm. "Here goes all the money I've got—couple of hundred! Say, mister, is our credit good when that runs out?"

"There ain't no man's credit good here when his money runs out," replied the barman sullenly. "Take that hen off my bar. Go ask your owner that dresses in pants why she hasn't paid off her men earlier."

A sort of squealing yell arose above the tumult. The boy Cinquo had wheeled like a flash, his heavy revolver in hand. His sweeping blow struck the bartender on the top of the head and dropped him motionless as a log.

"You can't say her name in no saloon!" shrilled the boy. "That's no way to treat us folks from Texas. If there's any of you-all looking for trouble you can git it right here!"

"That's what you can!" cried Len Hersey, touching elbows. The men of Del Sol edged close together. "Take a drink, Sinker—we'll owe it to this house if you haven't got no money."

The boy reached out his hand, thin, freckled, unwavering, toward the bottle which stood near. It was his first drink at a bar. Well, he had to begin.

"You hear me!" again called out Len Hersey. "This kid gits his drink free right now. We bar any talk against our boss."

But a tall figure pushed through the crowd directly up to Hersey.

"Look here, my friend," said Wild Bill Hickok, "I know who you are and it's all right, but you're making too much noise. Just keep quiet now. Son, you don't get any drink—it wouldn't do you any good."

He reached out and took the glass which Cinquo Centavos had filled for himself. Whether or not even Wild Bill could have done so much as this without trouble happily did not come into question. McMasters, Nabours, now appeared at his side.

"Shut your mouth, Len," said Nabours. "Somebody's liable to fill you full of holes. You know mighty well we've got to trail the bulk of the herd tomorrow over to the Smoky Hill and Junction City. Take a drink or so, and then keep your hand off the liquor till you get done your work."

No one seemed to pay any attention to the prone figure of the barkeeper, who lay on the floor beyond the bar. A sort of hush in the maudlin manifestations came upon the closely packed assemblage at the sight of the unmistakable figure of Wild Bill, whose reputation was known over all the borderlands.

It was in this hush, at this dead center, that there came a sudden flash and roar from the back of the crowded hall. Dan McMasters, turning to look over the bar at the fallen man, felt a sudden flick at the collar of his coat. A bottle on the shelf beyond crashed to bits. A lamp toward the rear of the hall went out under the concussion.

McMasters wheeled, both weapons in hand, looking out over the surging mass of men and women. He was just a second later than the future marshal of Abilene, who had not turned. The tall figure of Hickok straightened like a flash to his full height. His arm rose high, pointing a red line of flame. At the rear of the room a man dropped. He had been shot squarely through the forehead, the bullet passing just above the heads of the others.

What happened then no man knew. There was a mad rush towards the door. Women screamed and sought to escape by the windows. A score of guns were drawn. No man knew where stood his enemy.

Midway of the mad rush in the rear of the room three men came crouching, crowding, each with a gun in his hand. They endeavored to keep together; and thus being recognized as a source of danger, certain of the crowd pushed away from them, left them more readily visible.

(Continued on Page 73)

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GLAMOUR

(Continued from Page 27)

She stood poised a moment beside Hal's ponderous bulk. Then she was framed in the doorway. With her red hair glowing and that long willowy effect of light chiffons, she looked seductive enough to turn any man's head. Hal lingered. Probably thought himself a most gallant and killing creature, standing there bareheaded on the steps of an old crumbly palazzo flirting with a countess.

"Pity that her mother-in-law happens to be at the Grand Hotel in Rome," Mr. Gale slowly observed.

Hal had never before looked at another woman. He had never before—it turned her fierce and wild.

"Why do you do this to me? How do you know all these things?"

"I know a great many things." There was an ominous inflection to Mr. Gale's voice.

From the shadows where their gondola gently rocked, she stared across at those two figures outlined now in the great doorway. Why had Gale brought her here to suffer? Mechanically her mind worked, fitting, piecing significant bits together. Hadn't Gale sought Hal's acquaintance in the bar of the Hotel Danieli? Hadn't Gale asked to be introduced to the contessa? Yes, and Gale had led Hal on, she remembered; had encouraged his boasting; had adroitly questioned and pried. It wasn't hard these days to lead Hal on. And then tonight ——

She had it! An American with the technic of a lawyer, a man familiar with the Fabbia affairs. Clear enough. If the Marchesa Fabbia wished to investigate the private life of an undesirable daughter-in-law she would never go to an Italian. Contemptible!

"You were sent here," she attacked him. "You were sent here to spy on her. You found her playing around with us. You sized us up. And then Hal showed you the necklace. You knew it wasn't for sale. So you think you've got something on her—on us."

This Gale man had gone about things in a beastly way. After all, life was hard on women.

"I told you that you were clever." Mr. Gale, unmoved, stared at the stub of his cigar, then turned to gaze across the shimmery water at the prolonged adieus of the two in the doorway. "Now, you're going to be sensible, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh." His voice was crisp and cold again. "I don't want to get you in trouble, but I can't afford to be interfered with." No breaking through that ruthless will. "So what about our working together, you and me? If your husband is straight it won't do him any harm ——"

"He is straight," she gave back at him; but in the hollow corridors of her heart the words echoed forlornly.

"All right," Mr. Gale conceded. "You say so. Well then, what about giving him a little lesson? He's infatuated with this woman. You want him cured, don't you? Now look here!" He bent forward to lay a hand on her arm, unimpressed by her swift withdrawal. "You keep quiet about our talk tonight and let the sale of the necklace go through. We'll prove to your husband that he's been used—d'you understand?—used by this woman. No fuss, no scandal. We don't want that any more than you do. What about it?"

In the dimly lit picture across the canal she saw Hal bend at last to kiss the contessa's hand. Intolerable, the thought of his droopy mustache touching that long tapering hand, his eyes growing more bloodshot, his face redder. And this might go on ——

Her lips were dry under the rouge.

"I've always played square with Hal, Mr. Gale."

Had she? There were times when for his own good she had lied.

"Better listen to me," the little man said bluntly. It sounded like a threat.

Hal turned, was peering over the star-flecked water, perhaps wondering where she and Gale were. Rather late to wonder that.

The contessa had melted into the chill old hall, the massive iron doors closed. She felt desperate.

"I must think it over."

The Fabbia gondola, a slender, elegant silhouette, was moving off, Hal lounging in it.

"*Avanti!*" Gale ordered, and their gondola slipped in the track of the other. "I'll give you until tomorrow afternoon. Say nothing until then." His manner was brusque.

Hal needed a lesson. Besides, he wouldn't believe her if she told him. He would fly into one of his dreadful tempers. Her spirit felt crushed as by hands of steel.

"I'll have to think it over," she faltered. He took it as a promise.

They stole up to the Fabbia gondola and Hal didn't even see them. He was leaning back, off his guard. All the boom and bluster, even to his full rich color, had ebbed, leaving him dark and empty. In repose his face sagged. He looked heavy and old.

"Hal!" She leaned out of the gondola to call.

Pitiful the way he pulled himself together, forcing the old hearty note:

"Oh, halloo—halloo! Where did you come from?"

"We've been cruising around," Gale quietly answered.

Hal sat up straighter; his hand swept out in a large circular gesture.

"Nothing like it in the world," he rumbled. "Nothing like it. My friend, Count Brunelli—ever meet him?—was telling me the other day ——" His voice went on filling the night with the noise of boasting.

A vast mournful sense of loss held her still, her small arts and graces fallen from her like useless ornaments. Song came over the water. The Quays lay creamy and white, the domes seemed to have dwindled in the night. The Lido, like an unclasped necklace in a dark velvet box, gleamed distantly.

She closed her eyes. Ah, if she were only younger!

II

THE Lido. Sun and the bathing hour. And Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, who had come here after a sleepless night to do the decent thing. A debatable problem, the decent thing. Depended on how you looked at it. She looked at it with the bitter green eyes of one who has wandered through perilous years, harried and hounded. There was the trapper and the trapped. Gale was the trapper. After all, she hadn't promised him anything definite, and it was a mean game he wanted her to play.

There were other cleaner games she had thought of during the endless night. She meant to try one and then another. If the first didn't succeed, well, she would turn—not to Gale, nor even to Hal. But surely a cautious warning would drive the contessa away, and Hal would have his lesson just the same. Yet she had not spoken. The words would not come.

Nothing but malice had made the contessa so friendly this morning; the malice of knowing herself daring and beautiful after her bath as she rested on a couch under the gay awning of her cabin. Flaunting herself there in her flowered rose-silk pajamas, high-heeled satin slippers on her stockingless feet, a rose ribbon binding her red hair. Outrageous the way these women got themselves up after their baths.

Hard to be fair; hard to be generous. She sat on a pliable folding chair, a sullen little woman in inappropriate clothes, wishing she hadn't come, wishing that at least she had worn a veil to hide the patchy flush of her cheeks, the sallow markings under her eyes. Among all the bright moving colors, sleek fashion disporting itself against an intense blue of sea and sky, an intense gold of sand, she felt herself rusty in black; not even a parasol.

"Why do you dislike me, *carina?*"

The contessa languidly turned to lean on an elbow. She was like a piece of vivid silk in which lurked the slender point of a needle, ready to prick.

"I don't dislike you." No, she hated her.

The contessa laughed.

"Ah, but you do, *Che peccato!* I find you so interesting. You look as if you had—lived."

Let her laugh and mock. A word and the fun would be on the other side. Would it? You never knew with a woman like that. Give her no satisfaction.

"I have no illusions, if that's what you mean."

The contessa laughed again, sinking back among her cushions, the flowered rose silk of her pajamas undulating as she shifted her slim body.

"How delightful to have no illusions! It lightens one's luggage so." And she dipped into her platinum cigarette case with its coronet of diamonds. Her thin scarlet lips daintily took hold of a Russian cigarette. "I beg your pardon. Do have one. A friend of mine keeps me supplied."

"No, thank you."

Her formal manner, she knew, ill accorded with hot cheeks, a shiny nose and hating eyes. What was she waiting for? She hadn't come here to be made a fool of, to expose herself in this pitiless morning light to the amused inspection of an enemy. But the fight was not in the open, and there was always the chance that the single blow she had to deal would not put to flight this insolent, audacious woman. Then what ——

The contessa, cool and flower-skinned, blew little pale rings of smoke into the bright air and gossiped between puffs as if for the rest of her life she had nothing to do but to lie there consuming Russian cigarettes and demolishing reputations.

You couldn't listen to her without a sense of helplessness, as exquisitely she punctured the complacent surface of the people scattered over the beach, penetrating to their intimate envies, their greeds, their loves.

Dancers, duchesses, wealthy Americans, young girls, attached and unattached men—she knew them all enough to draw a single drop of acid poison from each.

This couldn't go on. Either say what she had come to say or ——

But the contessa, having finished with cigarette and scandal, raised herself on an elbow and sweetly—too sweetly—inquired, "Where is the major? I shall have to scold him for not turning up."

Careful now! No time or place to lose her temper. Surely the hard years had taught her control, had taught that wide red mouth its gallant ways. Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, the greenish gold of her hair lit by a stray shaft of sun, brushing aside as if of no importance the sting of an insect, answered, "I believe he went out with Mr. Gale."

"Where have they gone?" The contessa's voice had lost its sweetish quality.

It would have been delicious to refuse satisfaction, but the truth, now she thought of it, might prove even more disquieting.

"Oh, I thought you knew! Mr. Gale wanted an expert to see the necklace. He happened to hear of an American stopping at the same hotel. So he and Hal ——"

But the contessa, with a surprising energy, had swung about on her couch and sat on the edge, her eyes the purple of storm clouds, her face very white against the glittering red of her hair and the deep-flowered rose of her costume.

"Why didn't he consult me? I distinctly told him not to show the necklace to anyone—not to anyone except the purchaser."

Speaking of tempers! If Hal could see his lovely lady now!

"My husband isn't your servant, madame."

Suddenly passion filled her, straining to break out. What right had any woman to use this tone about Hal? The contessa's thin scarlet lips made a straight cruel line not pleasant to see.

"Your husband," she said, lowering her voice as a gay group drifted to the adjoining cabin "your husband is a stupid, bungling idiot. I should have known better than to have anything to do with a man of his type."

"What about his having anything to do with you?"

There was a rushing in her head, in her ears. Well, they had come to it! They had come to it! The air quivered with a thousand reflections as of blades whirling. Stretches of sand, and glare of blue and hot red hair between her and the sea.

"Hal-loo! Thought we'd find you here!"

Hal suddenly blazed upon them like a red-and-white electric sign. In the splendor of his white flannels and a complexion that had nothing to do with the sun, he twinkled a moment, comfortably unaware that anything in this jolly old world could go wrong. Whiskies at Florian's, of course.

With a swift suspicious glance at Gale, who, in loose homespun, hovered in the background, wiping his forehead with a silk handkerchief, the contessa rose from her couch and looked around as if hunting for a bell that would summon a footman to conduct them all from her house.

"Hal dear, the contessa has an engagement. We mustn't keep her."

If Hal had had any sense left he would have seen by the suffused crimson of her cheeks, the glitter of her green eye, a betrayal of the passion that was still shaking her. He must have heard by the very vibrations of her voice. But he didn't.

"Oh, come now, Nita; we can have a little drink together first," said he, cocking a bloodshot eye at small tables that were being set for luncheon in front of the cabins. And with an arch wag of his head in the contessa's direction, he adjusted the rakish angle of his gray fedora. "I say, you know, we need a drink. Been doing big business this morning, haven't we, Gale?"

At this jovial hint, Gale slowly came forward. You could tell that he, at least, was missing nothing.

Well, she wasn't going to stay on here to be insulted.

"We're not wanted, Hal." She said it rudely.

"What d'you mean?"

It had at last dawned on him that something was wrong. He stared from her to his contessa, who, as disdainful as anyone could be in rose-silk pajamas, frigidly answered, "I prefer not to discuss it. I really can't have another scene here."

Another scene, indeed! Those small rummaging eyes of Gale's were fixed upon her. She took Hal's arm.

"Come, Hal! Come!"

But you couldn't budge him. He stood there getting redder and redder, tugging at his mustache, and suddenly, furiously, he turned on her—on her, Nita.

"Look here, Nita, what the devil have you been up to? If you've said anything ——"

People staring, Gale watching, and that woman, with a beastly little smile, sinking down again among her cushions, as if the whole affair bored her, and she couldn't help it if vulgar, loud nobodies intruded on her privacy.

"Ask your friend what she said about you, Hal," she flung at him; and with her head held high, she marched off past the light, chattering groups, the hurrying waiters.

If Hal came after her she would tell him everything. If he didn't —— She slowed her pace, giving him time.

He wasn't coming. All right then. Act quickly while the impulse was upon her, while the raw wound smarted and ached.

Up the wide steps of the terrace she went, into the big Turkish hall of the hotel, where, in a few hours, a jazz band would crash to the tinkle of teacups.

If that woman had been halfway decent or Gale more friendly or Hal kinder, she would never have been driven ——

She went with short, swift little steps to the desk. Hard to write with her hand shaking so. What was the hotel in Rome where the Marchesa Fabbia was stopping? Gale had mentioned it. She crumpled and threw away two telegraph blanks before her message was even legible.

There, it was done! Panic gripped her, held her motionless, leaning against one of the white columns of the hall, staring at the flock of small tables, the wicker furniture.

Gay, careless people drifted by with idle movements of shoulders and arms. She couldn't stay here forever. She moved slowly out onto the wide terrace again, down the steps, looking neither to right nor to left. What would Hal do if he knew? What would Gale say?

III

SHE went toward the sea, a plump little woman with short legs, moving mechanically, a little woman whose black toque and voile gown struck an intense note in the sunlight. Sand in her patent leather slippers, fine particles that grated against the soles of her feet.

Sit down a moment here in this warm gold with nothing around but the clean blue of sky, the fine wavering line of sea against the beach. A child in red playing over there; a slim young woman strolling beside a man.

Lonely. She was lonely! Longed to sail away over the shining water to some strong, homely haven where there were simple people and unadorned decencies.

"I've been looking for you."

At the sound of a voice she started. Oh, dear, it was Gale! She lifted her head to

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Gold Seal CONGOLEUM ART-RUGS

The rug on the floor is Art-Rug No. 296

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The rug on the floor is Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rug No. 505

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lower it again with a movement of impatience. Her foot had gone to sleep. The ribs of her corsets pressed into her side.

"Please, I want to be alone." She would never dare tell him—never.

He sat himself down beside her with a stiff, unaccustomed arrangement of legs.

"Young lady, I'm going to give you a bit of advice." Deliberately he paused to weigh and sift sand, letting it ooze between his short bony fingers as from an hourglass. "Want to hear it?" He meant to be friendly.

She didn't answer. What was the use?

"Here it is, anyway," he said: "Go home!"

Home! Oh, that was funny—funnier than he realized: Her little laugh told him as much.

"Home? Where is that, Mr. Gale?"

"Well, America is a mighty good place for Americans."

He took out his silk handkerchief, incongruously bright against his homespun suit, mopped his face.

Home! The little wooden house in Stamford! Her poor mother to whom she hadn't even sent her monthly letter, with its bright monthly lies. Home! Her old dream of Brassington Hall forever dispelled. Home! Hotel bedrooms, boats, trains ——

"See here," he summoned her back. She watched his small, stiff figure as he bent to scoop up more sand. "It isn't right for a girl like you to be mixed up in ——" And there he stopped with a queer snapping to of his lips.

Amusing, the men who had said about that same thing to her. Rather late for a girl like her to avoid being mixed up in more unsavory affairs than Mr. Gale ever could guess. Wearily she shifted her position; the numbed nerves of her foot tingled.

Mr. Gale left off playing with sand and spoke bluntly: "I want you to persuade your husband to give back that necklace by tomorrow morning to the countess. And"—he leaned forward with a sudden tenseness of body—"the quicker you leave Venice the better for you."

She wasn't surprised. He had only followed her own train of thought; but he had caught up with her too late. If he knew that she had been about to betray his confidence that very morning; if he knew that, failing in her first move, she had undertaken a far more serious one on her own responsibility, what would he say?

"Why do you tell me this now?"

She looked at him steadily. There was an expression on his small, tight face that was new to her. After all, even such a man had his human moments.

"Why do I tell you?" He seemed to be asking it of himself before abruptly admitting, "I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, Hal won't back out."

For no definite reason she sounded a note of defiance.

"Sure of that?"

Mr. Gale shot it at her as if she were on a witness stand. And whatever was left in him of human flowering dwindled to a very thin bloom. She nodded. Had she spoken then she would have said too much—things that were not for him to hear, things that lay between herself and Hal.

He gave a little grunt and sat frowning down at the sand as if his thoughts were neither kind nor pleasant.

She felt suddenly not only that she had lost him, but that she feared him more than ever. The fierce glare of noonday burned in her eyes. Her black voile clung wilting to neck and arms.

"Mr. Gale, you don't trust Hal." Stupid of her to challenge him this way.

With an awkward lift of his small, stiff body, he scrambled to his feet. There was his manner clearly expressed—no more to be said. She rose slowly after him, shaking the sand from her skirt. Glad now she hadn't told him about the telegram.

"What are you going to do?" She asked it more as an adversary than as a fellow conspirator.

He looked away as if for once he didn't choose to meet her eye.

"I told your husband I had cabled for the money and that it should arrive sometime tomorrow."

She drew a step nearer.

"So you're going through with it?"

His turn to nod. But as, with a shrug and a gesture that he might take as he pleased, she started off across the blinding beach, he overtook her.

"One more bit of advice, Mrs. Brassington-Welsh. His voice was stern. "You're going through with it too—now. You remarked a moment ago that I didn't trust your husband. I shall trust him still less if you or he interfere with my plans. And I shall know—I shall know."

If he knew anything he should have known her better than to threaten. Afraid of him? She who had faced other and more dangerous men when there was cause for fear?

"Why should I interfere, Mr. Gale?"

She thought of her telegram, and her smile was a little red shield hiding her secret.

So they walked on in silence. Wasn't that—yes, it was Hal tramping toward them. If only he was in the right mood; if only he would come to her again—her Hal, her own Hal—she would tell him everything. He wouldn't go back on her. He couldn't!

He wasn't in the right mood. He had a grievance. The hunch of his shoulders, the droop of his head, even his mustache proclaimed it. Mr. Gale watched his heavy approach.

"I think your husband wants to talk to you alone," he murmured, and lifting his hat strolled off.

Hal stood scowling down at her. The reflected glare of yellow sand showed up the puffiness under his eyes, the gray about his temples.

"I wish you wouldn't meddle in my affairs," he said at last savagely. "I've had the devil of a time with the countess."

Her heart closed against him.

"You look it." And she turned from him to walk on. He stalked after her, hands jammed in his pockets.

"Here I had everythin' going—no trouble, no questions—and you come along and blab a lot of things that were none of your business."

She plodded on without a word.

"Nita!" His voice was fretful.

Sun and sand, sand and sun. The row of cabins looming up in a blur of color and movement.

"Why don't you answer?" He was swelling up for another explosion. "If it's only for my sake, you might try to be decent when I'm doing everything ——"

She halted a moment to look at him. Yes, he was doing everything—everything a man could do. He knew well enough what he was doing. He shifted from one foot to another under her steady gaze. His hand went uncertainly to his mustache.

"You needn't glare at me like that. I've had trouble enough," he muttered.

"And likely to have more," she grimly predicted.

But he wasn't listening to her.

"Small thanks to you that I've managed to hold on," he grumbled. "She wanted to throw the whole thing over. Got a crazy idea in her head that she's seen Gale somewhere before, and she don't like him. She's mad at me, too, about this morning."

He waited in vain for this alarming news to make an impression.

"Well?" She didn't sound encouraging.

"Well," he returned with a faint rounding out of his importance, "I explained everything. That expert fellow don't count. Friend of Gale's. I swore on my honor that Gale was all right. Why, he's cabled ——"

What was the use of talking to him, of arguing, of telling him anything? He would have to find out, would have to learn his lesson.

"I don't want to hear any more, Hal."

"But confound it all, Nita ——"

Wearily she shook her head.

"I can't stand this heat. I must get back to the Danieli where I can lie down."

"But look here, Nita, she's invited us to a party tomorrow night. I promised we'd go. I do think it's the least you can do." He tried to bluster.

"We'll see tomorrow." Hot, stabbing pains in her eyes, in her head. "Coming?" She didn't care whether he came with her or not.

He hung back a moment. The contessa was nowhere in sight.

"I thought we'd lunch here. But—oh, hang it all, I'll trot along." With a remnant of his swagger, he followed her.

IV

SHE stood alone in the large open window of the *salone* on the top floor of the Fabbia Palazzo. No one noticed her. Her little smile was gallant as a red pennant still flying over a foundering ship—a small ship that has sailed through pitiless seas. Venice stole in through the window. Venice of intrigue and carnival, masked foreign faces, and blended with the painted rafters, the old gilt and glass of the softly lit room.

She never would have come to the contessa's party had not Hal jubilantly informed her at the last moment that Gale's money having arrived he meant to buy the necklace that very evening. Why this evening? Ever since yesterday's talk at the Lido, Mr. Gale had avoided her. She didn't trust him, and there had been no answer from Rome to her telegram.

She should have warned Hal before leaving the hotel. No matter how deeply he had wounded her, she should have warned him against Gale. Her fears, obscure, intangible, increased with every moment she stood by the window and watched him strut among the contessa's guests, advertising himself as host. The necklace in its oblong faded red box was actually in his pocket. It seemed as if the jewels must blaze through the stuff of his coat and magically fly to the slim painted throat of a great Fabbia lady on the wall.

Had Gale arrived? Yes, there he was in the hall, talking to another man, unmistakably American.

Evidently his business could wait until later in the evening when the hostess could better be spared; and rotten business it was, however you looked at it.

With her back to him, the contessa stood framed in the doorway, Hal ruddily beside her. Any woman who called herself dressed for the evening in a few yards of light green chiffon and rhinestone shoulder straps deserved to be disgraced.

At sight of them so close together, passion tightened her as for a spring. It wouldn't take much—not very much—to turn Nita Brassington-Welsh into a primitive creature ready to fight for her sad old mate. The taste of salt in her mouth, the feel of blood pounding—she must stop this. Stop it!

The evening's entertainment had begun. A young man, all arms and eyes, drew out from his violin a weird melody that grated on the nerves. Exotic faces, bare shoulders, stuffs, jewels, pale shirt fronts gleamed from the shadows. She felt caught as if in the disquieting atmosphere of an aquarium where flowered strange, cruel plants.

Better not look at them. She leaned out of the window. Dark, dreamy water and stars like a field of narcissus, cool, fragrant. Nothing for her anywhere. How they had sunk and sunk! Yet since there was no going back ever to youth and security, let them at least keep to their own cheap world, pick up what scraps they could in the beaten track of hotels and cafés, where a swagger, a drink and a cigar still imposed; where she could still help along with the trained curl of her wide red mouth. They were too old and coarsened to maneuver in this rarefied air of titles and jewels; not up to it.

A gondola stole softly alongside the crumbling stone steps of the palazzo. She stared down, leaning far out of the window. There was luggage in the gondola, and a tall veiled figure that rose and stared up at the windows.

The Marchesa Fabbia, answering in person the telegram! Her heart ran faster, faster, like footsteps of one fleeing in the night! Panic fastened upon her. Now they were in for it—in for it! She drew back from the window, steadying herself, a hand on the yellow brocaded curtain.

A last wailing note floated from the violin. A thin patter of applause. People drifted from couches and chairs, scattered in the hall, in the adjoining dining room. Not a moment to lose. She brushed rudely past groups, a flushed little woman in black crêpe de chine, whose eyes and lips were her only jewels. Bumped into a woman with a great mass of short white hair like a wilting chrysanthemum, a woman in a tailor suit, with the Legion of Honor, a wicked old woman in wig and diamonds.

She must find Hal. He was not in the library, where couples, slim and elegant, whispered in painted alcoves. Nor was he in the dining room with its colored Venetian lusters and mellow old portraits. But there was the contessa at the far end near the buffet. Ah, and there was Gale and his friend standing whispering in a corner. Odd that Major Brassington-Welsh should not be here, holding forth beside the punch bowl!

Only one more doorway, curtained with tapestry.

In the dim light of a lamp, she made him out against the rose walls of the small room. He sat gloomily hunched over a glass of whisky beside him on an inlaid desk, and a long cigar, unlighted, clenched between his teeth. Sulking! He raised his head to glower at her.

"What d'you want? I'm waiting for Gale."

He wasn't going to make it easy. She came closer, her voice trembling a little.

"We've always been good pals, haven't we? I've done all I could—all these years." Her hand went out, touched him. "Look at me, Hal!"

He looked with moody, bloodshot eyes.

"Yes," she said sadly. "I'm not so young any longer. But then, neither are you, Hal. It's beginning to tell."

He moved uneasily, his eyes shifted. He didn't wish to think of these things now.

"I don't see ——" he muttered.

"Oh, Hal!" she cried in pity for themselves, and she knelt beside him. "We've made such a mess of it all between us. We'll never come out unless we stand close together; very, very close as we used to. And even then ——"

"For heaven's sake, Nita ——" He glanced over her shoulder; afraid someone would find them there. Then awkwardly he laid a hand on her bowed head. "It's all in the game, old girl."

"What a game!" she sighed, rising to stand before him.

He knew he was old—as old as that pitiful game that was nearly played out.

"Hal, I'm going to tell you something I should have told you before." She spoke gravely. "I meant to punish you, and so I ——" Now she faltered, telling telling. Once more she saw night upon the canal, the moon coloring Venice; heard the music mingled with her intolerable loneliness; saw Hal and the contessa gliding away from her; saw them framed in the old doorway, Gale talking. Once more she felt the cruel beat of sun on the beach, and the contessa scornful, mocking, goading her on. The telegram. Gale's warning sounded again.

Her voice came hurried, frightened. The Marchesa Fabbia was here—yes, in the palazzo, in her own apartments. She, Nita, had done this.

"Don't you see what it means, Hal? Don't you see?"

He was upon her, gripping her arm, hurting her. Heavy with rage, veins darkly swollen, pulses beating, he stammered, "I don't believe it! It's a damnable plot!"

"Hal—oh, Hal!"

It came as a sob from deep, hidden roots that were shaken, loosened. Hal turning against her!

Roughly he pushed her aside and was at the doorway. She ran stumbling after him.

"Hal, wait! What are you ——"

For a moment they faced each other, and she was as a familiar old mirror reflecting the whole of their life—a mirror dimmed with use, framed in tarnished gold. Then with a savage "I'm going to tell her," he flung out of the room.

Now it didn't matter what happened. Sit here and wait—for what? She dragged herself to a chair. Gay voices reached her, muffled by the tapestry curtain. Life went on and on. You went with it while you could, and when you were riddled with holes you sank. Well, she had done her best. If she were no longer needed ——

Hal back again. How long had she been sitting here? She raised her head to stare at him. The dreadful color had ebbed from his face. Without a word he crossed over to the glass of whisky on the desk, snatched it up, emptied it. Then: "I wish to heaven you had let things alone, Nita."

He stood gazing somberly down at her. She drooped in her chair, weary, forlorn.

"I wish to heaven I had."

He wasn't going to tell her what had happened between him and the contessa. But something had happened. She watched his tall figure, black and white, move in the vague soft light of the lamp. He paced to and fro. Music. The piano, a woman's voice, reached her faintly, evoking the large *salone* of painted rafters, the shadowy guests. He wheeled around by the window, thumb and forefinger twitching at his mustache.

"They've fixed it up between them—Gale and that old gorgon—to ruin her," he broke out. "You've done your bit. I hope you're satisfied." He was growing apoplectic again. "But I tell you they shan't do it! I'll wring that fellow's neck first! I'll ——"

"So you believe her?"

It was hopeless. If he didn't see ——

"Believe her?" he almost shouted. "Of course, I believe her! What's more, I'm going through with this thing! I told her

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FISHER BODIES

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so." In chivalrous wrath, his chest expanded, his shoulders squared, his voice with the old defiant roar filled the room. "She begged me for my own sake to give her back the necklace. It was all a plant to ruin her, she said. She hasn't a scrap of proof that the old woman asked her to sell that necklace. It's a plant, I tell you!" he stormed. "A plant, and she didn't want to let me in for it, she said. Even offered me a compensation. Think I'd take a cent from her?" His fist crashed down on a small table. "I tell you, I'm going to show Gale up! I'm going through with it! I'm going to ——"

"Hal, don't make such a noise."

Drearily she ordered herself into action. Someone must take care of him.

"But I tell you, Nita ——" he began again.

"Do keep quiet!"

Surely she wasn't mistaken! There had been a slight sound in the hall. Tiptoe to the curtain. Behind her Hal mumbled. She stood rigidly listening. The doors of the dining room and *salóne* must be closed, for song and voices sounded far away. All the clearer the light, furtive footsteps outside. Someone in a hurry. Strange that prickly sensation of nerves warning her—warning. Draw aside the curtain! Look!

A short indrawn breath and she was in the hall, her fingers gripping the young Contessa Fabbia's wrist. So this was the woman Hal believed in—this creature hatted and cloaked and carrying a small valise! Stealing out of the house! Leaving Hal——

"Let me go, you little fool!" A low voice, unrecognizable, a lithe body straining to get away.

Try that, would she? Try—try then! Twist that wrist until it hurt.

"You'll see Hal first."

A little woman in black, her wide mouth a streak of red, her green eyes roused. Youthful and strong with hating.

A silent moment of struggle. Then they were in the room, the heavy curtain dropped behind them. Hal stood stupidly gaping.

"Will you let me go?" the contessa still whispered, glancing over her shoulder.

No, she wouldn't; not yet.

"You see, Hal! You see what she is!"

"I don't understand."

Hal could hardly speak. He stood staring at the valise. The contessa with a violent movement tried to break away.

"No, you don't! Hal, get by the door! Now, you'd better tell us what we're in for."

They were in for something very serious; instinct sent that message swiftly through her veins. She was gathered to meet it, every sense sharpened, alert.

"In for? Jail, thanks to your bungling!" The contessa fairly spat it out.

Jail! You always got caught in the end—in the end. Jail! Her nightmare of all these years. The touch of this woman sickened her. She loosened her grasp, and heard herself as from a distance, "But surely the marchesa won't ——"

"My mother-in-law!"

With a low, ugly laugh, the contessa pulled free and made for Hal, who stood motionless, his back to the curtain. He stood, his face blotched and ghastly, his eyes staring.

"Give me my necklace and let me go!"

But Hal didn't move. His bulk blocked the doorway.

"Why?"

His voice came choked from somewhere deep in his throat. The contessa laid a hand on his arm. He trembled, clenching, unclenching his big hands.

"Do you know who your Mr. Gale is?" She spoke swiftly. "I thought I'd seen him somewhere. And tonight when you told me—I remembered—years ago in Chicago. He's attorney for Dreser, the jeweler. If you won't give me the necklace, let me go—let me go." She was pleading now, trying to edge past him.

Not so fast. She had Nita Brassington-Welsh to reckon with.

"I still don't understand."

"Pretty innocent, aren't you?" Then it came like a torrent, muddy, turbulent—a rush of words. "What your husband's got is a copy of the Fabbia necklace. Those jewels in it were stolen from Dreser's. My job to get rid of them. Get that? And you, you fool, played into Gale's hands." Under the flame of her hair, her face glared, pinched and white. "I must have been mad not to recognize him. I was warned they were watching me. Now, will you let me go?"

"My God!" Hal covered his eyes with his hands.

"Steady, old boy!"

His Nita beside him—his Nita! Rally her wits. Give up the necklace? Let the woman go? Gale would come down on Hal. Run themselves? A confession of guilt!

She moved closer to Hal, a little in front of him. Hold that woman's eyes with her green eyes narrowed. Hold her attention.

"You can't get out. There's a better way ——"

A better way—a better way. Her brain worked swiftly, darting in and out, hurling itself against prison walls, recoiling to seek another way. Her hand crept softly up to Hal's coat, her fingers nimble as thieves. Which pocket? She had it from him! The feel of the old velvet box turned her faint, only for a moment.

"Take off that hat and coat," she ordered the contessa. "Hide your valise behind a chair—anywhere. I'll have to save you to save ourselves."

The contessa stared at her, stared at Hal, who still blocked the doorway. Mechanically her hand went to her throat, unclasping her fur collar. The delicate features seemed to have shrunk. Her lips were a thin scarlet line.

"What are you going to do?"

At the coarsened note of that voice, Hal's hands dropped to his sides. He watched her throw off her velvet toque, stoop to thrust her valise out of sight.

"Serves me right for having anything to do with you." She eyed him viciously. "You cheap adventurer, you! Your wife has more brains in her little finger than you in all your clumsy body."

Quick, while they weren't watching, slip out the necklace. Drop the box on the floor. Shove it with her foot under that small bookcase. The jewels lay cold, hidden, on her breast.

The contessa swept again toward the door.

"At least allow me to go back to my guests."

Her resigned air didn't deceive. She meant to sneak out. Halfway across the room she stopped, her long willowy body in green chiffon swaying backward as if someone had pushed her.

The tapestry curtain was drawn aside. A tall, a terrifying old lady in a black satin evening gown stood peering into the room, a tortoise-shell lorgnette raised to her fierce old eyes. And it was as if all the Fabbias had descended from their frames and were gathered around her, haughtily staring.

"What does this mean, Olga?" Her English was chilly and perfect. "I received a most extraordinary telegram."

You could see the contessa bracing herself to answer. Let her explain if she could! If Hal would only pull himself together!

"Hal dear, buck up." Her whisper reached him.

There was a God Who wouldn't let poor old Hal—there was a God Who cared! She had forgotten ——

She felt Hal straighten under her touch. After all, the blood of the Brassingtons——

She knew now what she must risk. It came to her with the flash of inspiration. One chance—one only. It mustn't fail.

Nita Moffett, of Stamford, young as all gallant things—a Nita who comes forth from the secret places of her faith; a Nita, shy, brave, her wide red mouth lifting her face into radiance. And there was a pause between the Marchesa Fabbia and her daughter-in-law, because of this shy, this brave little greenish-gold woman in black.

"Madame, I sent that telegram. Please let me tell you ——" Not afraid of lorgnettes, or of the fierce old eyes behind them. "Please ——" No matter the powder and rouge of Mrs. Brassington-Welsh. So she had smiled long ago.

The Marchesa Fabbia looked at her.

"Madame, my husband, Major Brassington-Welsh." She thought of Brassington Hall, and her head lifted higher.

The Marchesa Fabbia looked at Hal, and grimly she sat herself down in the nearest chair

"What have you to tell me, Madame—Brassington-Welsh?"

She met the eagle glare of that proud old face with its aquiline nose. Not only Hal but the Fabbias to save from shame.

"Your daughter-in-law did try to sell your necklace." Look at the contessa now, backed against the rose wall. Afraid, was she? Well, there was more to come. "But you see"—and confidingly she met the Fabbia eyes—"I didn't think you'd want her to. So ——"

Doors opening. Voices in the hall. The concert was over, and any moment Gale ——

Smile at Hal as she slipped behind the marchesa's chair. Her breath came short and swift.

"And so—here it is!"

With a deft gesture, she clasped the necklace around the old lady's neck. In the soft light of the room, diamonds and rubies glittered with a subdued luster as if tamed by that proud neck of old ivory. The carved gold of the setting took on shadows, took to itself an illusion of ancient times. Who would dare dispute its right to be there?

In the doorway appeared Mr. Gale. You could see behind him in the hall the other man, waiting.

"Ah, major, I've been looking for you everywhere." Gale's eye was fixed on Hal.

Only a second to risk her last stake. She leaned to whisper to the grim, motionless old lady, "Please—oh, please, whatever happens, don't take off your necklace!"

The marchesa gave no sign of having heard. Disdainful, erect, she sat there, her lorgnette lifted for a chilly inspection of the intruder.

Hal didn't move, didn't speak. He would spoil it all. She must act quickly. Her little smile carried her forward.

"Do come in, Mr. Gale. I'm afraid Hal has a great disappointment for you, haven't you, Hal?"

Give him no time to answer. Mr. Gale's shrewd eyes had traveled. He stopped short, his gaze riveted on the stately figure in the chair. Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, bright and gracious, doing the honors.

"You know the Marchesa Fabbia, of course, since you're representing her interests here?"

"Representing my interests? What nonsense! I never saw this person before. Who is he?" The marchesa's voice interrupted, thin, imperious.

The contessa turned as if she understood. Act up, Nita, as never in your life before!

"Why, I thought—how very strange of you, Mr. Gale, to have pretended to me ——" She stepped up to him. They faced each other as on an open field. Enemies! "The Marchesa Fabbia has changed her mind. She no longer wishes to sell."

Her head flung back, she looked him full in the eyes and smiled. She was ready for the return look he gave her. A hard, pitiless man who judged her. But she held her ground, backing between him and the marchesa as brusquely he marched forward.

"Madame," he said, and pointed, "is that your necklace?"

The old lady drew herself up, the race of Fabbias in her voice, in her eyes.

"And whose necklace should it be? I am wearing it."

"I'd like to examine it," Mr. Gale insisted, and stretched out his hand.

Her strength must not fail her now. Her voice rang sharp and clear.

"Be careful, Mr. Gale! You're speaking to the Marchesa Fabbia. You have no warrant to touch her."

Hal coming forward. She saw him as in a dream. Heard him. "It can't be done, Gale."

It couldn't. Her poor heart, like a weary sentinel relieved, seemed to stagger, recover. Then the Marchesa Fabbia spoke.

"Olga, ring and have this man shown out."

The contessa languidly drifted forward. You would never have thought, looking at her, that only a few moments ago, her beauty ravaged, her ugly soul laid bare, she had stood in this room, trapped, desperate. To have saved that creature in saving Hal! Nausea rose up in her.

"Mrs. Brassington-Welsh, may I have a word with you?" Gale's voice, hard, unyielding. His small, tight face stiff in defeat, he was at her elbow.

Slowly she walked with him to the curtained doorway, where he wheeled about, thrusting his face close to hers.

"I warned you once," he said, hardly lowering his voice. "There's where I made my mistake. You were in with them all the time. You're a bit too clever, madam." His small eyes bored through and through her. "But I'm not done yet. I've had your records looked up. You'll be watched in every city of Europe if I have anything to do with it, and sooner or later they'll get you—sure. Good evening."

He turned on his heel and was gone.

He meant it. Wherever they went from now on ——

The contessa was moving toward the door with an insolent "If you don't mind, I think there has been enough scandal for one evening. I must go back to my guests."

The sight of that flaming hair and of those thin, mocking lips was like the cut of a lash. Passion lifted her on its last stormy wave.

"You leave Venice," she said.

"As you please, *carina*." And the contessa laughed. "We may meet on the same train." Slim, white and shining in her green draperies, she stood poised against the tapestry. Then with a light taunting "Take care of the major; he needs it," she slipped out.

The Marchesa Fabbia sat on in her chair as if she had seen nothing, heard nothing. Hal stood in a corner like an old sick tree stripped of its leaves. She walked across the room as if she carried a great burden and feared to stumble.

"Madame, I didn't tell you the truth," she said. "When your—when the contessa leaves this house, you must send that necklace you're wearing to Mr. Gale at the Grand Hotel. It—it isn't yours."

"Do you think I'm blind?" The thin old voice rose with a little quaver, and the Marchesa Fabbia opened a velvet bag that had lain on her knee. "My necklace is here." And the eyes of a Fabbia met the eyes of Nita Brassington-Welsh.

"We can go now, Hal."

She waited as he floundered from his corner. Poor old thing! Poor old—his face so gray and lined, tears in his reddened eyes. Take his arm. He leaned heavily against her.

"Nita—oh, Nita!" he tried to whisper.

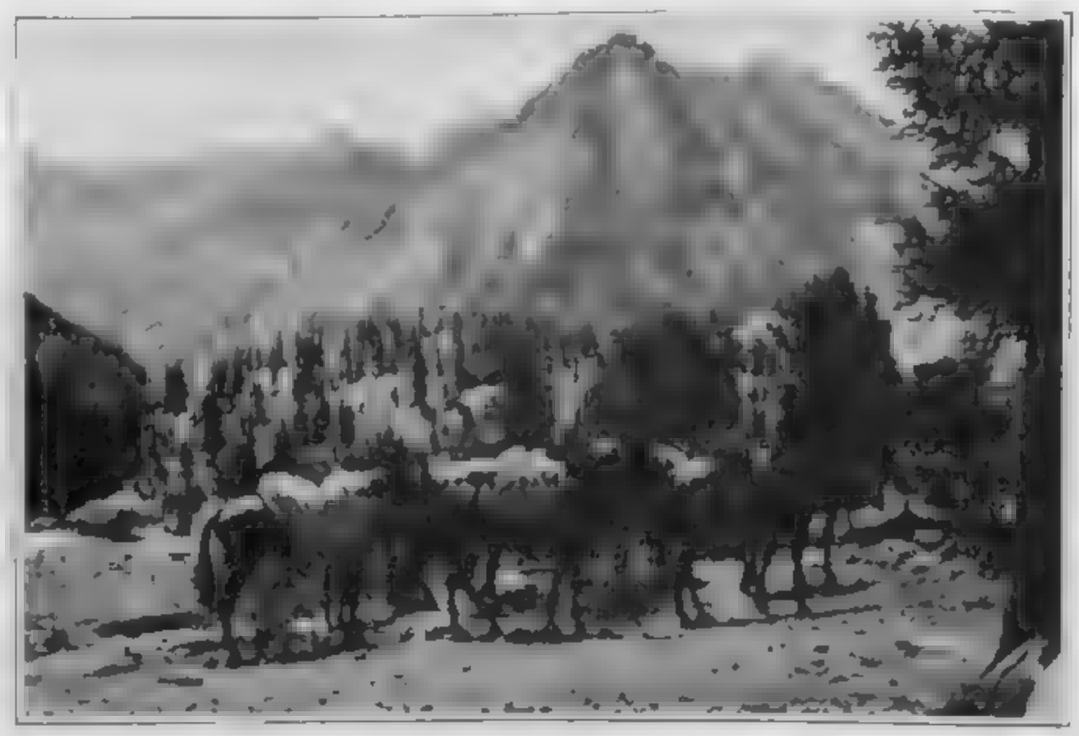
"Come!" she urged him along.

One glance back as they reached the door. The Marchesa Fabbia sat erect, proudly isolated, like an ancient portrait that has hung for generations looking down at life and death.

Safety here, but not for them—never any more.

"Come! We can't stay here! Hal dear, come away."

And like an old man, he went with her.



A View in the Sierra Mountains

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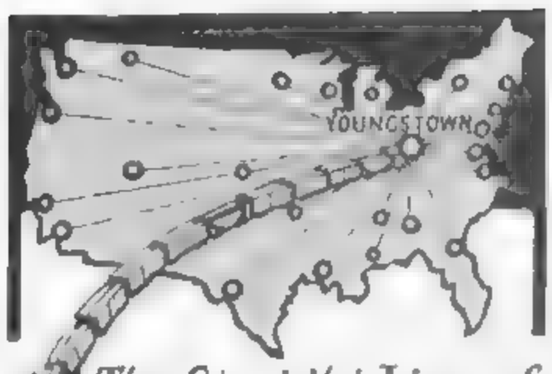

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SP 5-26)

The Oldest Banker—Your Uncle

By John Mapplebeck

A PAWNBROKER came within an ace of financing the discovery of America. Queen Isabella offered to pledge her jewels to fit out Columbus. There is a tradition that she did so—and also an if. Prescott says the great Queen promised to hock her jewelry if Ferdinand couldn't find the money. The King found it. But banking support may well have been provided by the pawnbroker, who was then, as he had been for many centuries past, a lender of money to kings and emperors.

The pawnbroker was pretty certainly the world's first banker, for Levine, his historian, says that loans secured by pledges of personal property have been traced back to times before money was in existence.

Of all the things you probably know about Your Uncle, only one is right: He will take much better care of your overcoat through the summer than you can. For nowadays he has fireproof concrete vaults for keeping property, and will safeguard it from thieves as well as moths, and let you use part of your capital investment in an overcoat during the summer. His business always increases during a crime wave, not because he buys stolen goods but because thousands of people in cities bring him garments, furs and jewelry for safe-keeping. Many of his customers living in furnished rooms, women as well as men, pledge such things Monday morning and take them out Saturday night, not so much because they need money, as for safety. Very often a couple of dollars are borrowed on something worth fifty or a hundred dollars, and the twenty-five cents interest is really the Hall Room Boy's premium for theft insurance.

Regular Customers

No author or artist ever pictures the pawnbroker as other than a Hebrew, though Egyptian, Assyrian and Phenician pawnbrokers were lending money while the Hebrews were simple shepherds and farmers, and their money transactions probably confined to borrowing. Had Queen Isabella pledged her jewels for the discovery of America, the pawnbroker would hardly have been a Hebrew—probably an Italian. In this country, says Levine, pawnbroking has been done for a hundred years by people of the nationality that happened to be coming in greatest numbers as immigrants—first the English and Scotch, then the Irish, then Germans, and last of all the Russian and Polish Jews. The latter predominate today, but in New England and the North Atlantic States there are still English, Scotch and Irish pawnbrokers running establishments founded by their forefathers, and on the Pacific Coast there were formerly some Chinese and Japanese pawnbrokers. Only the negro seems to be absent in this field of finance as a lender—he is a constant borrower.

Then there are the popular assumptions that Uncle lends only to people in deepest poverty, who drink up what they borrow; that he is a receiver of stolen goods, the financial backer of thieves; that he charges usurious interest, and thrives chiefly in the slums.

Stand awhile behind his counter, watch him deal with his customers, and find out some of the things about pawnbroking that are really so.

"If people pawned their last sticks and rags for drink," he reasons, "they wouldn't redeem them. But 90 to 95 per cent of pledges are redeemed. Such customers wouldn't come again, and their business would be too small to run into money. As for stolen goods, we are regulated by the police, work with them, and often help catch thieves. Our rates are regulated, too, and reasonable. You'll find pawnshops in the poorer sections of our cities, but you mustn't think our customers are poor, because such neighborhoods are now populated chiefly by people of foreign birth who use jewelry as their savings bank and capital reserve. They may live in tenements, and not be well dressed, but will often borrow on diamonds worth many hundreds of dollars."

The downtown pawnbroking establishment nowadays is more like a bank than a junk shop, with a bank counter and grille, no pledges in sight, and clerks who look and greet customers like bank tellers. The faltering widow and broken derelict are not common customers. The first time a stranger enters a pawnshop he may be ashamed, and prepared to haggle. He needs money, and thinks his emergency will be turned to advantage. But, like everybody else in business, the pawnbroker seeks to make steady customers and create goodwill. So he puts the newcomer at his ease by making him feel that he is buying money and paying for it, not asking a favor, and that the whole thing is as much an everyday business transaction as ordering a lunch or buying a couple of collars. Most of his customers borrow from him regularly, and are greeted by name.

You will soon see that Your Uncle has a wonderful knowledge of merchandise. During the recent deflation, commercial bankers lost millions of dollars lent on commodities—silk, wool, livestock, cocoa and other things which they appraised too high. The crash in silk that announced the coming storm was started, it is said, by a New York banker who read a newspaper estimate that there was a great deal more raw silk in the country than statistics indicated. Silk speculators denied this so vigorously that his suspicion was aroused. He sat down and began to think. If there was a lot of silk hidden it must be stored somewhere. If it was stored it must be insured. Interviewing a friend in the insurance business, he found him almost excitedly interested in that subject, with figures showing so much silk hidden away that the banker went back to his office and began calling silk loans. This precipitated the crash.

The present-day pawnbroker lends large sums on commodities of many kinds. If he had silk loans during the boom you may be certain that he knew the exact grade and worth of the silk itself, and also its auction value in a slump. The loan man in almost any bank could learn much about such collateral from him, although he deals in a somewhat different kind of commodities. For where the commercial bank is more likely to lend on raw material, like wool or cocoa, the pawnbroker lends chiefly on finished merchandise.

What Your Uncle Must Know

He may pass upon fifty or a hundred thousand pledges yearly—personal property of every kind, clothing, furs, jewelry, tools, not only single articles, but the stock of a merchant or small manufacturer who pledges it for money to carry his business through a dull period of the year. A few kinds of property are barred—old clothing, which may cause infection, and bulky stuff, like bedding and furniture. Loans on some articles are also prohibited by law, as firearms in certain states, military equipment and other public property. But customers are likely to bring him almost anything under the sun, if it is portable, and in a few minutes he must determine whether it is genuine, sound, of what grade, in what condition, and set a value upon it. In diamonds alone there are about five hundred different shades, and fully a thousand different degrees of clearness. The pawnbroker must know diamonds as well as a jeweler, precious metals and jewelry designs like a goldsmith, bric-a-brac like a connoisseur, and furs, clothes, fabrics and many other things. His knowledge may often seem intuitive, but there is nothing magical about it. He learns by years of experience. His customers are often his teachers, trying to deceive him. And he must be in constant touch with market values.

Every article offered in pawn really has three different values: First, what the borrower thinks it is worth; second, what the pawnbroker is willing to lend on it; third, what it will bring at auction. The borrower may think his pledge worth what he paid for it, or value it at what it will cost to replace. His valuation is often important, for many pawnbrokers take account of the sentimental value in articles like heirlooms, and even ask if they have personal associations. There are cases where such pledges have been carried for years, the borrowers paying interest regularly, sometimes because they cannot afford to redeem them, and again leaving them for safe-keeping. Very often Uncle himself is sentimental about such a pledge, and if it isn't redeemed, will send a personal note with the formal forfeit notice, urging the borrower to continue interest until he can regain possession.

From his side of the counter he judges value by taking into account the original cost of the article, its condition, the auction-sale value and the need of the owner. Auction-sale value is more important in lending large sums on merchandise. If it be diamonds, jewelry, silverware or other quickly marketable property, he will lend a high percentage of its auction value, because, if unredeemed, he can quickly get his capital back. If, on the other hand, it is personal property, like personal clothing, he may lend more than its auction value, because he takes into account the borrower's need. This does not mean grim necessity, however—"need" in this sense is often closely related to sentimental value. If a woman pawned her only cloak in winter, "need" in one sense would impel her to redeem it as soon as possible. But if it were a costly fur coat, and she redeemed it before neighbors noticed that it was missing, that would be "need" in pawnbroking terms, and the basis for a larger loan.

The Family Jewels

"Pledges have changed greatly the past fifteen or twenty years," says a downtown New York pawnbroker. "People used to bring us single personal articles, such as you have seen hanging in small pawnshop windows—watches, lodge emblems, revolvers, musical instruments and curios from far corners of the earth that led collectors to rummage around pawnshops as they do old bookshops. There are still many pledges of that kind, and I have often lent as little as a dime on a pocket knife to some customer who wanted carfare to reach his work. But merchandise is being pledged more and more, something unknown a generation ago. Here in New York we lend on stocks of furs, jewelry, garments, and the like, especially in summer, when people leave town, and merchants have to tide over slack months. Yesterday a business man came in with some watches and borrowed twelve hundred dollars to meet his pay roll. This diamond-studded platinum watch saved the business of a young merchant during the depression—he bought it for his wife when things were prosperous, and is redeeming it by installments. We made many loans when deflation began, some running to ten and twenty thousand dollars, secured by merchandise. I have customers on Fifth Avenue whose names would astonish you, for large business concerns as well as small turn to the pawnbroker nowadays when they are overstocked with merchandise and haven't outstanding accounts or other banking collateral. Then our loans are more confidential than bank loans, and more easily made—we do not ask for balance sheets or statements, but lend on merchandise value when sure about ownership. This is why our storage facilities are expanding, for we must provide vaults and fireproof rooms to keep such property."

Diamonds finance millions and millions of dollars' worth of business in every American city with a foreign quarter. People from the ghettos and war-harried countries of Europe long ago learned that diamonds are the best kind of property in times of trouble. They love them both as ornaments and as collateral. From the humblest beginnings as peddlers or tinkers, they become merchants and manufacturers, knowing nothing of commercial banking—Uncle is their banker and diamonds their capital. Just before Jewish holidays, hundreds of merchants come to him and redeem jewels so they can be worn by their womenfolk during the festivities. Diamonds are also a business rating, their Dun and Bradstreet—if a business man or his womenkind wear good ones, it is assumed that he

(Continued on Page 48)

"ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE"

The Packard Motor Car Company will shortly announce a new Packard to succeed the Packard Twin-Six. The new Packard embodies advanced principles of engineering which exert a pronounced effect upon performance.

PACKARD

Mennen's takes the misery out of shaving

Every man who has ever used Mennen's has been astonished and gratified at the fine health of his skin and the clearness of his complexion.

Not only is the skin soft and comfortable immediately after shaving but there is none of that sensitiveness and itching which used to keep a man's face in a chronic condition of unrest.

The element in Mennen's partly responsible for this skin health is our wonderful Boro-glycerine—a soothing, healing emollient which softens and relaxes the tissues and exerts a mild antiseptic action.

Of course, Boro-glycerine is only one of many virtues in this perfectly balanced shaving cream which has won leadership chiefly because it softens the beard wonderfully and gives a quick, speedy shave.

It certainly does soften a beard—and without any rubbing in with fingers. It softens it so completely and so quickly that even a blade you thought was through will remove it without so much as a twitch.

And the lather! Thick, moist, creamy and firm as whipped cream—and non-drying. I've used Mennen's for ten years and never once has the lather dried on my face.

Another amazing thing about Mennen's is that it works as well with cold or hard water as with hot or soft.

It is obtainable in two sizes—a 35-cent size for traveling and a 50-cent size for home use.

I honestly believe Mennen's to be the finest Shaving Cream ever made and I present it strictly on that basis. Next time you pass a drug store, step in and buy a tube of Mennen's. If the first few shaves don't convince you of Mennen superiority, send tube to me and I will refund the purchase price.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 46)

is capable and prosperous. So next time you hear a sermon about our extravagant imports of diamonds, used to prove that the country is going to the dogs, just remember that all the modest chip engagement rings bought on the installment plan by native Americans are a trifle compared with the big rocks our foreign-born citizens use in their particular scheme of banking.

Your Uncle must be quick at appraising human values too. Character study is as necessary as his acid bottle and magnifying glass. A stranger enters. He may be a thief. Not a professional, though. For the pawnshop, with its elaborate records and police reports, is the last place the wise criminal wants to have anything to do with. But the amateur and beginner in crime often turn up among Uncle's customers. He has ways of quietly cross-examining them without arousing suspicion.

"Those are my business secrets, you understand," he says. "But I can tell you one to show how it is done. 'What do you value this article at?' we'll ask a stranger while examining his pledge, and if he really owns it he'll know about what it's worth. If there is any irregularity, nine times in ten his idea of value will be wrong. Then, the article and the customer may not fit each other. Some months ago a decent-looking young man brought in a piece of silverware. Plainly, he was unmarried—almost a boy. But the pledge was a family article, and it was new. I lent him money on it, and two weeks later he came in with another piece of the same kind. A little questioning showed that he had got into debt and taken these things from stock in the place where he worked. I talked to him like a father. He wasn't a bad boy. When he saw where that sort of business led, the second article was taken back, and later he restored the first, too, after redeeming it by installment payments."

Dealers in Pawn Tickets

"In another case a man and two women came in with a cluster of diamonds in a fine setting, on which they wanted to borrow eight hundred dollars. I quickly noticed that the large center stone in the design didn't correspond with the quality of the other stones—it had been inserted in place of an original. They didn't want to talk about that at all, much less explain it. When I suggested lending six hundred dollars they were so quick to accept that I wanted nothing further to do with them. Later, upon my description to a detective, this cluster was recovered as stolen property."

Honest people often have reasons for concealment—or think so. A wife pawning jewelry doesn't want her husband to know about the transaction. A husband will bring his wife's jewelry without her knowledge, or a business man borrow money without letting his partner know. Ingenious stories are invented in such cases. Honest people also give assumed names. The pawnbroker is keenly interested in the ownership of pledges, for if he lends money on stolen property or articles that do not belong to the people who borrow, they can be recovered by the real owners, and he loses the money lent on them. Wherever there are doubts, loans are quietly refused, and where honest customers resort to concealment or evasion in an honest transaction, he shows them the wisdom of open dealing.

"Most people who borrow on personal pledges for the first time want the money to pay bills. They feel somewhat humiliated in raising it this way, because the pawnbroker doesn't yet stand as high in public esteem as he ought to. But the transaction looks entirely different when we suggest that they are doing a praiseworthy thing, not something to be ashamed of and conceal. For it is certainly better to borrow money on your finery and pay your obligations than wear it and let your creditors wait."

One wily gentleman Your Uncle must look out for—the crooked dealer in pawn tickets who tries to buy in pledges under their auction value. Your Uncle is vigilant, not that he has anything to lose himself but to protect the borrower, who may have been beguiled into selling his property below its real worth. A pawn ticket is a negotiable instrument. Anybody who buys it has every right of the original owner. All unredeemed pledges are turned over to auctioneers to be sold, as the law—we are speaking of New York—does not allow the pawnbroker to sell them over the counter. He doesn't want to, anyway. When pledges bring more at auction than the loan and accumulated interest, the balance is turned over to the borrower. If he has sold his pawn ticket to a crooked dealer, however, the latter gets the difference in cash, often making an unholy profit through the borrower's ignorance of values. Or the crooked dealer will attend the auction, buy in a pledge for less than its value, and then bring it direct to a pawnshop and try to borrow money on it.

Of all pledges 90 to 95 per cent are redeemed by the original borrowers, and they seldom pledge articles for the full auction value. It is the occasional customer who wants more money than he originally borrowed who sells his ticket to a dealer. The latter generally wants to examine the pledge before he buys the ticket, and will come in with the borrower or alone. The pawnbroker is under no obligation to show the pledge, and may refuse to do so. He can protect the borrower by lending him more money, building up the loan to a pretty-near auction value, making the margin of profit so small that the crooked dealer is squeezed out. This is not philanthropy, but simply good business, making friends and customers.

In New York City the police commend the pawnbrokers for square dealing, largely because they have cleaned up the dark corners of their own business by proposing and supporting a city ordinance that facilitates the tracing of stolen property that comes to a pawnshop. Under suspicion as receivers, they formed an association, went to the police commissioner and showed him how it was to their advantage to report all transactions and work with the police. Under this ordinance they can conceal practically nothing

"The pawnbrokers coöperate with us closely in recovering certain kinds of stolen property," said an officer in the Lost Property Bureau. "The other day a pawnbroker reported lending eighty-five dollars on a brooch with a twenty-two-diamond cluster, describing it in detail. A day or two later we got a report from the police in another city to be on the lookout for a brooch answering that description, stolen property. Investigation showed that it was the one wanted. The owner came to New York, identified his property, and gladly paid the money that had been lent, for it was worth twenty times that sum. Under the law, after ownership to stolen property has been proved, it may be recovered by paying the loan. People who find their stolen valuables in pawnshops are usually overjoyed, and get them back in this way. They are lucky, for if thieves disposed of them through underground channels they would be more difficult to recover. To recover stolen property without payment, it is necessary for the owner to go before the commissioner of licenses, serve the pawnbroker with a writ of replevin, hire an attorney, and incur other expenses."

Suspicious Characters

Uncle himself says: "We do not make difficulties if the commissioner of licenses summons us and it is proved that an article we have lent money on was stolen. We surrender it, never disputing the commissioner's findings. That is easiest, cheapest and most satisfactory for everybody. But if anyone tries to cheat us through that channel we will spend time and money to defend our rights. For instance, a thief steals a watch, goes into a barroom, gets acquainted with a stranger and persuades him to pledge it with the pawnbroker around the corner. Then he or somebody else complains to the police that his watch has been stolen. From our reports the police locate the watch, and summon the pawnbroker before the commissioner. That is the sort of thing we fight, and generally some little slip in the transaction enables us to show up its crookedness.

"Two young fellows came in here some months ago with a diamond brooch, having a loan value of two hundred and fifty dollars. They wanted seventy-five dollars. Asked about ownership, they said their aunt wanted to raise money to pay doctors' bills. They were held in conversation while we telephoned the police, and were offered twenty-five dollars in the presence of a detective who arrived, which they were willing to take. Whereupon I said: 'You'd better go back and ask your aunt about it.' They were trailed to the City Hall, where they met a third party. All three were taken to police headquarters and questioned, and it came out that one of the boys had stolen the brooch from his grandmother so they could all take a trip. The brooch was restored to the owner and the boys advised to go back home. The police told them they owed the pawnbroker more than they could ever repay for keeping them out of Sing Sing."

Your Uncle believes he would stand higher in popular opinion—where he thinks he really belongs—if the public knew more about his business as it really is, and the new tendency toward banking on merchandise and personal-property collateral.

That he doesn't deal in stolen goods has been pretty well demonstrated.

That he doesn't deal in misfortune can be just as clearly shown. People turn to him when they are hard up, certainly. Not so much the poor widow, with her shawl over her head and a baby in arms, pawning the kitchen clock, but a peculiar kind of people in what might be called the sub-banking class. These folks work in callings where they often earn good money, but they know nothing of commercial banks. They save money, but know nothing of savings banks. Thrift is not their motive in saving, so much as vanity. They spend everything they make as fast as they get hold of it, but put part of their earnings into jewels, furs, nice clothes and scenery generally, sometimes buying outright, and again on installments. A man will come in with a diamond-studded thin watch, borrow twenty-five dollars and complain about having had a tough week—didn't make eighty dollars. Inquiry shows that he has been making at least a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week for the past two years. Not a cent went into the savings bank, yet he has clothes and jewelry representing 10 to 25 per cent saved.

A Stable Business

As for lending money to business men on merchandise, few people except his customers have heard about that new branch of pawnbroking at all, though it is growing to be the biggest branch.

Then Uncle thinks the public ought to measure his business by its stability. It is a generation-to-generation business.

"I've been here twenty-five years," said a downtown New York pawnbroker; "my father was here thirty years before me; Sam, my appraiser, about thirty-five years; and Jack, the cashier, forty years. When people get used to doing business with the same folks, they won't go elsewhere. I put great trust in my employes, for they could easily cripple me by bad judgment or overloaning. I never heard of a pawnbroker's clerk defaulting or going to jail, which is something that cannot be said for employes in most lines of business."

A pawnbroker seldom fails. He cannot wind up his business and retire in less than a year, and would need nearer two years to adjust redemptions. In many cases pledges are left ten, fifteen and twenty years. His credit, when he wants to buy goods from a wholesaler, is exceptionally sound, because wholesalers know that he cannot quickly wind up his business, much less disappear. A fire in a pawnshop is exceptional.

"There are a good many shady pawnbrokers yet," Uncle concluded. "It depends on the laws in different states and cities. Those laws depend either on public opinion or on character and farsightedness among the pawnbrokers. When people understand more about our business as it ought to be conducted, there will be better laws and legitimate pawnbroking.

"If you want to clean up bad conditions quick, let me give you a tip. In one city that I passed through on my vacation last summer, and not so far from New York, there were seventeen pawnshops, of which only one operated under the banking law and charged reasonable interest—and it was limited to loans of two hundred dollars. The others were all unregulated gyp places, charging anything the traffic would bear. Now if the pawnbrokers in such a community will not get together themselves and put the business on a decent basis, and public opinion has not yet been awakened to the need for legitimate pawnbroking, here is an easy way to bring about a reform: Simply let some public-spirited man with money open a decent pawnshop and lend at New York legal rates, not exceeding 3 per cent a month. If he has good clerks and appraisers he can make many loans for less, and still earn a profit on his money."

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LITTLE MONOLOGUES OF DAILY LIFE—By Mary Dixon Thayer

I BEG leave, first of all, to remark that the few conversations hereinafter recorded are but brief and touching examples of the many that each day brings forth. I cannot recall a single span of twenty-four hours that has not produced out of its depths an unavoidable and interminable conversation—a conversation which is in truth a monologue.

Monologues there are of every description, and upon every conceivable topic: monologues at street corners and on trolleys, monologues in omnibuses and trains, monologues in clubs, hotels, theaters, homes, kitchens, everywhere.

Most of us are victims, daily, of the ravages of the monologue habit—a habit which attacks our dearest friends, a habit which we ourselves indulge—as soon as we have nothing to say.

EXAMPLE I

(Heard in any Beautifying Establishment)

OH, YES! You get tired of the work. It's stupid—shampooing clean heads. Now, if only people would wait till their heads are really dirty. Yes. I love shampooing dirty heads. Now, yours is a pleasure to do.

Oh, you get an hour off for lunch. What? Goodness! You must have a very tender scalp! Well, we have nice customers as a rule. They hardly ever complain. There; I guess that's cold enough, isn't it? And it's nice work—that is—it has its drawbacks, you know; it's just like everything else. Heavens! There must be a leak in this sprayer. Well, as I was saying, you can't have everything. As I say all the time to my brother —— What? Oh! He does the permanent waving. Yes, I see your hair is broken. Wouldn't you like another permanent? Oh, excuse me. I didn't know it was running down your neck. Well, as I was saying, it might be worse; it's clean work, you know. Ha-ha.

Yesterday Mrs. Tottenbury was in. What? Oh, yes, I know it's too cold, but they're using the hot water somewhere else. Well, Mrs. Tottenbury was in. She come and sat right where you're sitting, and Miss Muggs—she's the one at the desk; she's going to be married on Tuesday. What? Yes, with red hair. Well, maybe it is. Ha-ha. We've got a new process for dyeing. Oh, yes. Perfectly safe. For a while we couldn't tell exactly what color a head would turn out. Yes, really. And once somebody's head came out blue. Ha-ha. It wasn't anybody important.

Well, Miss Muggs she come to where I was giving facial treatment—wouldn't you like a facial treatment? It might help you a little anyways. Well, Miss Muggs says "Mrs. Tottenbury's come." Mrs. Tottenbury won't let no one do her head but me. She says I've got the touch of touches.

Well, I went in. And there was Mrs. Tottenbury—pearlsandeverything. What? Well, maybe they are. What? Oh, you want to sneeze? I thought you said the pearls were Japanese! Ha-ha. Well, Mrs. Tottenbury likes violet rays—wouldn't you like a violet ray? Sure; we've got a new machine. We haven't done anybody with it yet.

Well —— Oh, did that hurt? Well, that's what I like about the work—high class—that's what I call it. Heavens! Here comes my next appointment! You can finish drying your own head, can't you? Yes, a dollar and a half, as usual, and two dollars and a quarter for the tonic. Oh, of course you need it—pretty soon you won't have a hair left. By-by, dearie. Come in again, won't you? Oh, you use as many hairpins as you like—they're fifteen cents a package.

EXAMPLE II

(Heard in Any Current Events Class)

GOOD morning! Good morning! I'm a little late, I'm afraid. Well, well. Did any of you notice in the morning paper a little paragraph on the tenth page in the left-hand corner?

Now that was a significant item. I always want you to form your own opinions. I don't intend to influence you in any way. But I do hope you see the connection between that item and the acute situation in the Ruhr.

Of course it's perfectly plain, and for those of you who come to all my lectures—and let me say, right here, that those of you who don't come to all of them are bound to miss something that I say—well, it's perfectly plain.

Let us look at the Ruhr situation. Now what do we see when we look at it? There isn't any use in my telling you, for of course all of you know, but I do hope you grasp the relation between that situation and the deportation of the Greeks.

And take the situation in the Dardanelles. There we have the Turks on one hand and Europe and England on the other. Please notice that I say Europe and England. Up north we have, you remember, the Bosporus leading into the Black Sea. This is of tremendous importance. I won't take time today to talk about it, but I am sure that all of you realize that had the Bosporus not led into the Black Sea the whole face of history would have been changed.

And look at the Suez Canal! It's perfectly obvious, isn't it, that there is the key to the trouble? Now think of the Shetland Islands. Don't you see how they are responsible for all the uprisings in India? There is a little book I want to recommend to you. It is called The Colonization of Iceland, and was written by a friend of mine who, I can assure you, has never been to Iceland at all.

Now about those massacres of the Greeks. Of course anyone who puts two and two together sees that they are not massacres at all. As for the Turk in Europe—there is no use, as I have said, in discussing that. All of you realize quite well that the Turk should have long ago vanished.

There. I have covered a great deal of ground, and I trust I shall see you next week, when all the situations will be changed. I do want to add just a word: When I was traveling through India last August the Maharajah turned to me one day and said, "India, my dear madam, is India," and for those of you who have any real insight I think these words will come as a revelation.

EXAMPLE III

(Heard in a Shop When You Are in a Hurry)

OH, DO just stay and look around! Yes. We moved in here last month. It's a delicious spot for antiques. Oh, yes. Wouldn't you like some etchings? Well, that's the only one we have, but we got in some old prints yesterday. Amanda! Show the lady the old print! What? Well, it is rather dim—that is its charm, of course. It is of a dog, we think. If you look very carefully you can see it.

Or perhaps you would like a little kettle? Amanda! Where is that kettle? Now isn't it just the dearest thing? Oh, you can't expect it to hold water. It is much too old for that. But it would look darling hung over your bed. A young lady was in here yesterday—she is an artist, and paints kettles. Well, my dear, she simply wept over this kettle. But artists never have any money, and I couldn't make a special price for her. Listen, you can have it for fifteen dollars. Why, the bronze itself is worth lots more than that, and if you get tired of the kettle you can melt it up, you know, and pawn it. Personally, though, I'd never tire of it, it's such an adorable shape. See how it bulges on one side! Well, maybe that is where it's broken. Amanda! Show the lady the cracked looking-glasses!

We have some lovely cracked looking-glasses, just in. Amanda! Be careful of the cracks! Oh, they are immensely old! Any day they will shatter to fragments. What? But, my child, do you realize what you're saying? Those looking-glasses were made by Sporodini, and no doubt he cracked them himself. What? Good gracious, what do you want? I'm sure I'm anxious to suit you. Amanda! Show the lady the stool. No. The one with the broken leg. My dear, it is a gem! Who could resist such a stool? Of course you can't put anything on it. It is much too old for that. But it would look just sweet, I think, on a corner of the mantelpiece. What? Well, Amanda, show the lady that ——

EXAMPLE IV

(Heard From Any Doting Parent)

OH, NO, I never talk about Willie! But you just wait till you see him! Why, you won't believe your eyes! He's grown two inches in a month. Yes. Honestly. We measure him on the bathroom door You know—draw a line over his head in pencil. What? No, in pencil on the door. Yes, of course. Well. And he has three enormous teeth. Yes, really. And he talks a little already—that is, I can understand him. Yesterday he said mamma—I could swear he did. But nobody else was around, and he wouldn't say it over again later. Why should he?

Yes. I'm going to put him in pants. I don't approve of keeping them babies. Well, no. But he crawls all over the place. You ought to see him crawl! He can go up and down the stairs. Oh, it's really killing! He sits on a step, you see, and puts one leg over the edge until he feels the step underneath, and then he slides off the first step onto the next step, and before you know it he —— What? Oh, let's have the regular lunch. Well, he slides off and I'm going to put him in pants. Charlie wants me to cut his hair short, but I can't bear to do it. Just wait till you see his hair!

What? No, Willie's, of course. It's very curly—that is, it curls around his face—sometimes. If only the nurse would take more trouble with it I'm sure it would be a mass of curls. Why, when I rub it with my hand it stands right up on end!

But Charlie thinks it ought to be short. That's the trouble with men, they can't wait for their sons to grow up. Now I'm perfectly willing to put Willie in pants, but I do think he ought to have long hair.

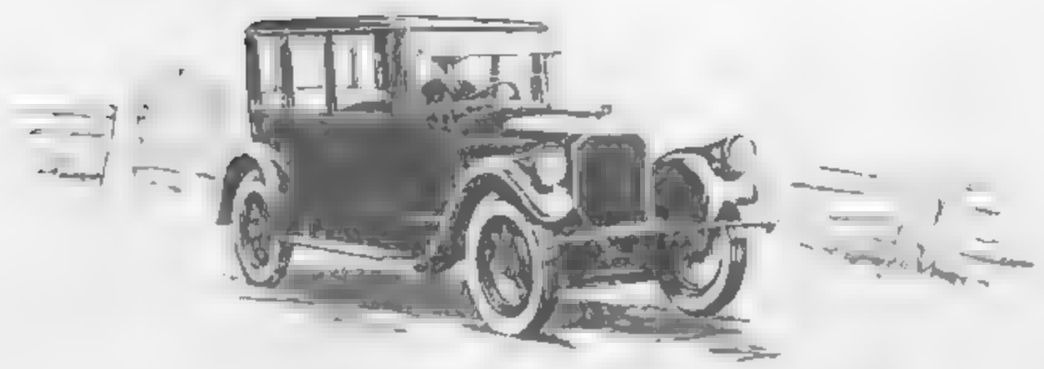
Oh, I got him the cutest little pants—all smocked, you know, round the neck. What? No, the pants aren't round his neck, but they were five dollars and ninety-two cents at Finkle's. Yes. And I got him six. Two blues, and one pink, and two yellows—how many's that? Well, I guess there was another blue. Oh, I don't like bean soup. Well, I'm crazy to get Willie into them. When'll you come out and see him? How about Saturday or Sunday? What? Well, Monday or Tuesday? I'm really always at home. What? Oh, then Wednesday or Thursday—only you've simply got to see Willie.

What? Oh, I'm not hungry. I'd rather answer your questions about Willie. Of course you always did adore Willie, didn't you? What? Oh, dear, that's true—but you will adore him when you see him. Well, have you had enough to eat? You certainly have a good appetite. Willie takes his nap in the mornings. It's much the best time, I think. And it gives Azalea time to wash out all his little underbodies and things.

The other awful creature I had—you know, Bridget—simply refused to do it. I do think servants are a problem nowadays. Well, Willie's taking his nap in the morning gives Azalea time to wash his little undies, and then he wakes up, all pink and kissable, for lunch. He can't eat everything yet. But he has milk, and bread, and vegetables—squashed up, you know. Poor dear! I can hardly wait to give him a lollypop! But, of course, I never will spoil him. What? But I haven't finished telling you about Willie! Well, of course—but can't you come out this week? Oh, dear! And not next week either? Well, Willie'll be changed by then. I did think you'd want to see him sooner.

Oh, no, I'm not mad; but I am a little disappointed in you. You always did adore Willie so—I mean you always did expect to adore him. Well, it can't be helped. Good-by. Wait a minute! You won't tell anyone where I got those little panties? Not that I'm selfish about those things, but I couldn't bear to see those awful little

(Continued on Page 52)



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Ask your dealer about it today, or send for illustrated literature.

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(Continued from Page 50)

Jenkses, or Middletons, running around dressed like Willie. You know how people are! That's a dear. And telephone me soon—only don't do it in the morning, will you, because you'd wake up Willie from his nap.

EXAMPLE V

(Heard in a Train When You Have Brought Along a Book You Want to Read)

WHY, how d'you do? Isn't this nice? Do you mind if I sit down here? Well, well, I saw your mother only yesterday. What a dear woman she is! Yes, nothing of a trip at all—I've just been in to the dentist. Oh, no, it wasn't serious. But dear me, it might have been!

No, I can't run about as I used to. Why, I remember when your mother and I used to run about together. What a sweet lovely girl your mother was! Now you take after your father. Just look at that platform, all over ice! Wouldn't you think the city would clean it off? Here we are, paying taxes, and everything, and the city won't even clean a platform. I'm sure I don't know what we're coming to. Of course I'm only an old lady, and I never did approve of politics.

As I always say to Geraldine, "My dear, woman's place is in the house"—and as a matter of fact Geraldine hardly ever leaves it. And what are the young people coming to? I had luncheon yesterday with Mrs. Siddentoly—Polly Winklehanm that was—and you know, nobody could be sweeter. There are no better people than the Winklehanms.

Well, my dear, Mrs. Siddentoly told me the most dreadful, dreadful things. Yes. About the young people, you know. What? Well, I never go out, and Mrs. Siddentoly has been in mourning for years, but Mrs. Davidcart—Dorothea Davidcart's mother—heard all about it from Mrs. Peterskin, whose husband's brother was at the party. Charming old gentleman, Mr. Peterskin, and such a sad life too!

Well, Mr. Peterskin told his brother about it—confidentially, of course, as men do—and Mr. Peterskin's brother told his wife, who told it to Mrs. Davidcart, from whom Mrs. Siddentoly got it, direct. Oh, the goings-on were fearful! You don't keep your eyes open, my dear. I'm afraid you don't even notice it when the young persons become intoxicated.

I don't know what we're coming to! Now in my day there was nothing like that.

Oh, I don't believe it's exaggerated! That's the trouble with all you young people. You won't take a stand against it. Mrs. Siddentoly thinks that if only some young people would take a stand, it could be stemmed.

Did you hear about that dreadful Tickney boy? Well, my dear, he —— Oh, I know his mother eloped, before him. But then, I'm sure she did it differently. And who wouldn't have eloped with Sidney Tickney?

Only yesterday, at our monthly meeting —— Gracious! Here's the conductor! Where is my little black bag? Well, only yesterday, as I was saying —— Why, here we are already at Barleyville! It's nothing of a trip at all, is it? Well, my dear, I won't talk any more. I see you have a book to read. Have you read that last book by that man—I forget his name—but he wrote *If Winter Goes?* Dear me, what is his name? Well, it doesn't matter, does it? But Geraldine got it out of the library because it seemed to be what everybody wanted.

We've been reading it out loud in the evenings. My dear, it's a delightful story! The woman in it—I forget her name—but she is very modern, you know, and the idea is that she tries to have a career and at the same time stay in the house.

Mrs. Siddentoly has read it, too, and she says it is tremendously successful. Really, the most horrible things happen. This woman goes along having a career until her children are all grown up, but, my dear—it's really wonderfully done—the children turn out terrifically. One of them kills somebody almost immediately, and one of them takes to drugs, and the others—I forget what they do—but it's something terrible, at any rate.

And it's all because this woman —— What? Oh, well, it's terrific, isn't it? They say millions of editions have been sold. Well now, I won't say another word. You go right ahead and read your book.

My dear! Have you seen that new movie? I can't remember its name, but yesterday I was lunching with Mrs. Siddentoly and we decided, on the spur of the moment, to go. It's called The Horror, or something like that. At any rate it's at the new theater, which is twice as big as the opera house and always much more crowded. My dear, you really ought to see it. Geraldine is going tonight. Yes. With Mr. Partigale. Well, it's all about this young fellow who is a socialist.

Mrs. Siddentoly is against socialists, you know, and I think they are terrific, myself. But this young fellow is so good-looking, and he's in love with the daughter of this millionaire, only he doesn't think he ought to propose to her on account of his being a socialist. My dear, it is most exciting. What? Oh. Well, didn't you think it was terrific? And, my dear, when the girl falls out of the aëroplane—weren't you positive she was going to be killed?

How do they do that, I wonder? Mrs. Siddentoly says they can do anything. But I don't see how they do that. Why, she must have fallen hundreds of miles! And, my dear, when they picked her up she —— Oh, I forgot you'd seen it—but do you remember how they picked her up?

Well, it really is terrific, isn't it? Now you go right ahead and read. I'm not going to bother you any more.

Why! Here we are at Haddonfield already! Only two more stations! My dear, do give your mother my love, and tell her I'm going to have her out to lunch just as soon as I can get a cook. Yes. My cook walked off last week. Geraldine was giving a little luncheon—just a few of her friends, you know—and I asked Rebecca to make some little cakes. But, would you believe it, she positively refused! And I had to buy them at the bakery.

I didn't dare make a scene at the time for fear Rebecca would walk out of the house and Geraldine couldn't have her little lunch.

So I simply said, "Very well, Rebecca; I shall order the cakes from the bakery," and the luncheon went off perfectly.

Well, my dear, no sooner had the dishes been washed than I decided to have it out with Rebecca. One cannot allow one's servants to tyrannize over one. I never thought for a moment that she would leave. I have always been most considerate of Rebecca. When her sister's five children had the colic I let her go home and nurse them. But servants are terrific nowadays; they don't appreciate anything you do. And Rebecca said in so many words that if I expected her to bake little cakes I simply needn't expect her to stay. That ended it.

Since then Geraldine has been doing the cooking. Oh, Geraldine is so capable. It is a pity she isn't married. You know, I think all girls should marry. What? Well, well, so we are! Now, my dear, come and see us soon, won't you? I wish you and Geraldine knew each other better. Geraldine admires you so much! She reads everything about you in the papers. What? Oh, well, anyway, she's always talking about you. And Geraldine has such a sad life. Oh, yes. She cared for Mr. Pitkin, you know—the one that came into all that money. But men are so cruel, aren't they? And now he's married to that ugly Farley girl. I always think, when I see them out walking, that he might just as well have been my son-in-law.

Poor Geraldine never speaks of him. No. His name is never mentioned between us. But —— What? Oh, yes, run right along, of course. Don't bother about an old lady. Young people don't, any more.

EXAMPLE VI

(Heard When You Are Ill With Pneumonia, From the Heartlessly Trained Nurse)

YES; I'm always scared of pneumonia. Now you just have a light case—but you never can tell about pneumonia. I've seen so many people die of it! The last patient I had—Mrs. Crocker—did you ever know Mrs. Crocker? Well, Mrs. Crocker started out just like you. The doctor said it was a light case, and in about two days she was dead! Yes, really. But that's the way pneumonia does.

There was a boy at the hospital, when I was in training, and he had only a light case, too, but in just a week—well, I shouldn't tell you this. You haven't even reached the crisis yet. What? Oh, yes, it's very interesting. Would you like a little chicken broth? Well, then, just turn over, and try to take a nap. I won't talk to you any more. It's so good for you simply to relax. There. Feel quite comfortable, do you? No sharp pains in your side? Well, probably you'll have them tomorrow.

What? Well now, you just doze off. I'm not one of those chattering nurses, who can't stop talking for a minute. I know when to hold my tongue. And I never talk about my patients. Doctor Jenkins used to say to me, after a case, "I know I can rely on you, Miss Tart, not to mention this." He would say it about Mr. Shotwell, for instance, when he came down with delirium tremens. Oh, yes. He'd be brought to the hospital in the ambulance. Too bad. But the man would drink.

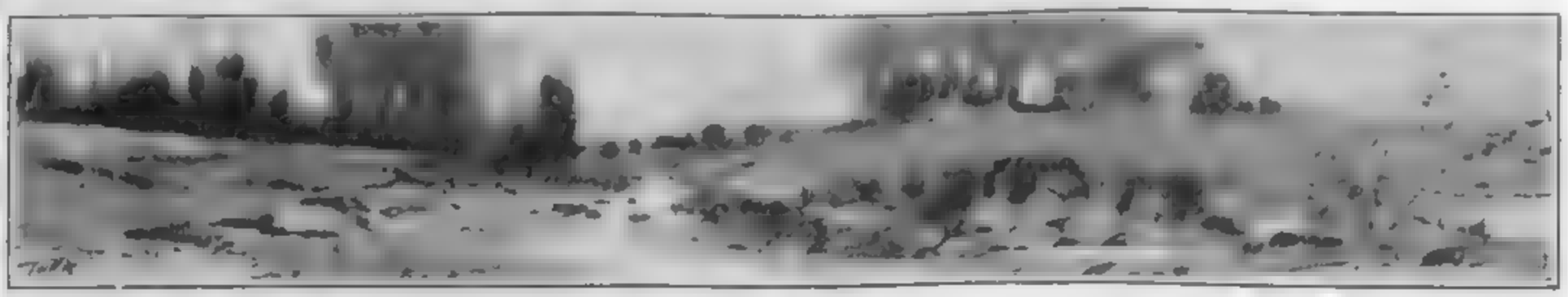
Well, that's the way Doctor Jenkins talked to me, and I never breathe a word about anybody. That's one reason why I'm always in demand. I hardly get off a case before I'm wanted on another. There are so few nice nurses, aren't there? And then, of course, you know, people like to have a lady in their house. What? Well, you just doze off, and I'll keep on being perfectly quiet. As I always used to say to Mrs. McIntosh—did you ever know Mrs. McIntosh?—there's nothing like dozing off.

Poor, sweet Mrs. McIntosh! I nursed her through pneumonia too. And one day she went peacefully to sleep and when I went to wake her up I found —— Oh, well, she was older than you, and probably her heart gave out. Yes. Shocking. But it was only to be expected.

Mrs. McIntosh had a grand house! The bathrooms were all fixed with marble showers, and they had new toothbrushes, and tubes of tooth paste, and toilet waters, and everything you could think of, around. Believe me, I used everything every day. I even washed my hair in cologne. That's one of the nice things about nursing. You move in classy circles. I'll say so. And then when your patients die, you go to all the funerals with the family. Mrs. McIntosh's funeral was crowded. Yes; her husband's president of the railroad, and I'd been with her about two months. I did think she might of left me something. But then, she never realized, of course, how uncertain pneumonia is.

What? Well now, I wonder why you can't get to sleep? I think you better turn over on your other side. I suppose I might give you a pill. They have a lot of dope in them, of course. I've seen so many people get the dope habit—just by taking a pill to make them sleep! What? Oh, yes, very sad. There was a woman at the hospital when I was in training, and she'd gotten the dope habit that way. She said to me one day, "Miss Tart, I never would have been brought to this state if I hadn't once taken a sleeping pill."

Well, here it is. Swallow it down. Doctor Jenkins knows what he's doing, I suppose. But you never can tell what dope may lead to. What? Oh, well, it'll be Doctor Jenkins' fault if it does. There. You'll be sleepy enough in a minute. It's the morphine working, you know.



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Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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1600 Broadway, New York City

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32)

CHORUS:
With the foe.

CAPTAIN:
And though shot and shell may fall,
Oh, we do not care at all,
For when Britain calls to arms, then we must go.

CHORUS:
We must go.

CAPTAIN:
Yes, we never flinch nor fail
As the bullets round us hail,
And the smell of powder's music to our ears.
But when victory we earn
To our sweethearts we return—
For it's love that rules the British Grenadiers.

REFRAIN *(in waltz time):*
Oh, it's love, love, love,
The love of a maid and a boy;
'Tis love, love, love,
That thrills us and fills us with joy.
Oh, it's love, love, love,
The word has a wonderful sound.
Though you're beggar or prince
You are both equal, since
It is love that makes the world go round.

[*At the end of this song* KING LEAR *enters, followed by his three daughters,* GONERIL, REGAN *and* CORDELIA, *and his* COURT FOOL. GONERIL *and* REGAN *are thin, shrewish-looking old maids.* CORDELIA *is a flapper. She wears a very short skirt and her hair is bobbed.* KING LEAR *is a musical-comedy king. That is, he wears a bright red wig and a bright red nose. On his head is a miniature crown, tilted almost over his ear. He is quarreling with his jester as they enter.*

LEAR *(angrily):* If I weren't more of a fool than you are I'd quit the fool business and work for a living.

FOOL: I didn't want this job, anyway, you big bum. Why don't you pay me the three weeks' salary you owe me?

LEAR: Well, whaddye mean by telling that story to the Archbishop of Canterbury about —— *(The buglers blow a fanfare.)* Stop that noise! When I play the King, how dare you trumpet? *(At this ancient wheeze the buglers become discouraged and stop.* LEAR *ascends the throne.)* Gather around me, girls. *(The* ROYAL GUARD *group themselves about him in affectionate attitudes.)* Today is my birthday. *(Cheers.)* I have an important announcement to make.

FOOL *(hopefully):* You're going to pay my salary.

LEAR: Shut up! I have an important announcement. I am going to retire from the king business.

FOOL: Yea, bo!

[KING LEAR *throws his scepter at the* FOOL; *misses.*

LEAR: I have decided to divide my kingdom among my three daughters. The one who loves me the most gets the largest share. Come on, girls. How much do you love your daddy?

GONERIL and REGAN *(singing):*
We love you like the sunflower loves the sunbeam,
We love you like the dewdrop loves the rose,
We love you like the river loves the ocean,
Like the pine tree loves the gentle wind that blows.
We love you like the moonbeam loves the starlight,
We love you like the doves that bill and coo,
We love you just like Romeo loved Julie,
Oh, that is how—yes, that's how we love you.

[GONERIL *then pretends to be a waitress in a quick-lunch restaurant and* REGAN *a customer who is trying to flirt with her. After the song is repeated a second time* GONERIL, *disguised by a monocle, a cane and a silk hat, and* REGAN *carrying a parasol, enact a flirtation scene on the Atlantic City boardwalk.*

LEAR *(applauding enthusiastically):* Atta girls! That's the stuff!

FOOL *(glumly):* I think it's rotten.

LEAR: Goneril, you get my silver-plated shaving brush that you gave me for my birthday last year, my Elks pin, and my radio set.

REGAN: Aw, pop, you promised me ——

LEAR: And you, Regan, get my certificate of membership in the National Geographic Society. (REGAN, *satisfied, sits down.)* Now, Cordelia, what have you to say?

[*The music strikes up a syncopated tune, and* CORDELIA, *snapping her fingers, swaggers down to the footlights.*

CORDELIA *(singing):*
Sing about your moonlight, sing about your moon,
Snap your fingers, baby, to a syncopated tune;
Talk about your lovin' and about your turtle dove,
But I'm longin' to be goin' to the only place I love.

REFRAIN:
I'm going back, back, back,
I'm going back to Alabammy,
I can hear the bells a-ringin' on the train that takes me there.
Dancin' in the cotton field
With my dear old mammy.
There ain't no place like dear old Alabammy anywhere.
So
Listen to the moanin' of that lovin' saxophone,
Hear them banjos playin' their melodious tone;
There's one thing in this world I love
An' just one thing alone—
Jazzin' with my mammy
Down in Alabammy,
Jazzin' in my Alabammy home.

[*As* CORDELIA *finishes,* KING LEAR, *who has been swaying in time with the music, descends from the throne, and he and the* FOOL *do an eccentric dance with* CORDELIA. *The* CHORUS *of peasants reënter in the costume of the South Sea Islands. As the curtain is falling on the fifth encore,* KING LEAR *removes his crown and places it on* CORDELIA'S *head.* —*Newman Levy.*

Maisie's Ways

WHEN gone is the last wintry storm,
And sunny days grow soft and warm—
In that determined way of hers,
Maisie gets out her summer furs!

When hotter still the weather grows,
And not a tiny breezelet blows;
When sultry August wilts us flat—
Maisie puts on a velvet hat!

She shields her fair face with a veil
As thick as any coat of mail;
But lets the wicked sun promote
A red triangle on her throat!

As soon as Christmastide is past,
And winter's fairly here at last—
My Maisie hurries—quick as scat—
To get herself a new straw hat!

It's that way all around the year;
She's always there and never here!
She's always then and never now!
I can't explain it anyhow! —*Carolyn Wells.*

The Independent Baby

THE Independent Baby comes parading down the street,
Completely independent from its topknot to its feet;
For if it has a mother, nurse or aunty anywhere,
The Independent Baby doesn't know or doesn't care.

The Independent Baby, as it promenades along,
Proclaims its independence in a little humming song;
It stares at all the windows and their merchandising pelf,
But keeps its thoughts and fancies to its independent self.

The Independent Baby has the liking of its kind
For every dog and puppy that is sociably inclined.
To every dog or puppy and to any furtive cat
The Independent Baby gives a patronizing pat.

The Independent Baby holds its independent way.
What halts the tangled traffic and the wagon and the dray,
The taxi with its tourist and the lorry with its load?
The Independent Baby takes a whim to cross the road!

The Independent Baby walks unfearingly at large
In everybody's confidence, in everybody's charge;
The hands of all who watch and smile, the hearts of all defend
The Independent Baby who is everybody's friend.
—*A. G.*

Laddie Boy: "I Suppose I'll Have to Tackle You, But Oh, How I Dread It!"

EXPOSED!

last winter's great coal robbery

EVERY spring—the burning question—"Where did all our coal go?" You know it went into the furnace, but from there on you don't know what happened to it—except that a lot of the heat it generated never got upstairs where you needed it.

You were robbed by the greatest coal freebooter of the present day—the outside atmosphere. This invisible pirate steals in through your cellar windows and house walls, even your cellar floor, takes the heat from your furnace and heating pipes, if they are not properly protected, and carries that heat away before it can get to your upstairs radiators.

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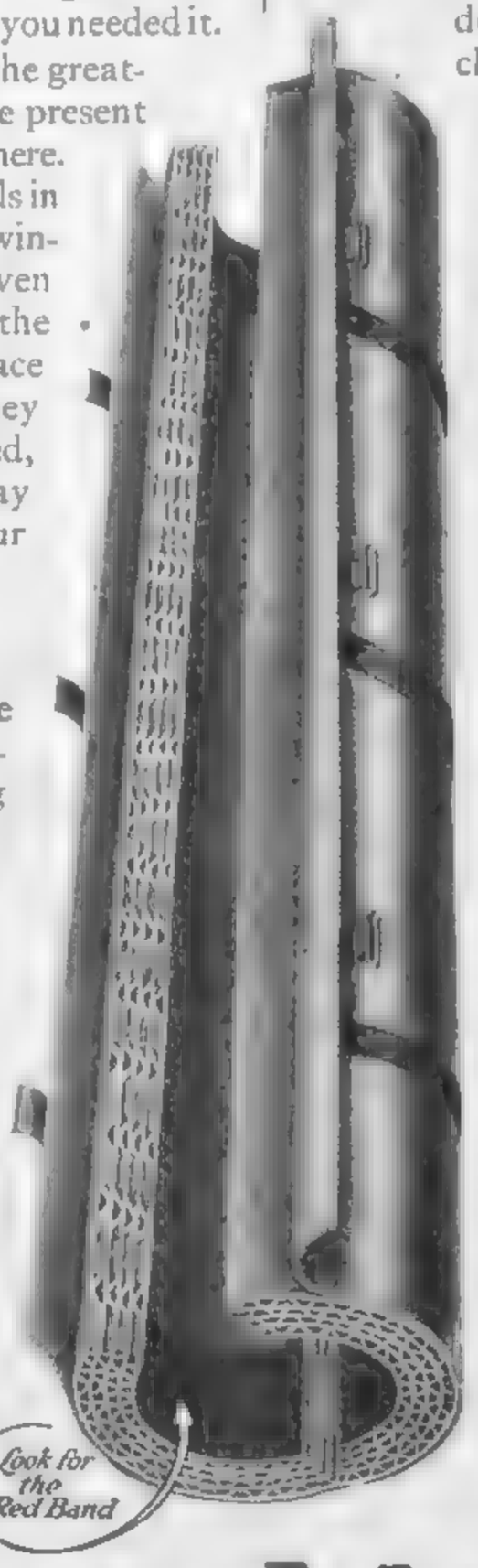
Right now is the time to stop this costly thievery. Have your heating system carefully inspected now—while your fires are shut down.

All bare pipes should be covered—well covered with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel. Your pipes may be covered already, but perhaps they are not properly covered. This means a loss which can be turned into a saving by applying Improved Asbestocel. Your furnace, too, should be properly insulated.



Insulate Now!

If you had time to make a complete investigation of pipe covering design—you would finally choose Improved Asbestocel. It saves more fuel per dollar of cost than any other because of its scientifically designed structure. The book "Bare Pipes Waste Fuel" gives full particulars if you wish to study this structure and see exactly why it saves more heat than ordinary coverings.

If you wish to be thoroughly informed on how to save a good portion of your coal money next winter, your heating man or contractor will be glad to look your heating system over. Phone him to-day and if you find insulation advisable be sure you use Improved Asbestocel. There's a ***red band*** painted on the inside end of each length so that you may identify it. If you want further information we call your attention to the coupon on the right.

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NAME

ADDRESS

In th'interest o' science I fed 'em to the fishes and—

bought some—

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

THIS is the tale that Pat Carney told our Mr. Brooks. Pat Carney isn't his real name, but that is the only thing that *isn't* real about the story. Mr. Carney, be it known, is foreman for a big New York contractor.

"'Twas a particularly tough job," said he. "The big boss sent us up 5 dozen shovels. 'Wear 'em out, boys,' says I. And also they did so! In less than three weeks those shovels looked like they'd been run through a stone crusher.

"Nearby was a fine, deep lake. I carted the remains of those 5 dozen shovels down to the shore and fed 'em to the fishes. Then on my own recognizances I sent to Syracuse for 2 dozen Red Edge Shovels. To make a short story shorter—those Red Edges finished the job in 3 more weeks. How did they look after it? Well, the paint had been pretty well scratched off."

There must be some reason why there are in our files hundreds of letters proving that one Red Edge outwears two or three ordinary shovels. That reason isn't hard to find. A blade of chrome nickel steel, heat treated to tool steel hardness and spring steel toughness. A handle of XX Northern White Ash. Four separate factory tests to detect the slightest weakness. If you buy shovels singly or in hundred lots—Red Edge saves you money

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

"We spent 50 years learning to make one grade of shovel"

The WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Penna.

THE I. O. ABANDONED

(Continued from Page 29)

proxy of Mr. Varden, the only local director. Here is one thousand dollars to bind my option."

"But this is presumptuous; I will not give a proxy as director," said Varden.

"I have a proposition to make the I. O. directors," said Cole, "the moment the G. M. refuses to renew the lease. I must have a man inside who will make a stand against the G. M.'s effort to bid in your steel and equipment as junk. You are not that man; you would not stand up against Allison. Ferguson did. I was at that meeting."

"I remember you now," said Ferguson.

The three studied the young man who, it seemed, was officiously regulating their actions tomorrow. Cole Shandon was twenty-seven years old at this hour when, declaring himself a factor in the settlement of the I. O. business, he began taking on men of established leadership as contenders. The approaching contest did not disturb his manner, and Ferguson quickly sensed a formidable personality in the rearing shoulders and inscrutable countenance with its heavy-lidded gray eyes.

Mr. Varden was indignant, but Cole crowded him into a position where he was helpless for defense.

"You are able to pull this community out of the hole by giving your proxy as director to Ferguson. The deal I wish to put through is such that I can't trust a man of conservative methods."

The runty hardware man threw out his chest. "Varden, write that proxy. Here's the only man who says a word of hope for the I. O. and ourselves. He talks like a man of judgment and puts up money."

Varden asked Cole who he was and the nature of his proposition. He introduced himself.

Ferguson observed that the elder Shandon had borne a good reputation—"Though Creighton and Allison allege the I. O. is badly graded and bridged."

"What could you do with it that those two could not?" asked Varden.

"Allison is a stock banker, Creighton a mere manager of tracks and trains; I am a railroader," said Cole impatiently, "and understand how to enforce the law of traffic."

"What is it?"

"That the enemy's constituents supply what your own rails require of them," explained Cole dryly. "You will understand better when Allison raises his cry against it."

Mr. Varden, though doubtful of a young man who seemed to have little regard for conservative business methods, admitted that he should not stand between the community and any chance to succor the railroad, and gave his proxy.

Ferguson went out with Cole and they crossed the square to the Elm House.

"There is Donovan, a brotherhood chief, who has come to consult with his men on new jobs," said Cole, pointing out a swarthy man crossing the lobby with the brisk rolling gait of the old conductor. He looked beyond, and seeing Weeks seated by the general manager of the G. M. he added, "There's Creighton. Come on, let's give him something to think about overnight."

Ferguson kept alongside and listened curiously to the conversation begun by his new acquaintance.

"Mr. Creighton, I am considering the purchase of stock in the I. O., but would like to be assured that any locomotives and cars withdrawn for repairs or for use by the G. M. will be returned in good order without lawsuits—or replaced."

Creighton's eyes glittered with resentment, but still bound to treat Allison's friend civilly he answered in the affirmative.

Cole turned on his heel, observing to Ferguson, "You heard the answer, which will be in dispute tomorrow."

"I didn't know the Midwestern was borrowing our equipment," said Ferguson.

"Well, you know it now, too late to be of interest; you may not be a stockholder after tomorrow."

"I am interested," returned Ferguson stubbornly, "in smashing any man who cheats me."

"I wouldn't pacify you for worlds," affirmed Cole with the first spark of devastating humor. "See you tomorrow. Don't fail to call me in before Creighton moves."

"I told you I would."

Cole waited at the hotel entrance to see which way Ferguson would go, and then took the opposite. He hiked through the quiet streets of the town and along the country roads in a circle that skirted the hills three miles away. The night was clear, with a vast billow of stars breaking into the foam of the Milky Way, but Cole swung along, oblivious of the romantic fable of such a night. However, on closing the circle and reentering the town he noticed that the groups usually on the way from the picture show were not on the streets of Elm tonight; Cole missed their gay voices when the bark of a watch dog alone sounded.

But though the streets were deserted, the lights in the cottages showed that Elm was more than usually awake. Where the shades were up the lone passer-by could see the grown members of families gathered with sleepy children listening in, as if the age-old command for them to undress and go to bed had been forgotten at last. Elm that night was like one of those communities on the plains who, seeing the sun set blackly and the warning of a cyclone fill the horizon, sit up, waiting for it to wipe them out. The abandonment of the I. O. Railroad would be as bad as a cyclone; in a single day half the business and property values would be wiped out. For though the forty miles of track west to the G. M. connection would be operated, all the developing eastern trade territory would be lost.

Before one small cottage Cole halted with a scowl. Under the light of the front room he saw bending over the center table three towheads and one gray one and one with dusky hair. He walked up the path and knocked, unaware of the reverberation that his massive knuckles sent through the silent house. Nora Blake opened, and said, "Why, it's Cole Shandon, our secretary"—everything and everybody on the I. O. always being "ours" to Blakey.

The Widow Blake rose, a faded, smiling woman; the towheaded small sisters rose also in a body, and Nora introduced them, standing in the hall with Cole's hat in her hand, admiring them. She stood on tiptoe to whisper, "Eugenia is bashful." All four of the family stood transfixed, for unaware of his expression the great intruder who had broken into their circle out of the night was scowling horribly. "Why don't they go to bed—and all of you?" asked Cole.

"I was telling them about Chicago, where I hope I can get a job when the poor I. O. goes on the rocks tomorrow," explained Nora.

"The I. O. is not going on the rocks," said Cole. "You people have let Creighton give you the horrors."

"Then we won't lose our home," said Mrs. Blake joyously.

Although Nora had thought Cole a superior sort of man, she did not know what to make of his new authoritative manner; but his information, though harshly given, was evidently intended to reassure them.

"So you can go on to sleep without worrying," said Cole. "I thought I'd drop in and tell you."

He turned to go.

"Isn't that grand news?" said Nora. "I am sure Mr. Allison ——"

"Allison!" interrupted Cole, unholy joy in his grin—"Allison has a heavy account to settle, and will pay with the I. O. as the first instalment tomorrow."

Cole had gone about his business quietly for three months, and the full realization that he would not meet his good father again grew on him slowly. This was the blind bitter period of grief, and he was making this duty of protecting Burke Shandon's memory a retributive and consoling vengeance. It was against his interest, however, to let any personal motive appear in the I. O. campaign, and having said so much inadvertently to Nora Blake, he bit off his words and frowned warningly as his good night.

She stood like stone exchanging looks with the family, then held her hands to their highest.

"Glory be!" she said. "Didn't you hear it? About the I. O. and the Blake family not going on the rocks." At her cue there was a rush, and they danced around the center table with joined hands. It did occur to Blakey to doubt Cole Shandon, but she reasoned, "Maybe it was not Cole, but good news, which seemed so queer to me."

II

WHEN General Manager Creighton turned back the lease at the next day's meeting he made an offer for the I. O. as so much rail, ties, and so on, and for the rolling stock.

"A junk-price offer, and yet you intend to operate the forty miles west of Oilwell," said one of the directors, a Chicago man.

"You have no market for the I. O. but the junk market," explained Creighton.

They paid him some rather bitter compliments and Creighton rose and put on his hat.

"Gentlemen," admitted the Chicago man, "there's no money in rust. We'll have to sell to Creighton or nobody. I move we take our loss without any more throwing of good time after bad money."

It was then that Ferguson said, "There is another offer."

"Who makes it?" frowned Creighton with sudden interest.

Ferguson opened the door and beckoned Cole, who came at once up to the table where the directors were seated.

"I will take over the I. O. on a quit claim for ten years; 10 per cent of my profits to be used in betterment and extending east and south to the Mississippi bridge gateway. At the end of the tenth year I am to have the option of purchase at a price that will be automatically fixed by considering the profit of the tenth year as 4 per cent of such price."

"I don't know who you are or who you represent," said the Chicago man.

"He is a nobody—clerk to the superintendent here," interrupted Creighton at last, doubting Cole's credentials.

The Chicago man took a letter from Cole's hand, glanced at it.

"Suppose we make it an option on the stock?"

Cole laughed. "The stock represents ten times the value of the road at a physical inventory. This I. O. is really worth nothing; I'll make it worth something and build an eighty-mile extension or sink ——" He pointed at the letter in the director's hand.

"Eight hundred thousand dollars," announced the latter, passing the bank credit for inspection. Creighton's raw-boned figure straightened with the shock.

"Now you have my proposition," said Cole. "I'll put up no guaranty bond or money. I'll either keep your road alive or sink my fortune. Take your choice between me and the junk buyer, Mr. Creighton."

"We'll consult ——"

"You're not a jury with evidence to sift of contradictions," said Cole. "Here the evidence is all my way. You'll either answer me now, like men of sense, or you'll do business with somebody else."

"Gentlemen, I will have another proposal. Give me time to get in touch with Mr. Allison."

"You've made your bid, Creighton; it was an insult," said Ferguson bluntly. "I move acceptance of the Shandon offer."

"The contract must be drawn up by attorneys," reminded the Chicago man; but Cole had come to the meeting with the typed contract, drawn up by the St. Louis firm who had before the leasing to the G. M. acted as general attorneys for the I. O. He had a representative of the firm in waiting, called him in.

Ferguson was the first director to sign, the Chicago man second; they all owned land or town property along the line and had a chance of marketing it as long as trains were running. It would be so much salvaged from the general wreck.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," said Cole as the last signature was affixed, "if I crowd you, but a committee of roadmen meets here on a settlement of wage schedules. Stay as visitors if you want to." In his manner was no bid for moral support.

Creighton laughed dourly. "If you don't mind, Mister President of the I. O. ——"

"Not president. Owner!" corrected Cole. "Owner of the business known as the I. O. Railroad. Very glad to have you as a visitor, sir." He opened the door and called down the hall, "Come on in, men; all set."

Creighton could not restrain comment. "Any wage settlement, except on the basis of the national agreement, between a railroad and the unions will be a revelation to me."

There was a wintry light in Cole's gray eye, rolled at Creighton.

"By the way, sir, I remind you of your statement before Mr. Ferguson last night, and make demand on you for delivery without delay or legal process of one hundred

(Continued on Page 58)

Capitol Boilers

There are thousands of homes where the name Capitol is regarded as a definite symbol of care free, dependable heating service.

In these homes there is just one test of a boiler —one standard by which all heating systems must be judged. It is the Capitol trade mark.

Such united and fixed opinion is, of course, the greatest single asset of our company. It proves that we are serving friends instead of mere customers.

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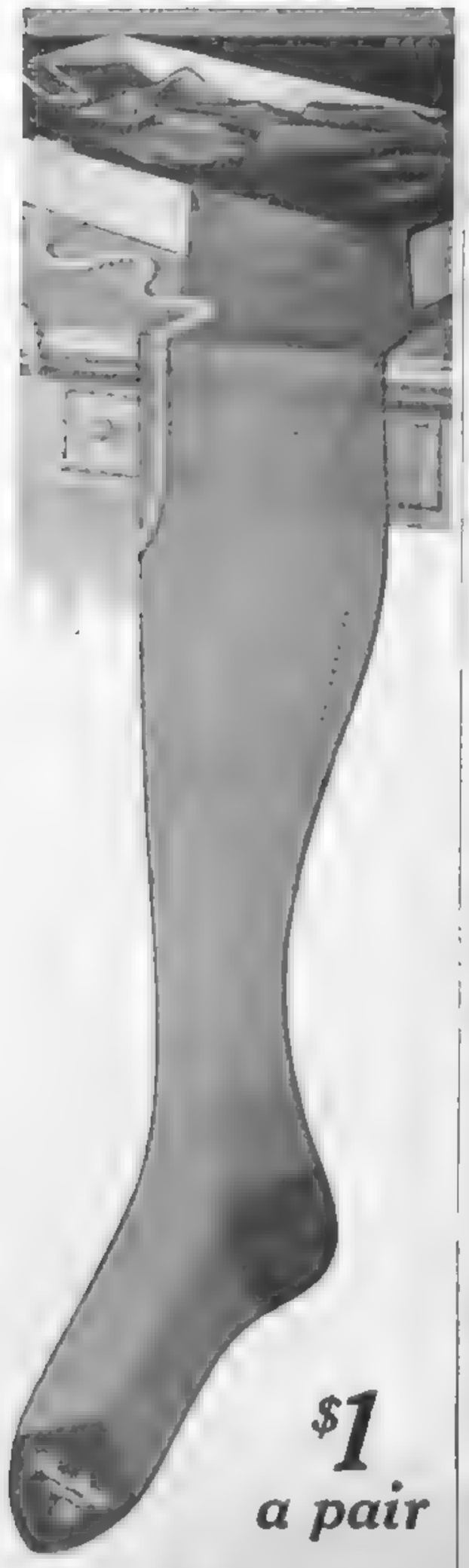

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(Continued from Page 56)

and forty I. O. cars and three I. O. locomotives."

The committee of roadmen, headed by Donovan, came in; Cole told them of the transfer of the road and the necessity of reducing expenses to a minimum if it was to be kept running till business picked up. Creighton smiled viciously.

"I figure if my capital is to last till it does pick up, wages all down the line will have to be cut 30 per cent," concluded Cole.

Donovan, thumbs under his coat lapels and balancing on his heels, said, "Sorry, Mr. Shandon; nothing doing."

Cole asked the men, and a grizzled engineer answered, "You know, Cole, that no matter what hardship is worked by it we've got to stand with our order."

"Most of you men own a home or land on the line," said Cole, "and will have to give it away and start hunting jobs over the country. I wonder if you're right in making this sacrifice to your order instead of sacrificing the order to the necessities of the business that supports you. But what I wonder has no bearing on the settlement. Will you men, to keep this business going, lend to the business monthly one-third of your wages, to be repaid with 4 per cent interest from first profits?"

"Where are you going to get the profits, Cole? The business ain't here."

"I'm risking all the fortune my father left me—close to a million dollars—in the belief that this road can be made to pay."

"You mean to pay 30 per cent of the wages in scrip?" said Donovan. "But that in its immediate effect is a 30 per cent reduction in wages."

"I am not trying to arrive at a strike and total loss, but at a settlement and gain for everybody," said Cole. "Mr. Ferguson, as a citizen of this community, what do you offer in solution of this wage question, which in an hour threatens to stop every train and throw the road into the hands of the junkman?"

"What do you want me to say, Shandon?" asked Ferguson. "That we people along this road will man it and run it for you, strike or no strike?" The men muttered at Ferguson, who glowered back. "You fellows want to save your wage scale," he said. "Well, I want to save my property. Let's make it a show-down."

"The fact is that the case is a three-cornered one," said Cole informatively, "each of us three men being a representative of one of the three great blocs, the public, the employer and the wage man. These are big forces grinding at each other, grinding up individuals. Hanged if I'm going to be ground up. Anyway, if we had a strike the union men on our only connection, the G. M., wouldn't handle our freight. Isn't that so, Mr. Creighton?"

"You can ask Donovan that."

"Hang Donovan," said Cole not ill-humoredly. "Now, men, we've agreed that you're not going to have any jobs, I'm not going to have any railroad, and the public is the only one to get anything—what it usually gets; I'm not a profane man, but you know what it is. And yet it strikes me forcibly that there ought to be some way out. Tell me, Kearney"—to the grizzled engineer who had answered before—"has Donovan or any chief of your brotherhood authority over your private expenditures or investments?"

"They have not."

"Do you want to invest with me in this business?"

"Cole, I'll stake you—30 per cent of the wages."

"Remember, I'm staking you fellows with a million. Speak up. Listen!" The whistle of the incoming passenger was heard at the yard limit. "Wait a minute, Dawes." He rose, laying his hand on the shoulder of the dispatcher, who had broken through the crowded room. "Answer! Shall that train go on? Or whistle never more be heard along the I. O.?"

Donovan, who was not an engineer, nevertheless threatened Kearney with expulsion; the latter did not argue with him but told his fellow committeemen of the various orders, "This is a private matter; the lodge has nothing to say. When I get my pay check I'll invest it as I please."

The others, who had been hopeless of the situation, asserted the same right vigorously.

"Quiet a minute," said Cole. "Now I depend on you men to line up the rest. You'll all be able to live and hold on here; and if you don't get back your invested money with interest it will be because I go broke. All right, Dawes; give No. 2 her orders."

He nodded to the men passing out, and the members of the earlier conference said good-by, realizing they had witnessed something extraordinary, as if young Shandon had added a foot to his own stature.

Ferguson tarried to have a laugh at Creighton, and Cole asked, "Do you still wish me to buy your stock, which will be worth nothing for ten years?"

Ferguson took the thousand dollars from his pocket and tendered it. "You're playing our game in this territory," he said, "and I'll not claim the forfeit."

Cole refused the money. "You earned a retainer for calling me in and committing yourself to my project promptly." And as the other persisted, "Well, suppose you make that thousand the initial subscription to a public fund for a forty-mile spur line from Riverbank, our present eastern terminus, to the northward."

"But your contract with us reads that you will extend southeast."

"That will happen in time."

Nora Blake came to the door to offer congratulations, having heard the great news from Dawes, but Cole interrupted:

"Nora, bring us that Great Basin map on the wall in yonder."

She was back in a moment and Cole spreading the map on his desk had her hold up one end of it.

The Great Basin Railroad System covered the vast region to the north, and Cole leaned over with poised lead pencil illustrating his talk to Ferguson.

"Apparently the nearest point on the Great Basin is two hundred miles north of Riverbank. But the fact is that the Basin System is now actually building this long-projected line marked in red to the iron deposits forty miles north of Riverbank. I will set aside fifty thousand to build a connecting link giving us direct service to St. Louis and Chicago."

"I subscribe this thousand and a thousand more," said Ferguson. "But I know that one hundred thousand will not be enough at the present price of iron and timber, even if labor should be volunteered."

"The western terminus of our road is the town of Oilwell," said Cole. "You remember that little wildcat road which rambles out of Oilwell over the prairies? It was a stock-jobbing promotion which is lately up at auction to be junked. There are a number of those wildcat roads scattered about. Well, I have an option on this particular one, and will take up forty miles of its useless track to lay down again between Riverbank and the Great Basin connection."

"But that will leave about two hundred miles of that wildcat on your hands."

"Yes—running through the territory of the Gulf Midwestern to the very heart of the grain and oil belt."

"Ugh!" grunted Ferguson as if struck a blow in the solar plexus.

"And the wildcat line didn't cost me a cent in cash. I got control on the same basis as I secured this line."

"The idea is on a big scale," admitted Ferguson, "but even with your own line from wheat and oil to the big markets in connection with the Basin you can't compete with the G. M. in that territory. Their service is too good; they're too strong for you in every way."

"They will not be competitors," assured Cole, "for the freight I solicit."

"How is that?"

Cole, who had been leading his companion to comment on these projects, approved still further Ferguson's solidity of character and sense. He answered, "The man who as my manager is willing to stake his time and life and limb and personal liberty in this fight against legal forms and powerful enemies can be taken into full confidence."

"Me a general manager! I'm a storekeeper."

"I'll put you on my pay roll at a three-thousand cash salary, and three thousand scrip to be paid out of first profits. You're to take surveyors and secure right of way for that connecting link northward; you're to help Varden raise fifty thousand from the local public. You will boss the construction bosses building the link, and handle the malcontents of my wage system. Can you do that much?"

"Sure I can do it. But what do I know of train service?"

"One hundred per cent less than Creighton and Allison; but what do they know of railroading?"

"I sign."

Blakey's eyes beamed brightly on this fellow patriot. Cole neither on this occasion nor ever thought to exclude the girl from his councils; she was as much a part of the I. O. as the roundhouse. There never was a sentimental reason for confiding in her. If Cole ever thought of a woman she was no other than Barbara Allison, whose haughty beauty was sometimes remembered with a peculiar resented interest akin to hatred.

Having settled a business matter Cole dropped it and seized on the next with that impatience of revenge which made his campaign a march and a battle from its inception.

"Have Dawes order out a road engine and switching crew, Nora," he ordered; and to Ferguson as she ran out: "We are bound for Oilwell after our three locomotives, which are supposed to be there in the repair shop. Of course they are not, but actually appropriated and in G. M. service. We will demand them of the roundhouse foreman, cloud the issue, then being informed they are out, couple up to everything empty we can pull out of the yards. An engine or two if we can get them, passenger coaches—there's always a lot of equipment there."

"You have the head all right," admitted Ferguson, "if somebody doesn't knock it off." He added after a moment's reflection, "Hadn't we better take a fighting detail along to handle the G. M. yardman?"

"We will find them not at all averse to our hauling away the whole yard," said Cole. "McConn, the night yardmaster, is strictly opposed to engaging in any service not assigned him by the national agreement. Take this and post copies in the dispatcher's office and depot."

He wrote with his pen on a letterhead:

All Employes: David Ferguson to represent me in authority as General Manager in every department until further notice.

COLE SHANDON.

Ferguson took the bulletin without comment and nailed copies to the wall in the dispatcher's office and depot. Within thirty minutes they had orders and a clear line to Oilwell, and seated in the cab by the engineer David was taking his first lesson in driving a locomotive. Cole Shandon identified himself with the locomotive from the first, making the cab his private car in his inspections; he knew what he was about when breaking in his new general manager.

Awaiting the result of this raid, celebrated locally, Dawes the dispatcher paced the floor and waved his hands till exhausted; his one cry was that Cole was going to bite off a charge of dynamite. Nora handled the wires, made a ticket report, and posted time tickets.

"You'll see," prophesied Dawes, irritated by her calm, but she observed that Cole had been eating dynamite all day. Dawes went home to dinner, and returned two hours later triumphantly:

"Creighton up at the hotel had a phone from Oilwell. Cole and Ferguson just left there with a drag of forty cars and coaches and a mogul. Creighton is after an attachment and a warrant. I'll have Cole flagged and warn him."

Nora Blake put her hand over the key and pushed him back. "Flag Cole Shandon! It would be the last wire you'd ever send on this line! He's the first man of the I. O. who ever dared Creighton; now let them meet head-on and see who gets the worst of it."

Dawes studied her, startled, listened. Far down the line was heard the barytone whoop of the stolen mogul.

"It'll never take the trestle at yard limits!" cried Dawes, running to the window. "Creighton ordered ten miles an hour there for our little teakettles six months ago."

Here they came, the towering mogul ahead of the little I. O. locomotive, tossing a mane of gray. It had in fact been discovered with steam up in its stall at Oilwell, and upon the roundhouse foreman closing the doors Cole had taken it out through a storm of splinters. The pilot was smashed, stack askew, and from its whistle sprang a jet of steam as with a final bellow it took the trestle with a double roll, and led its long train up to the station.

Cole dropped from the cab, his face grimy, blood smeared, and was striding for the station stairs when Creighton and a constable flashing his revolver ran out before him.

(Continued on Page 60)

IN 1869 WHEN WESTERN ELECTRIC STARTED BUSINESS

The only Clothes Washer backed by 54 years' electrical experience

THERE is one important feature about the Western Electric Clothes Washer that you can get with no other machine—a guarantee backed by a company with 54 years' reputation.

You can depend on your Western Electric Washer to work right because it was built right. Engineers who know their business took care of that.

Week after week, for years of service, this Clothes Washer will make the hardest task in your housework easy. Your whole week's wash in an hour or so—think of it! And that means everything, from woolen blankets and rag rugs to your daintiest georgette waists and silk underthings. Table linen, towels and other "everyday" articles, of course—and all with a thoroughness that will delight you.

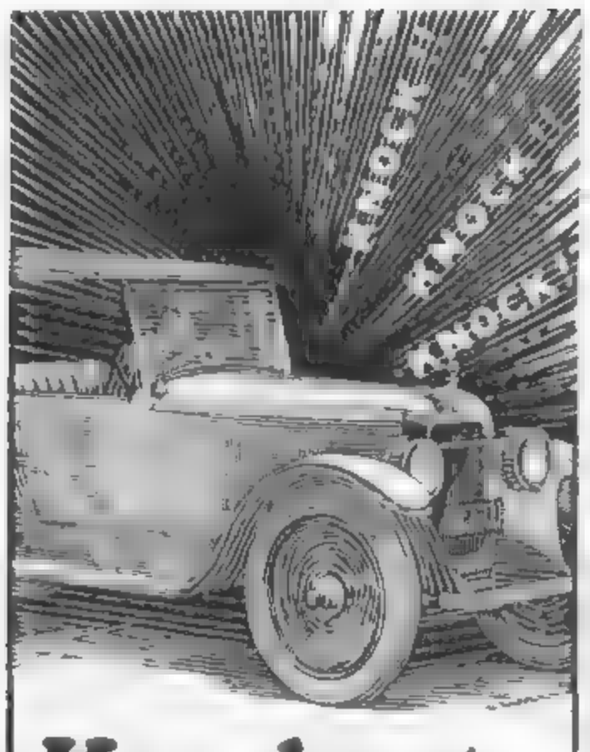
But thoroughness is only one of the many advantages of the Western Electric method of washing. Because it is gentle with the clothes, because it cleans by forcing water through the fabric, it makes clothes last longer.

But check all this up yourself. Before next washday go to your Western Electric dealer, or write us for his name and address. He will be glad to send a washer to your home for trial. It will make good, all right.

Send for Booklet
"The Eight Hour Day in the Home." Write for your copy to the Western Electric Company, 116 Fulton St., New York

Western Electric

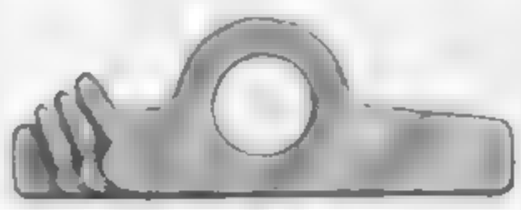
Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment



Knockout the Knock

When the motor bearings of your automobile wear out or burn out, it is too late to do anything but pay the bill. The wise owner will see that he always has plenty of oil and will have his bearings carefully adjusted at least once a year. The right way to "knock out the bearing knock" is to prevent it. Have the bearings properly adjusted and see that the repairman uses Laminated Shims.

Ask Your Repairman



Find a repairman whose judgment you trust and stick to him. He will tell you that your bearings in particular, need careful adjustment at least once a year. With Laminated Shims, those necessary pieces of metal which peel, he can take up the wear in bearings quickly and accurately to the thousandth of an inch, at a very reasonable cost. The way to keep down your bills is to keep your car in shape instead of repairing it after the damage is done.

Send for Booklet

If you are really interested in keeping your car always in proper shape, send for this little booklet. It contains some mighty interesting and valuable information on bearings and their adjustment.

LAMINATED SHIM COMPANY, Inc.
205 14th Street
LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

Detroit: Dime Bank Building
St. Louis: Mazura Mfg. Co.

LAMINUM

(Continued from Page 58)

The big bony general manager of the G. M. shook his fist. "Arrest that robber!"

Cole wrested the revolver from the officer and went up to his enemy. "Creighton, you can't convict me of running off G. M. equipment. You must know that under the lease the I. O. is a part of your own system till midnight. But if you insist on bluff I'll have to counterbluff. And if you are arrested here and now for the running off of I. O. rolling stock against the plain terms of your lease you'll land in jail, because no man in this town will go your bail."

Creighton, long in authority and used to carrying his policies with a high hand and immunity from threat, glared, speechless.

"You've wanted a show-down; you've got it. What are you going to do? Hurry up." He turned to Ferguson, who had stepped after with lowered head and doubled fists. "We can't be delayed by this nonsense," Cole told him. "Our trains will be without terminal facilities in Oilwell after midnight. Dave, take a track gang and lay a switch where our line crosses the wildcat so we can get into its depot." He called up to the dispatcher at a window, "Dawes, have the numbers of this Midwestern equipment taken and reported to the G. M. as in our possession. Notify the G. M. that all business for us is to be delivered at the wildcat wye."

He went upstairs and called in Nora to take some messages.

In twenty minutes all the principals in the scene had vanished from the platform, where around a corner and out of sight from Cole's window a group of yardmen and citizens discussed in awed tones this Colossus who had risen up in the obscure stenographer's shoes since yesterday.

Mr. Varden, listening a moment with accustomed reserve at the edge of the group, presently went up into Cole's office. There he found Donovan, who was expressing his laughing congratulations to this rough-shod, climbing young man. If Cole would sign the regular agreement, said Donovan, the question of part payment of wages in scrip would be carried to the supreme council before any strike order was issued.

"Surely I'll sign," agreed Cole, "in the belief that my arrangement with the men does not constitute a violation."

"I have a word for your private ear."

"Mr. Varden has my confidence," said Cole. "Miss Blake is acting as my secretary."

Donovan spoke three names. "Cranks!" he said. "Soreheads! You find them in every brotherhood lodge. I'm trying to save this railroad for the sake of the jobs, but these three men will agitate for an outlaw strike, expecting to coerce the supreme council."

"Why didn't you thank that gentleman for warning you?" asked Varden dryly as Donovan went out.

"For sicking me on three of his brotherhood malcontents whom he hates worse than I do?"

"You have made one powerful enemy today by your rashness."

"I will soon have so many that one more won't make any difference."

There was to the banker something profane in this young man's attitude toward law and order and conservative men. "I m sorry I betrayed Ferguson into your influence," he said. "I should never have yielded my proxy had I foreseen such a revolutionary policy."

"Bah, Varden! It is not the policy that is revolutionary, but the tactics. You will help raise the bonus to support my policy. Nora, show Mr. Varden our Basin System map and repeat the conversation with Dave Ferguson. I'm going uptown to get quarters at the hotel."

Blakey smiled at Varden's absorption over the map; her knees ached and she was pale with a recurring giddiness, for she had been unceasingly busy all day, without stopping to eat. But remembering that tall blond Berserk, the personifying genius of the staunch and maligned I. O., coming up the platform with his high head and grime and blood smear, the battered mogul gliding and stopping at his heels—remembering Cole thus, Blakey's soft scarlet lips compressed grimly, she wrenched back the drooping shoulders, defying fatigue and hunger while expounding the policy which would link up her home town and territory with the markets of the world.

Varden after close attention spoke only five words—"We can't carry heavy engines"—and went home satisfied.

A terrific qualm smote under the blue smock. Blakey could not honestly deny the I. O.'s inability to hold up the giants of the rail. To be sure, Cole at the risk of his life had brought the mogul over the forty miles from Oilwell. But the G. M. had always intended to buy and operate this section, and so kept it in better repair than the rest. Blakey brushed the cobwebs from her eyes, tightened her belt, and unrolling the map deliberately nailed it to the wall beside Cole's desk. Then she set herself to typing bulletins till the lord of the I. O. should return.

About eight o'clock, after a hearty, leisurely dinner, Cole returned, and she repeated Mr. Varden's doubt.

"My father built this line," said Cole curtly, and, sweeping the correspondence on his desk together, "I haven't time or patience for formal dictation," he said. "I'll note down the leads, and you can word the answers in your own way."

He began tossing letters at her across the desk and Nora typed till eleven o'clock.

III

COLE reëmployed the treasurer and auditor who had been with the I. O. before its leasing, and kept Weeks, the old superintendent. With the direct operating of the line off his mind he turned to the traffic policy and building of the link. Fast work was necessary to save the I. O. and his fortune, but Cole never had the appearance of driving.

He ran two daily passenger trains each way from Riverbank, the eastern terminus of the I. O., to Wheatland, the western terminus of the wildcat. The latter, now known as the West End, had, like many stock-jobber railroads, built bigger and better repair shops at Oilwell than they were ever to need, for the purpose of impressing investors; Cole now put the whole works into commission. He set Ferguson at tearing up a useless branch line of fifteen miles; built a cut-off which gave him twenty-five more, and tore up spurs and storage sidings. He started fifty miles of rails and ties thus accumulated for Riverbank, which was to be head of construction for the link to the Great Basin System.

In retaliation for his raid on their night yard the G. M. delayed delivery of merchandise consigned to I. O. points, but Cole went into Creighton's office with a wire written out to the Federal Railroad Board and settled that point.

During the summer he pushed his plans far enough to carry his proposal for a traffic agreement to the officials of the Great Basin, and met them in Chicago. They were astounded and secretly delighted at the prospect of making an east-and-west connection into the very heart of Gulf Midwestern territory, but shook their heads after a moment's discussion.

"It looks promising on the map," said the general traffic manager, "and we can in fact turn some business to you. But you must know that, surrounded, meshed in by the G. M. lines with their fast service, their facilities, the pull they have down there, you can't secure business against them!"

"We'll be as short into St. Louis, and only a few hours longer into Chicago," returned Cole, pathetically hopeful. "We'll get some business, particularly at harvest time when power and cars are short; your share of the proceeds will all be velvet. And from now on increases will be hard to show. I want," he concluded, "a ten-year agreement, eighty-twenty into St. Louis, seventy-thirty into Chicago. I'll build the connecting link and do the switching at the junction."

The Great Basin risked nothing and had everything to gain, so the agreement was easily negotiated.

Afterward Cole had the Great Basin traffic manager introduce him to stock, grain and oil buyers he was in touch with. "I want to know where my grain shippers can market best," he explained to them, which caused smiles at the expense of the amateur railroad promoter. "And I may get a cattle or an oil shipment occasionally."

"When you get a tankful away from the G. M. we'll drink it," laughed the traffic manager. But Cole was not discouraged and went to St. Louis, Cleveland and even New York to talk up a market for oil and grain via the I. O. He did in fact sell sixty cars of the hard red apples raised in the hill country, to be delivered by Christmas. The marketing of these apples was an argument that brought up the bonus for the link construction to one hundred thousand dollars.

Ferguson, in spite of his quick intelligence, could not be expected to grasp the technic of construction in time to make his knowledge useful. But he had a genial, stubborn talent for handling men and, living in the camps, drove the veteran constructive foreman unremittingly. Cole put it up to him to make the apple delivery on time, and hundreds of men and boys came not only to look on but to help as Dave drove his railhead through the winter storms toward Basin Junction. That whole zone of territory along the I. O. was staking Cole Shandon as their one hope against impoverishment. He had already accomplished so much that most of them refused to ask themselves where the freight was coming from which was to pay the way of the I. O. But the more thoughtful conservative men like Varden knew that the scanty local revenue of the half-developed country would not suffice, and hedged on the bonus money they were obliged to contribute by selling what property holdings they could to the few unsophisticated outsiders who drifted in.

The G. M. people laughed at Cole and his toy railroad when he began soliciting business in the grain, oil and cattle country at the West End. However, the link was connected with the Great Basin on December twenty-first and all the populace along the line prepared for a Christmas celebration of the first movement of the Uplift apple direct to New York. The I. O. was in order from end to end, roadbed reënforced, bridges repaired; and every east-district siding was filled with coal loaded at the neglected pits near Elm. The Basin, to help out its ally, had taken the entire output, which could never be very heavy.

On the night of the twenty-first, Nora Blake, having met the west-bound passenger at 9:30, closed her ticket office and stood a moment by the hot stove in the darkened waiting room, bundling herself in cloak and scarf against the sleety north wind. She glanced through the window at the signal lanterns of the crew down the yard and the steady beam from the switch shanty window. Every man was working his head off to put the I. O. on the map, and she was proud of them and envious of their very hardships. That is, nearly every man was doing so; but when she saw a skulking figure cross the deserted platform and enter the oil shanty she remembered the two or three malcontents and started upstairs to notify the dispatcher.

It was Ferguson who went down to investigate, with Blakey at his heels. They found the shanty closed and apparently nothing disturbed inside. So, accused laughingly of giving a false alarm, she went on home, but once there in the cozy sitting room she walked about without removing her cloak.

"That man meant mischief," she said, "and he did go into the shanty."

Suddenly she thought of the roadmaster's velocipede car, which was usually derailed at the shanty. "It was gone," she said, and turned back into the wintry night to run all the six squares to the station. Within a hundred yards she heard the grunt of an exhaust and saw Engine 25 roll up the yard.

Now Engine 25 was the mogul raided by Cole from the Gulf Midwestern, which during all this time had been awaiting parts and repairs. Neither the public nor roadmen had the idea that it would be tried in service on the I. O., until Cole ordered it ready for this night of the twenty-first. Beginning to feel the need of more bonus money, Cole had resolved to drive the big locomotive the length of the line and over the new link to Basin Junction, as a grand parade of the stability of his slandered railroad. There had been misgivings, and downright remonstrances from the dispatcher's office and the roundhouse, and Dave Ferguson, who had volunteered to fire for Cole, secretly put his worldly affairs in order. Even Blakey with her blind confidence in Cole's judgment was frightened. And now, increasing the dangers of the run, she saw some malcontent stealing out ahead of the 25 on the roadmaster's car.

Dawes, peacefully counting his I. O. scrip while waiting relief at midnight, looked up amazed at the disheveled form which burst in the door and threw itself on the telephone.

At sharp 10:30 the 25 had started, Cole at the lever and Dave at the firebox with his shovel. They topped the first grade

(Continued on Page 62)

Where was your office towel last week?

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty-Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

You never question a ScotTissue Towel. You never wonder who used it last—or how long it has been on the rack or what else it was washed with—or whether it is damp or dry.

You *know* that every ScotTissue Towel you reach for is fresh, clean, individual—that it is dry, thirsty, soft—that you are the only one to use it—that you can wash your hands or face as often as you wish, and *always* have a fresh towel.

Especially in warm weather, will you enjoy the refreshing, cooling, comforting feel of these quick-drying Thirsty Fibres—found only in ScotTissue Towels.

Whether you buy towels for your personal use or whether you buy them in larger quantities for the use of others, you will find ScotTissue prices as attractive as you find the towels comfortable and pleasant to use.

Send us your order or write us for price per carton of 150 towels or per case of 25 cartons (3750 towels). Less in larger quantities of 5, 10 and 25 case shipments. If you need fixtures we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

© 1923 S. P. Co

His neighbors laughed —but he hung on

The neighbors of Daniel Peter decided he was wasting his time and throwing away his money. "Spends *all* his time puttering in his kitchen," they said. And they scoffed at him and made derisive remarks about "dreamers" and "spendthrifts" and predicted starvation for the whole Peter family.

But Daniel Peter was a persistent fellow—an artist in his way. He had a one-idea mind—the rain-or-shine, one-track mind of genius. He hung on.

And his persistence gave to the world *milk chocolate*—one of the most popular and nourishing food-confections ever worked out.

More important still, Peter continued collecting and testing and blending the choicest cocoa beans until he had perfected his blend—the *Peter's blend*—the same fine blend that has been the favorite of millions for over 50 years.

It's a secret process, this *Peter's blend*. Only experienced foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods have charge of the work. And only in *Peter's* do you get this fine, rare flavor.

If you haven't tried *Peter's* Milk Chocolate, you should. It's different—distinctive—*good*. You'll like it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.

Of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans throughout the world, only the six choicest go into Peter's

plain, almond bars & croquettes

(Continued from Page 60)

five miles out and Cole reduced speed to twenty miles, wishing to get the feel of the low trestle beyond, which spanned a shallow ravine.

Topping the grade he saw a flare just beyond the bridge, extinguished an instant and then lighting again. It seemed to be closer, and he shut off power and dropped his brakes as the headlight picked up a man running toward them. In spite of the signal and his ready response, momentum carried the 25 to the end of the bridge; the pilot forged over, a last half revolution of the slipping drivers brought a lurch. The two occupants of the cab, already in the gangways, jumped as the structure buckled, and landed safely on the embankment. The 25 turned a somersault. At the bottom of the ravine they met the farmer who had met them with the flare. He had received a telephone at his house near the right of way to flag and notify Cole of the stealing of the velocipede.

"It was a woman," he said, and Ferguson nodded.

"Blakey! Always on duty."

"So are we all," reminded Cole. He examined the trestle and found several supports which had evidently been chopped with an ax. "Of course it had to be the mogul," he thought. "Good-by, bonus!"

"Hard luck," said the farmer, "and the road all ready for the link opening tomorrow."

"Nobody can hold up the act of God or the devil," said Cole, "but we can beat it to results. Dave, telephone Dawes to have the wrecker here in less than an hour. And if the foreman likes his job he must have this culvert holding up trains at daylight."

While Dave was gone with the farmer Cole searched back along the line and found the hand car, which they later carried across the ravine and drove to a freight-division point forty miles farther.

Next day at Basin Junction they watched the bunting-bedecked apple train in and out—six refrigerator cars, all that the I. O. had in its custody. The first coal also arrived from the storage sidings. But it was not till the following morning that the West End began to be heard from, and a whoop of victory went up from Elm to Basin Junction.

"How did you steal it?" gasped Dave, as a solid tank train and then a cattle train rolled into the Basin Junction yard and were promptly taken from the wye by the waiting Basin locomotives. Dave and all the east end had been kept in the dark concerning these shipments, for nobody knew better than Cole the value of dramatics in promoting. Even the officials of the Great Basin System, skeptical of the value of the I. O. connection till then, wired congratulations to Cole on receipt of this high-grade and remunerative freight.

"You look after business here at the gateway till it's moving smoothly," Cole instructed Ferguson. "Then make Elm permanent headquarters. Use the experience of Weeks and Dawes, and break in."

That evening he started to West End territory, to visit all grain elevators, tank farms and mercantile firms. But at Elm he received a wire requesting him to confer with Creighton on restoring the equipment which each line had purloined from the other.

He instructed Nora Blake: "Answer I'll be in Oilwell tomorrow morning."

If Nora, who courted duty for duty's sake, did not wish to be thanked for saving his bones in the wreck of the 25, she was not disappointed. Cole neglected to mention it, for he was himself a zealot to duty.

Cole studied the statement of receipts and disbursements from the treasurer which Nora laid before him; six hundred thousand dollars of his individual fortune had been used to date in building, repairing and operating; and one hundred thousand bonus money. He had remaining cash in hand about two hundred thousand, and in bonds—the entire remainder of the fortune accumulated by his father—five hundred and fifty thousand.

"And six months to the harvest," he reflected. He felt a cold vibration along his nerves. "I shall need every dollar of that for a soliciting fund," he thought. "The I. O. must pay its way from this date."

He took a locomotive west, debating the clean-up end of the campaign and giving little thought to the Oilwell conference for the exchange of equipment.

Arriving there next morning, at the first office hour he walked up the yard from the I. O. crossing, his famous traveling bag, big as a steamer trunk, swung in his two fingers. Just before reaching the Gulf Midwestern headquarters he came on a handsome private car, and smiled cynically at the expensive vanity of some Midwestern potentate who would squander a hundred thousand on mahogany and brass and varnish. Shandon was riding in a cab and every hard-saved dollar of revenue went into wages, oak and iron; he had a moment's keen enjoyment at the thought of his lean and hungry railroad raiding out into the domain of these opulent lords of transportation.

A young woman in a light steel-blue wrap was on the observation end of the car, looking at him directly. He recognized her as Barbara Allison; no other woman in Cole's memory had her distinction and beauty, and emerging from the miniature palace of the car she stood astonishingly fair in the shade of a distant column of smoke from a standing locomotive. An orange ray of the morning sun pierced the smoke and transmuted her hair to gold, her skin to alabaster, as if, undazzled by the light which beat upon her, she stood, the liege lady of this turbulent industrial domain, looking steadily at Shandon as he came up and passed. Her wide blue eyes were not lighted with recognition, her face expressionless, unless the mere haughty consciousness of beauty be called expression.

Cole's eyes unlowered and bright had encountered her own, and he passed with an intake of breath. Immediately entering the office, where four G. M. officials awaited him, he glanced vindictively at Allison, as if ready to repay him for that momentary admiration which his daughter compelled. To his surprise Barbara presently sauntered in after him and seated herself with a candid interest in the conference.

Creighton did not purpose that Cole should believe Allison's presence was otherwise than incidental.

"The president, on his way to Mexico, has permitted me to call you in for explanation while he is here for a day's inspection," he said.

Cole was prompt in his answer. "I bring with me a list of G. M. equipment in our possession, which will be returned when the I. O. cars and engines run off during your leasehold are set on our wye. There is no need of explanations."

"Why did you presume to use my name in first presenting yourself to Creighton?" demanded Allison.

"Have you forgotten we are acquainted? You will have occasion to recall it," replied Cole calmly.

Creighton began hastily, "Now, Mister I. O., you raided our yard and we let you get away with it because we were partly to blame. But you can't raid our traffic. We have information that you either cut rates or rebated to secure those cattle and oil shipments."

"Which charge do you make?" asked Cole. "Cut rate or rebate?"

Blair, the G. M. attorney, answered; he was a swarthy little man, with eager twitching face. "In legal form ——"

"Oh, if you wish to make a legal matter of it," interrupted Cole, "I will refer to my general counsel, when I appoint one." Cole realized that the great executive of the G. M. was not here merely by chance; already the I. O. was a subject of concern, as was proved by this array of talent, and he took a dangerous delight in baiting them.

The face of Creighton was one black scowl, but Allison, veteran of many a stormy conference, began to understand that he had a struggle in prospect. There had already been sharp criticism in his executive board for remissness in the I. O. transaction.

Blair, the attorney, grinned at Cole's answer, puzzled and wary; but the fifth member of the meeting, a traffic man, struck the arm of his chair, proclaiming, "It was rate cutting! I have it from the shipper inferentially."

"Oh, hearsay evidence! Mr. Blair will tell you it is not admissible," admonished Cole. "You must show the I. O. billing. If you wish to examine our records you know the process. It is interstate shipping; take your complaint to the Federal Board or court."

"Come, let's get together," said Allison conciliatingly. "We don't want any rumors, however unfounded, reaching the public that the G. M. has a competitor down here. The public is shy of railroad

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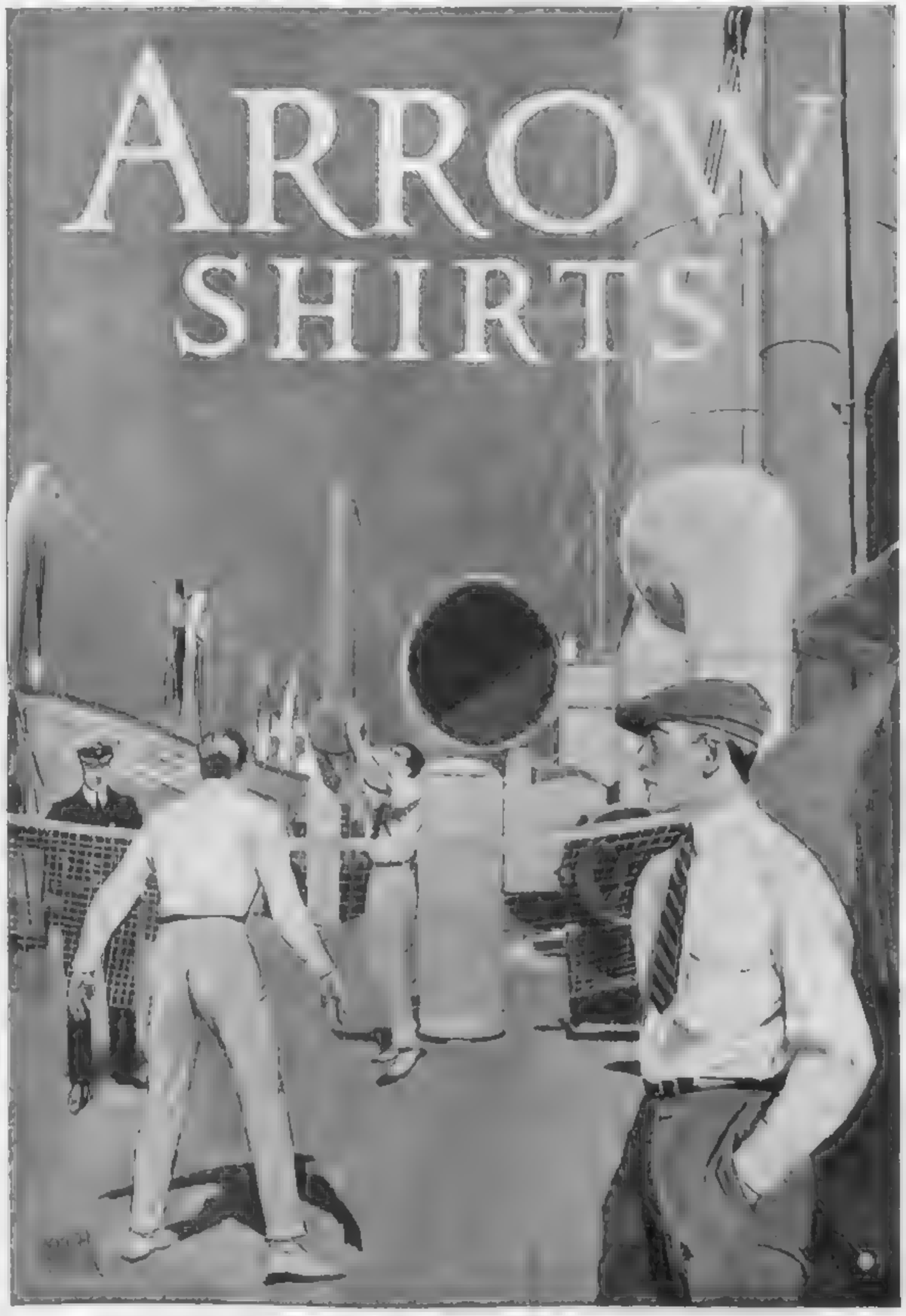
IT PAYS TO INSIST ON ARROWS



GORDON

This pure white Mercerized Oxford Shirt with collar attached has French cuffs or single cuffs with one button. The collar buttons at the tips and in the back and is made by the ARROW Collar Makers.

SPENCER

This pure white Mercerized Oxford Shirt has a pre-shrunk neckband and French cuffs. It is designed for wear with any type of separate collar.

ARROW SHIRTS

What is universally accepted as proper in dress finds its most correct expression, so far as it applies to shirts, in the "ARROW." There is a fitting shirt for every occasion, a shirt that is correct in style, made superbly and that will prove comfortable and satisfying in service.

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TRADE MARK

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How, then, will you wear it? With a Simmons Belt Chain, of course! This trim chain is just long enough to reach from belt to watch-pocket in a graceful curve. Its patent clasp locks securely around the belt. At your wish it slips off again—by the releasing of its strong but tiny clasp. Nothing could be neater, nothing could be safer for your watch.

This belt chain is as beautifully and as thoroughly made as all Simmons Chains. There is the same substantial shell of gold, Platinumgold or green gold drawn over a less expensive base metal. The same variety of link styles is at your disposal.

There are many popular designs—$2.50 to $5.

See the Simmons Belt Chain at your jeweler's.

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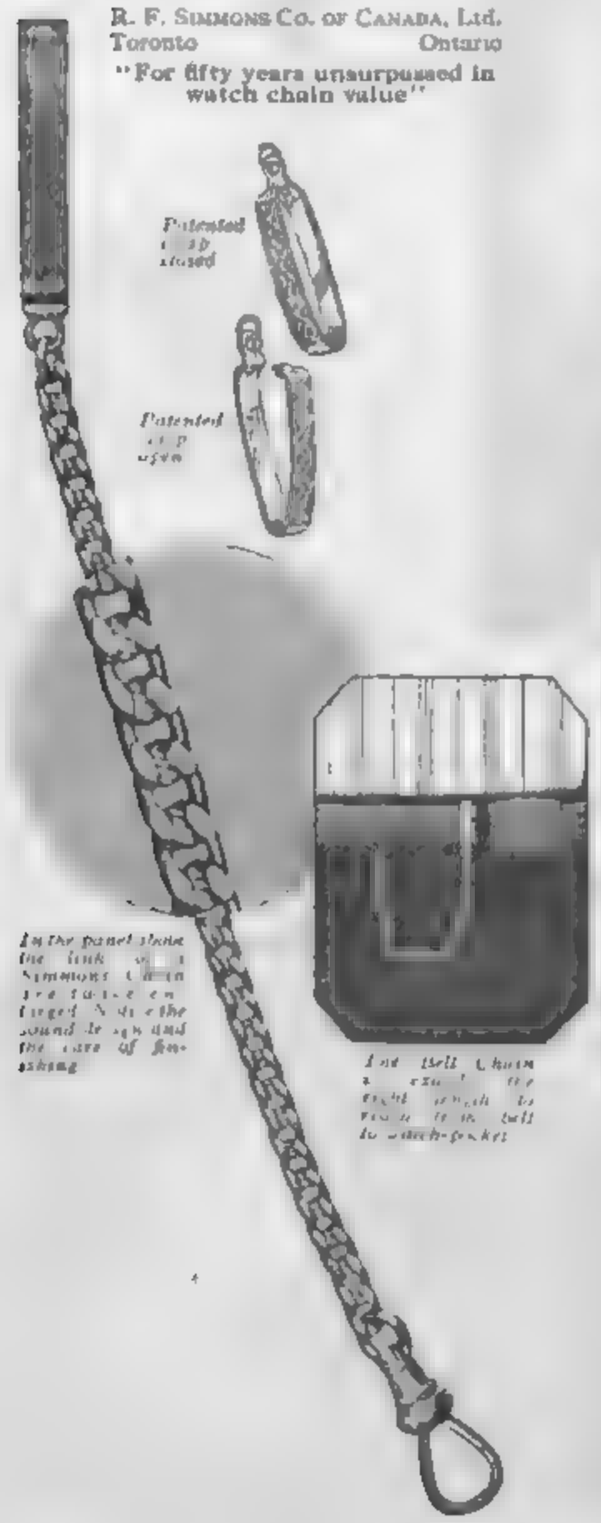

In the panel above the link of a Simmons Chain are shown enlarged. Note the sound design and the care of finishing

The Belt Chain a trifle longer than is necessary to reach from belt to watch-pocket

(Continued from Page 62)

stocks as it is. How much have you lost by the I. O. so far, Mr. Shandon?"

"There has been invested six hundred thousand of my own money and one hundred thousand public bonus."

"Well, we will see you in the clear. Of course if our stock did go off it would recover as soon as the I. O. died of innutrition. But meantime you would secure some of our business; in brief, it's better to buy you off now than to bother with you."

"I am not to be bought off; but three million five hundred thousand will buy me out. That is the sum Burke Shandon collected for building the I. O., and I have now made it as good as on the day he turned it over to the stockholders."

This announcement raised all but Allison out of their chairs; he only smiled wearily.

"Mr. Shandon, I know what your railroad will do. Even if you could secure through business in paying tonnage, which you cannot, you would practically have to rebuild at, say, ten thousand dollars a mile to hold it up."

"It is junk," laughed Creighton. "Look what happened when you tried to drive the mogul over it."

He said he had enjoyed the story of a wrecker chopping the bent of the trestle. Cole gave him an evil glance, and Allison observed hastily, "Whether you are actually getting business illegally, Mr. Shandon, or endeavoring to secure it legally, I trust Mr. Blair to show you that your position is absolutely untenable. He will call on you shortly at Elm."

As Cole walked out alone he was coolly joined by Barbara in the outer office.

"Don't you think your devotion rather fantastic to throw a million and a half away in trying out the I. O.? Its building was an obscure job, and your father's reputation does not depend on proving it as monumental as the building he did in the Northwest."

"So you have learned that? And also that I have a million and a half?" commented Cole.

Their shoulders brushed, almost pressed together; she glanced searchingly into his face.

"I have looked you up," she replied; "you are now an interesting figure."

"Upon the discovery that I have a million and a half?"

"Could you expect," she demanded levelly and with a trace of bitterness, "that I could afford an interest—otherwise?"

Cole with a smother in his breast was suddenly afraid of his enemy's daughter; he chose his words cautiously: "I'd respect myself very little to solicit an interest which was denied at a time I needed it."

"You mean while you stood in papa's office drying your eyes with the back of your hand. I was tired and bored that day. I am not always like that. And I have not been used to people who cry for their dead relatives in public."

She gave her trivial excuses as plain reasons why one had not shown sympathy. Yet she was honest, and Cole could not help a queer acknowledgment that Barbara for all her caste aloofness and stony beauty still felt the human touch.

"It is evident that your own devotion will never be fantastic," he said at the car platform, but not ill-humoredly.

She replied quickly and breathlessly as though involuntarily, "Who could tell what it might be!"

Cole turning away saw Allison observing them interestedly from the headquarters window.

As for Barbara, she stood on the observation platform of the car looking after Cole steadily, meditatively.

"I could marry Shandon," she told herself. "I ought to do it. I believe it will become necessary. And it is not impossible that I should be in love with him."

Cole made a five-day junket on the West End, covering grain elevators, tank farms and mercantile houses. He even canvassed several big ranches to give emphasis to a threat he made to certain elevator men.

"Not yourselves, but the ranches and farms are the source of grain shipping," he told the latter. "You progressives have, with some Federal aid, covered all this section with hard-surface highways. But do you reflect that those roads, which give the farmer quicker, cheaper transportation to your elevators, also enable me to go to him with ten-ton trucks as part of the I. O. common-carrier system, and bill his wheat through from the ranch granary to Chicago? Make any ranch house my freight-receiving station? The wheels of the I. O. do not stop at the rails' end."

His hearers were stupefied, but in a moment found the flaw in this system. The farmer wishes to sell cash down, not on consignment.

"There will not be wanting buyers at my shipping farms," said Cole significantly. "And the elimination of the middleman and his commission will begin; it is bound to come sometime, but why hasten it at your own expense?"

The elevator men consulted. They already knew Shandon for one of those organizing geniuses who several times in the history of the Central and South West had overnight knocked a dozen jerk-water lines into a system without regard to other interests that might get knocked on the head by the operation. They ended by agreeing to divide routing with the I. O.

During this trip Cole arranged to build several spurs to tank farms and elevators; he also added constructively to the mileage of his tiny system by contracting with a starving interurban to handle his cars to several of its local towns, at a switching charge. This in itself was all good business, yet his movements on this trip were only feints to cover that big-scale offensive on the Gulf Midwestern interest which had already brought him the threat of prosecution at the Oilwell meeting.

On his return to Elm, Cole found Dave Ferguson installed and taking lessons in train dispatching from Dawes; he had already picked up considerable telegraphy at the construction camp during the winter.

Cole referred to the Oilwell meeting only to say, "Creighton is already accusing me of cutting or rebating."

"He would," commented Ferguson.

"Well, he will be some months gathering evidence and haling me before a Federal commission." Cole outlined his soliciting policy to the trusty Ferguson, concluding: "The I. O. must pay its way with local freight and oil and cattle till we are well into the harvest. We'll have five thousand cars of wheat."

"If you expect me to believe that," said Ferguson with evident restraint, "I'll do it."

"It's up to you to believe we'll get what we're out for, and to help get it. Tell those mine operators we expect more than one car of ore a week." Cole never praised or canvassed his employes; yet he bound them to his interest by speaking of the I. O. organization as a commonwealth. "We will do," "We have done." Men worked hard to be included in that "we." Blakey gloried in it, the thrill never left her tired, indomitable body, of sharing that campaign for the I. O. and town and home. An inspiring figure of victory she should have been to Cole, with her tiptoeing tread and dusky upflung head if he had ever had any eyes for loyalty. And she was lovely in form and face, too, was Blakey; even the smock could not disguise the supple waist and straight limbs and high rounded breast. Her cheeks flushed and dark eyes glowed with a pride of her responsibilities when taking orders from the iron Cole; he had picked her as the handiest substitute for a secretary at the start, never thought of her except when he wanted her to do something, and as long as she did it well let her hold the job.

Cole was on the move the next three months—from the West End to Chicago, to St. Louis. In spite of the Gulf Midwestern's efforts oil and cattle continued to route via the I. O. Then one night, having appointed the date with Cole at the hotel, the G. M. attorney, Blair, stole into Elm. There for the last time he repeated his offer.

"In a word," he said, "Mr. Allison quits; the executive board of the Planet Trust, our holding company, is demanding that the I. O. business be settled. They blame him for remissness in letting you get hold of it, but are willing to see you in the clear, and also offer you the management of certain railroad properties."

Cole reiterated his former demand.

"That is out of reason, Shandon," assured the attorney. "Even if your road could stand up under the strain of big traffic till doomsday and you had the power to pull it, Allison would not dare suggest a three and a half million, or even one million purchase price. It would everlastingly ruin him. Listen. We have evidence that you are violating the state and interstate laws every day. We'll demand a hearing before the commission and prove our charges, and indict you in the Federal court and send you to jail with the loss of your road and your money." Blair's voice shook and his eyes blazed threateningly. "So help me!" he finished, and Cole knew he meant to rescue Allison if possible.

He answered dryly, "I'll risk the loss and the jail."

"Well, our business is ended; you have had your fling and will pay for it," said Blair.

Cole accompanied his visitor from the hotel to the station and saw him aboard the westbound. Neither of them desired publicity in these negotiations for the transfer of the lease to the Gulf Midwestern.

Blair, in spite of Cole's ultimatum, gave him three weeks to think it over; then a Federal inspector appeared and it somehow became rumored at Elm and through all east-end territory that the examination of I. O. records showed numerous violations of the interstate-commerce laws. Varden warned Cole solemnly, but Ferguson said of Varden, "The old croaker; as if a man can live by law alone!"

He was in the headquarters office one mid-May night, and Blakey, ticket clerk, operator, secretary, came up for an hour's typing after the 9:30 west.

"Jail it is, Blakey, for all of us," said Dave.

"I'll go if I must," said Blakey resolutely, not doubting him.

Dawes, busy with a train order in the next room, shouted, "E. L. call, Blakey; take it for me."

In a moment Nora came back with a wire to Cole from the chairman of the Federal Commission, dated Chicago.

Arrange for hearing rebate charges against you, Basin Junction, 10 A.M., 15th.

"The show-down! But why Basin Junction?" said Ferguson.

"To impress on the Great Basin people that they're implicated in our felonies and must repudiate their agreement with the I. O." replied Cole, writing briskly. "Here, Nora, send this answer." He nodded good night to Dave, who went out cocking his hat jauntily.

But however encouraging Dave found his chief's calm in the shadow of judgment, he reflected, "The Midwestern, the United States, and even the unions are getting ready to gang him. And the Great Basin will turn traitor. I don't see how he's going to get by. But here's for him, win or lose!"

Dave, who first took up the cause of the I. O. as a private citizen, had, like Blakey, sunk his identity in the Shandon organization to help in righting a public wrong. The odds against Cole appeared overwhelming, but Dave would have followed him to jail with the glow of patriotism.

Blakey, having sent her wire, returned to finish her typing in Cole's office. The overlord of the I. O. made notations on several letters and tossed them across the desk. Then he rose, reflecting aloud, "Well, the show-down's day after tomorrow; the proof is mine—eh?"

Nora glanced up inquiringly.

"The proof that this I. O. is worth three and a half million; just what Burke Shandon contracted to build it for—and lost money by the bargain."

Nora nodded gayly. "I am sure it is worth millions and millions to this country."

"I wish you were buying instead of Allison," laughed Cole.

He rejoiced that the show-down was at hand, for his capital was perilously low. He considered his fight won, his father vindicated, his enemy beaten; and he had tripled his fortune. At last he permitted himself a moment's relaxation and enjoyment of victory.

Nora found herself repeating his last words over and over; then her hands paused and dropped on the keys. "You mean that the Gulf Midwestern offer three and a half million?"

"They will pay me three and a half million for my lease."

A deep glow came into the girl's eyes. "But that would be selling us out; all your friends who have helped! The Midwestern would take off the trains, and the rails would rust and bridges fall down, and the towns too!"

Cole never thought of Blakey except as an automatic messenger or a dictation receiver, but he answered: "I came here with one purpose, Miss Blake: To disprove those calumnies against my father. Incidentally I will make the liars pay damages."

"But, Cole," she reasoned eagerly, addressing him once again as she had done in

(Continued on Page 66)

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3 ft. 6 in. wide	2 50
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5 ft. wide	$5 00
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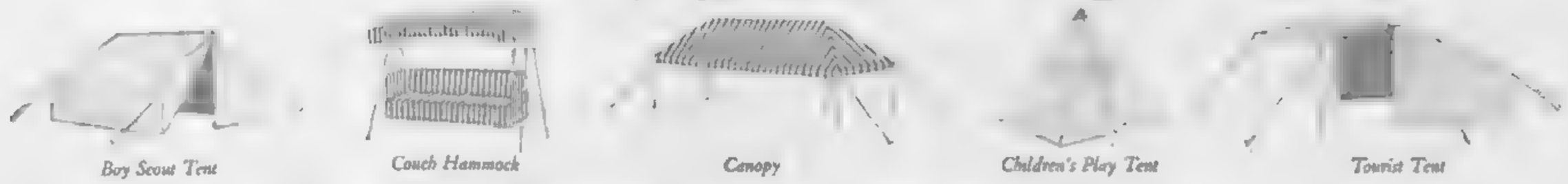

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Any treasure you can not replace deserves careful cleaning—and the precious thin enamel of your teeth is one of the greatest treasures you have. Once scratched or worn away by gritty dentifrices even Nature can never replace tooth enamel or restore its beauty. Choose a safe dental cream now—one that does not scratch or scour—and avoid years of regret later on.

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If your wisdom teeth could talk they'd say "Use Colgate's"

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AN OFFER

1—Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.
2—Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. P, Box 645, City Hall Station, New York City.
3—We will then send you a generous sample of Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Your Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 64)

the days when they were both office employes and equals. She ran out before him, her hands raised protestingly. "We have always thought that you would keep the road yourself. You let us hope so."

"Each man has a selling price for his business," said Cole impatiently.

"But when everybody depends on that business to live should it be sold? What will become of us? Oh," she cried out with sudden realization, and covering her face, "you couldn't—couldn't!"

"Of course my scrip will be taken up; bonus refunded. There is nothing more to be said in explanation, I believe. You will not," he told her sternly, "make this information public."

"Yes, I will keep the secret. I haven't the heart to tell it to anybody in Elm." She gazed at him so searchingly that instinctively he waited by the door for her last word.

"Cole Shandon, your father built here with masonry and steel and timbers," said Blakey, "and the people in this country believed his work so strong that they founded all the hopes on it till they were cheated by Mr. Creighton. But when you came and made yourself a part of the I. O. they built on it more than ever. Yet you fail us. You are the only part of the I. O. that is weak." She put her fingers on her lips pensively, and her utterance, usually so hurried, was clear and slow. "You are of your father's building body and mind. And which should be his best and strongest work—you or the I. O.'s masonry and iron and wood?"

Then Nora seemed to remember that she was wasting valuable I. O. time and hastened back to her desk, typing swiftly till midnight, with the tears staining her cheeks.

Cole went along, having let her have her say, and thought no more of the conversation.

The next morning, having some business east, he told Nora to make up a file he would need and bring it to the hearing tomorrow morning, the fifteenth, at Basin Junction.

Making only one brief stop at a freight-division point, Cole rode a hundred miles that day in the cupolas of cabooses and on the engines he loved. The I. O.'s engines were all of the small Atlantic type, and he thought regretfully of the mogul which he had raided from Creighton and brought into Elm on the first famous day of his control.

Leaning from his cab seat or at his high window in a caboose, Cole, his campaign won, dismissed business cares, and enjoyed the weather and landscape during the long May day. The valley fields were waving and many of the slopes white, with the apple still in flower. He saw thin brown patches where young orchards had been planted, and pale green vineyards which yielded the sweet purple grapes he had been sent by the growers the fall before. There were vast bare clearings on the hills, where the planting of peach and vine had been suspended until the I. O. troubles were definitely settled and transportation for the fruit assured. Not till the very last day of his dominion over that country did Cole Shandon turn from march and battle to enjoy it. For the night ride he caught a passenger and at nine the morning of the fifteenth he stepped into the junction yard at Basin.

He had paused to survey with admiration a monster which the Great Basin had brought down to handle the ore trains from the iron mines; a Mallet oil burner, that superlocomotive with its double body of half a million pounds swung low on its long row of drivers, and a traction power limited only by the strength of the drawbars in the trains it drew.

Seeing Nora Blake on the platform just beyond, Cole beckoned her, and with his mighty traveling bag swung in two fingers of one hand, pointed out the Mallet's perfections. She gazed by turns at the man and at the iron titan.

Cole paused a moment.

"That old fellow would be something to hitch to your star," he said, absorbed. "Well, I will check my bag and go to the meeting."

A small group up the platform were candidly observing him, all but a Great Basin executive strangers to Cole, distinguished-looking men. It was Cole's destiny to assemble none but the most powerful and merciless as his prosecutors and judges. A Jap in a white jacket hastened up, soliciting his attention, and Cole followed to a car just set in, which he recognized as Allison's. Barbara leaned over the rail of the car to shake hands with him.

"I have been wanting to see you," she said, "before the hearing. They have you beaten. Only three men in this country could stand up before the interests you have defied, even if they were within the law. But you will be beaten and outlawed too."

"You are not telling me this in sympathy," said Cole, puzzled. He still held the delicate firm hand, which she did not try to release.

"But you do not need sympathy," she said, smiling on him for the first time. "For when you are convicted and outlawed come to me. I will pardon you, and after me, all the rest."

"I believe it," smiled Cole in return and, as Allison himself appeared, bowed and went on, Blakey rejoining him.

"What a beautiful woman," she said.

"She is," said Cole with conviction. "I think Barbara Allison must be the most beautiful woman in the world."

They entered the superintendent's office, and Cole, given a general introduction by Blair, received several curt nods in acknowledgment.

None present had any use for the disturber who had called them to this wretched junction to put him down and out.

The hearing was precipitated even as the members were finding chairs.

"Mr. Donovan first," said Cole, spying the brotherhood representative in a corner. The commissioner protested that he would rule on procedure.

"A grievance of my employes will be passed on by me alone," said Cole. "Mr. Donovan!"

"I demand that the I. O. scrip be taken up."

"Your demand is well timed; it is granted," said Cole, who stood at the head of the room, his hand on the long table. Blair and the G. M. traffic manager were taking sheaves of statements and affidavits from their portfolios.

"Have you found the I. O. billing freight at less than tariff rates?" asked Cole.

"Nobody would be fool enough to do that!" Creighton answered.

"Do my books, just inspected, show rebating?"

Blair answered, "Rebating is proven, Mr. Shandon, by large personal checks given shippers."

"You haven't summoned those shippers?"

"They are not on trial. They could not be made to incriminate themselves by testifying against you. The checks were run down without their knowledge."

"The checks you have traced as evidence of rebating, Mr. Blair," said Cole, "are reflected in these stubs." He took the file from Miss Blake. "So are hundreds more, up to seventy-five, a hundred thousand dollars. They were all paid to shippers—but not as rebates of freight charges. They are personal checks drawn on my personal account—not from the treasury of the I. O."

"That's the clumsiest subterfuge ever I heard," exclaimed Creighton again.

The Great Basin manager rose to assure the commissioner that he was here made aware of these payments to shippers for the first time. "We discontinue traffic arrangements with the I. O.," he asserted emphatically.

"You'll abide by your contract, which has five years to run," said Cole. He handed the commissioner his file and check stubs for examination.

"Here are receipts and bills of sale corresponding to the check stubs," announced the commissioner; "they show that Mr. Shandon has been buying oil, grain, cattle, outright. What enormous sums!"

"I am constantly turning over a capital of about one million dollars," explained Cole. "I have bought and margined and contracted years ahead. That is my private business—merchandising, trading, brokering. It is, of course, apart from my railroad interests. You could hardly expect me," concluded Cole, "to route my shipments against the I. O. Railroad."

The G. M. men pounced on these records and a shout went up that Shandon had here and there paid fractions over a market. "It's illegal! It's robbery!" Creighton, breaking through to Cole, shook both fists in his face. "It's equivalent to rate cutting! It's discrimination against genuine shippers for you to go into the market protected

(Continued on Page 69)

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TRADE MARK
HANES
Full Cut
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS

5 Big HANES Features

1 **Hanes large, roomy armholes** taped instead of turned under. Can't curl or rip—but a friction-free surface that really wears.

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HANES GUARANTEE: We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

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"Hanes" value at $1.00 is actually sensational! Match "Hanes" nainsook, or generous full cut, workmanship, elastic webbing, sewed-on-to-stay buttons, buttonholes that last the life of the garment, and special reinforcements, with any garments at *anywhere near the price!*

You never had such a run for your underwear money as you get in "Hanes" union suits, because *never has such value been offered!* And, we tell you right here that "Hanes" value can't be duplicated!

Your experience and coolness in "Hanes" this summer will prove a revelation in comfort, in service and in economy!

"Hanes" Athletic Union Suits are made up in boy sizes—ages 2 to 16, in sizes 20 to 34.

If your dealer can't supply you with "Hanes" Athletic Union Suits write us immediately.

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Five Passengers—Special Equipment

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Giving fresh meaning to that time-worn phrase, "pleasure car," the new Stephens turns every journey you make into a care-free adventure in contentment.

Driving or riding, you yield at once to the charm of its efficiency. Its arrow flight up soaring hills. Its swift mastery of all road or traffic conditions. Its ease of handling. Its mettlesome leap to 60 miles per hour, when you need acceleration—or want exhilaration.

Pleasure in its beauty—in the sweep of long, low lines and graceful contours—in harmony of details and appointments—in the luxurious comfort of its handwrought body—are yours from the first moment.

Developing 59 horsepower, its flexible Stephens-built motor gives you superb performance with unrivaled economy. *The intake manifold is entirely inside the cylinder head.* Heated by all six cylinder exhausts, it "cracks" every heavy atom of gasoline and plucks the last pennyweight of power and speed from it.

See the new Stephens. Compare its values, its sturdy chassis units, complete equipment. Drive it. Test it. The *wanted* motor car, its sales are doubling last year's. Act now, or you may lose the chance to own a Stephens.

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STEPHENS

Finer Motor Cars At Lower Prices

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"A New Mark 26 Centuries Old" tells the story of the Stephens symbol. Write Moline

Full-color catalogue of seven smart body types on request. Write Moline today

(Continued from Page 66)

against any mercantile loss by profits out of the freight charges."

Cole grinned appreciatively. "Well put, Creighton."

There was a breathless hush.

One gentleman remarked, "Shandon's methods will upset both the market and transporting systems."

"Every railroad man here has interests outside of his official position," said Cole. "So have you, Mister Commissioner. You can't confine my investments to the I. O., nor can you compel me to ship goods purchased and paid for from my personal capital, by any particular railroad."

"You haven't—can't have capital to carry such interests."

"I control it; and many of my purchases are only part cash."

"And you could undersell a fraction at destination as well as overbid a fraction at point of origin, if necessary," said Blair.

"Yes; the freight charges on every one of those shipments in itself makes me a good profit."

The commissioner threw up his hands. "Damn me if I ever saw such a mess! Shandon can get all the shipments he can crowd over his rails. It's demoralizing; it's un-American ——"

"Are those the charges?"

"You'll have to quit it!"

"Could you draw up an indictment, Blair?" asked Cole.

"Not a chance!"

The hearing so long in preparing ran its course in five minutes like a sputtering fuse, and ended in an explosion. The members of the meeting were on their feet, staring at one another.

Cole's broad shoulders shook mirthfully as he glanced from face to face and announced the verdict himself: "The I. O. stands acquitted, gentlemen. The I. O. is on the block."

Nora Blake felt a blow upon her heart. Allison, deadly pale, did not speak, and one of his board who had accompanied him said grimly, "Well, Mr. Shandon, we come prepared to buy you off if necessary at the price named. You have found a way to raid our traffic with your moribund railway by purchasing freight outright. But that method of procuring shipments has its limitation even if you enlist other privateering capital in your venture. Your most dangerous policy is that of building with your truck lines the nucleus of an accessory system which would force a reorganization on competitors. Being richer and stronger we could follow your lead and beat you. But the rail situation is not easy and news of such revolutionary changes would scare the public out of the stock market. We can't afford it."

"I am not to be bought off, sir; I am to be bought out," corrected Cole. "Be seated—you and Allison and Blair of the G. M. And you, Mr. Stannard."

He indicated a place at the long table to a stout amiable-looking gentleman who had not spoken up to this moment, but who had eyed Cole with intense curiosity throughout the meeting. Stannard was chairman of the Great Basin executive board; like Allison, he had risen through stock and banking operations, like Allison he was the virtual head of a big trust. But totally unlike Allison, he was a keen promoter of public utilities for public development. All the lesser officials were intuitively clearing out as this inside group seated themselves at the table for the final settlement. Blakey, waved to a corner by Cole, sank down there and remained unnoticed.

The men at the table drew up close, the hands of each one laid before him after the manner of a player drawing cards.

Cole said, "Mr. Allison, why did you build your west-and-east connection paralleling the I. O. a hundred miles south instead of buying the I. O.?"

Allison, still pale and shocked by his defeat, steadied himself to answer convincingly, not to Cole but to the member of the Planet Trust executive board glowering at his elbow:

"The I. O. was badly constructed; it would not hold up the power necessary to make the grades with heavy through trains. That is the first reason. The second and strongest is that even though we reënforced, rebuilt the I. O., it runs through a sterile country, thinly settled of course. A road must be supported by its local hauls."

"Your second and strongest reason is not valid," replied Cole. "Whereas there are two other and competing lines through the well-settled country to the south, you would have been sole carrier to this territory, and with a carrier it would soon be settled and highly productive." He continued speaking of the resources of the Uplift in a way that thrilled Nora Blake. Traitor though he was, his last and only encomium of her wonderland, his elegy, thrilled her then, and does still.

Allison glanced uneasily at Blair, who reminded dryly, "You are not selling us fruit lands and mines, Mr. Shandon, but a railroad. If you please we will close."

Stannard said, "I believe you are mistaken. Mr. Shandon is selling the country."

Cole nodded, drumming meditatively with his fingers. "Are you sold?"

"Well, yes. It is a country of promise. We may extend the Great Basin into it some day. Who knows?"

"What has this meeting to do with your boom prospectus?" cried Allison. "Blair, sketch the lease transfer so we can pay him his three and a half million and get out."

"You are sold on this Uplift country?" resumed Cole to Stannard. "Well, I will give it to you—free. At a present loss of this three and a half million, and a risk of the million and a quarter I have invested and tied up, I will turn the I. O. to the Great Basin—four hundred and fifty miles with the wildcat division, linking your St. Louis and Chicago lines to the grain and oil of the Southwest—on your guaranty to maintain and operate for nine years. At the end of that time I have the option to purchase at the figures you know, and on demand will transfer that option at an advance of 4 per cent per year on my investment."

The G. M. people were thunderstruck; Stannard exclaimed his admiration. "For cold courage at plunging, Shandon ——"

"It is not a plunge. It is an investment. While you would of course abandon my method of buying and marketing freight, you are strong enough to force some share of through-commodity business from the Gulf Midwestern. In the meantime, every day, this territory, all your own, will be planting and filling up. And I am willing to stake it."

Stannard heaved a sigh, prolonged, a groan. "If the I. O. was anything but tin and matchwood ——"

"Hearsay!"

"No—Shandon. No, no, nothing can convince me. Close your deal here with these men. You are finding a miracle market for junk."

"Sold on the country and on the proposition," said Cole calmly, "but balking on the railroad. Silence—silence! I am talking! You have, Stannard, in your yard below, a Mallet which I stopped to admire. On how many lines supposed to be standard would it crush the rails and roadbed, wreck the bridges? I will take it over the I. O. like a hand car."

"Me risk that Mallet on such a track? You're crazy—crazy! That's all I can say." The stout Stannard was purple with excitement.

Cole took out his bank book. "I have sold my bonds, the last of the fortune my father left me," he said gravely, "and have only two hundred thousand on deposit." He wrote a check payable to the Great Basin for one hundred thousand dollars. "That will cover," he said, "though I don't remember the list on 1922 Mallet models. You will follow me up on your car with a light engine?"

"I'll follow you to the wreck!" said Stannard in a ghostly voice.

Cole stalked out; on the platform he met Barbara Allison. He did not see her, feel her restraining touch. His heavy-lidded eyes, wide open and swimming in light, were on the steaming Mallet. Stannard alone ran after him; there was a cry and confusion in the group on the platform. Allison had been put down and out.

Stannard shouted at the superintendent, who threw the switches to the wye himself. In his own yard Cole, remarking that it was a waste of power to run light, had a long string of empties for the West End coupled on and waved the driver and his fireman off the engine. "I can run the two hundred and forty miles alone to Oilwell," he said. "No one need share the risk—as you believe it—with me."

Stannard, puffing apoplectically, lingered a moment in the cab, roomy as an observation car. "Why are you doing it?"

"I was not to be bought off," said Cole. "I am a railroader!"

"So am I! You make this run and you've sold me the country, the proposition, the railroad and yourself."

Do you merely think letters to people?

To MANY people, a thought-out letter is as real as if they had written it. But thinking a letter doesn't answer the one owed.

Perhaps the trouble is that there is no social stationery in the house. To answer letters promptly, be sure to keep plenty of good writing-paper in your desk.

The very surface of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery invites letter-writing. There are three finishes to choose from—linen, bond, and ripple—and eight different styles and sizes of paper and envelopes. The price is 35c to 75c a box; sold by druggists, stationers, and department stores.

Tablets in popular sizes for use at school, home, and while traveling are also made of Hammermill Bond. They are ruled and unruled. Envelopes can be bought to match. The styles are varied so that you can choose the kind you like best.

SEND FOR THESE ATTRACTIVE SAMPLES

If you will send us ten cents (stamps or coin) we will mail you enough Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in different styles and finishes to answer several of the letters you owe

Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery

Holyoke, Massachusetts

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

Cole laughed, and Stannard, in the tracks where he had dropped off the gangway step, stood watching the titan roar its way into the hills with a titan at the throttle.

There was no time card to be followed, no racing demanded; but Cole had ordered a clear line, and six hours later was in Oilwell.

The Mallet had taken every turn and twist and grade on the I. O. at an average of forty miles, and Cole had been a busy man, for there is more to do in a Mallet than work a lever, with an occasional spray of oil in the firebox. It is running a machine shop single-handed, and the tall fellow swinging down in the Oilwell yards felt vaguely that he had been under a barrage. He walked around the towering double monstrosity which had proved the staunchness of the I. O., looking it over with dilated eyes. It was the buddy who had come through the barrage with him to victory, and he had no greeting for Weeks and Ferguson, waiting in the yards on the mere report that Cole Shandon had raided the Great Basin for a Mallet and was taking it past the wildly excited stations at forty miles an hour. He stalked down the yard alongside the empties he had brought in, halting near the end of the string. He stood staring there, not inquisitively or surprised, for in this cyclonic aftermath nothing would be out of the ordinary.

Nora Blake, sitting in a box car with hands bracing against the floor on either side, her legs stretched straight in front, a dirty face in a storm cloud of hair, asked, "Are we in?"

Cole nodded and she edged to the door of the car, where he joined her, their feet dangling.

"You were right," he said. "I was his pal. I am of Burke Shandon's building in flesh and bone. I should be his best work, the strongest part of the I. O."

A yell that split the heavens, a gust that was an explosion caused them to glance up. Stannard, following close, and ever closer as the Mallet's run neared its end, had arrived; the screech of the whistle was a grand salute.

Seeing the great man drop from his car, they walked to meet him. He shook hands and congratulated Cole as manager of the I. C., leased line of the Great Basin System, and exhaled a mighty sigh; he had fought every known battle of industry and finance and market, he said, but this was the best.

Suddenly he looked intently at Blakey, pinning and smoothing.

"How did she get here?" he asked.

Cole looked at her, too, astonished. "How did you get here?"

"Why, I was just coming back home, Mr. Stannard."

"But it was horribly dangerous!"

"Mr. Shandon and I knew the I. O. better than you did."

She laughed and asked if she could smooth out her rumpled and disheveled self in the car; instead of following Stannard, who started for the Mallet, Cole went into the car, calling, and Nora turned to him.

They stood face to face, a blush slowly mounting to the cheeks of the girl.

"Blakey, the dutiful," said Cole, "and loyal; and lovely. I know you now."

He took her fluttering scared hands. For a moment she drew away from him.

"You think Miss Allison is ——"

"Hush!" Cole reflected. "That was this morning. This morning I was—Stannard said so—you heard him—I was crazy. No, no, Blakey—you won't be unforgiving."

"Unforgiving! What for?"

"I've let you work too hard; I would not open my eyes or mind to anything but my own job!" The towering fellow stared fearfully, straight out into a starless, sunless, Blakeyless world. "What would anything else amount to if I had lost you?" he said.

"Oh, dear, you've done so much for us all, Cole, that if I can pay back ——"

She stopped, utterly bewildered, and then as the only way of making him understand, on tiptoe, flung her loyal arms around his neck.

After a while Stannard returned, and Cole left him and Blakey to talk of the run in, while he washed away the grime. Presently the two in the car saw Cole standing near by in the now dusky yard; the lamps of the switch stands were lighting, the Mallet loomed beyond. Looking up through the gateway of the hills along the rails of the I. O. the statistician of vision was mobilizing the resources of the Uplift. He converted soil, water power, climate into things transportable. On the frontier of this commercially unconquered province switch lamps and headlights made his bivouac, the rails his line of march, the Mallet his dog of war. So the two in the car saw him—the I. O. in flesh and blood—Cole Shandon, Railroader!

SAILORS

"They that go down to the sea in ships."—*Psalms cvii, 23.*

I

DOWN to the sea in their crazy ships
Went the sailors David knew,
Swarthy and bearded, lean and browned,
A rough-necked, hard-boiled crew.
They had no compass, they took no sun,
They steered by a star—or a guess.
They sailed when they could and rowed when they must
(Which was rather more than less);
And they cursed the skipper and cursed the grub,
And on every voyage they swore
That if ever again they got to port
They would sail the sea no more.

II

But the very next voyage the same old crew
Would be found on the same old tub,
Taking again the same old chance
And cursing the same old grub.
Out from Tyre with precious silks
They ventured a chartless sea,
And somehow or other they made at last
The haven where they would be.
And back to Tyre with gold they came,
And ivory, spice and myrrh,
And swore their vessel might sink or rot
For they'd sail no more in her.

III

Now David is dead and his bones are dust
And his glories passed away,
But they that went down to the sea in his ships
Are in strange new ships today.
Mighty marvels of steel and steam,
They race the foiled seas through,
And they tame the lightning to lend them aid—
But the crew is the same old crew;
And they curse the skipper and curse the grub,
And in language strong and plain
They swear they will never—the voyage once done—
Go down to the sea again.

IV

The skies of the future may fill with fleets
That dart while the slow ships creep,
But David's sailors will stick to the sea,
Where freights though slow will be cheap.
And ever more to the end of time,
As long as a keel shall swim,
A man shall go down to the sea in a ship.
(May the Lord be good to him!)
He shall curse his skipper and curse his grub,
And swear as he always swore;
He will be—unblessed—if he sails again
When once he is safe ashore.

—*J. Warren Merrill.*

WHAT a Ford owner learned while gypsying through the Catskills and Berkshires

A New Yorker who took his family camping, writes:

"For two years I used only Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' in my Ford. In nearly 10,000 miles of running on Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' I had never had a carbon knock.

"During the week before our camping vacation I had the valves ground and carbon removed. I needed some gas. I stopped at a strange dealer's. He tried to sell me a gallon can of an ordinary oil that he said would keep the transmission bands quiet. He gave me an enthusiastic talk and asked me to rub some of the oil between my fingers and notice how 'sticky' and 'clingy' it was. His enthusiasm got me to drain off my old Mobiloil and pour in the new brand.

"Then I found that it takes more than sales enthusiasm to lubricate a Ford. I found that rubbing an oil between your fingers is very different from the rubbing which that oil gets between the metal surfaces.

"At the end of about 700 miles I had the first carbon knock that had ever been in that engine. We drove all the way from Bennington, Vt., to New York City with a knock-knock-knock on every hill and frequent stops for water.

"I have since heard that this oil contains an appreciable percentage of lard oil. That's why it was so 'sticky' and 'clingy.'

"Needless to say, I am back on 'E,' and solemnly promise you that I'll keep on using it."

If you want full scientific protection for your Ford engine, drain off your oil while the engine is warm and refill with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is a straight petroleum lubricating oil refined by the world's leading specialists in lubrication. It is made from crude oil chosen entirely for *lubricating properties*—not gasoline yield. The character and body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to feed to every frictional surface and to consume slowly with a minimum amount of carbon residue.

* * *

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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Buffalo	Rochester	Oklahoma City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The secret of having beautiful hair—

How famous movie stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant

NO one can be really attractive, without beautiful well kept hair.

Study the pictures of these beautiful women. Just see how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly.

In caring for the hair, proper shampooing is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh-looking and luxuriant.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

When oily, dry or dull

If your hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy; if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if it is full of dandruff, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

Beautiful luxuriant hair

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry. It will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy, and light to the touch.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to see how beautiful you can make your hair look, set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children
—Fine for Men

Mulsified
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

Introducing the New

APPERSON SIX

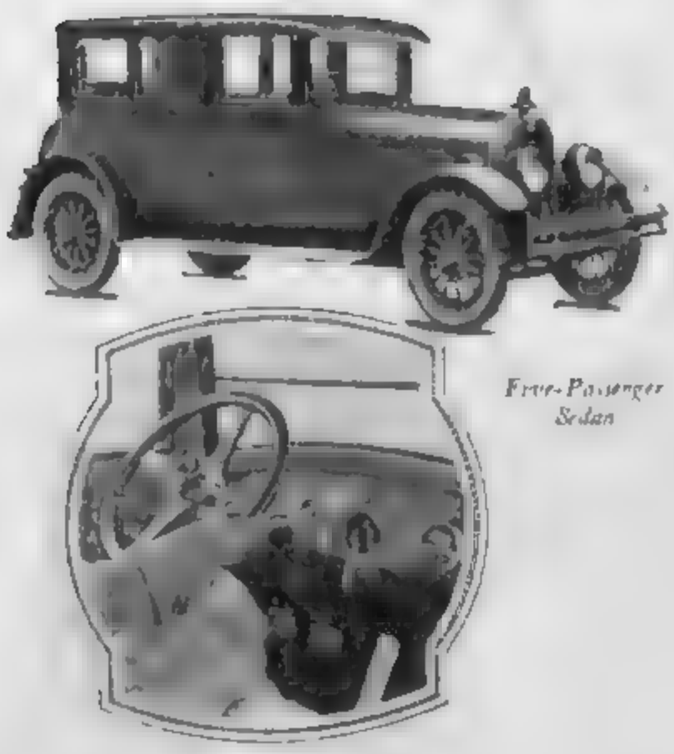
at $1535

—The first car to be equipped with a mechanical gear-shift

—the first car with the emergency brake control on the instrument board, within easy reach

—the first car to eliminate the brake and gear-shift levers and rid the driver's compartment of all obstructions.

The value of these improvements can scarcely be estimated—nothing comparable in the way of motor car development has occurred since the introduction of the electric starter.



Five-Passenger Sedan

In the illustration above, the driver's thumb is resting on the "Selector"—the control lever of the mechanical gear-shift. The emergency brake handle can be seen just below ignition switch on instrument board.

Women who would not drive before can now enjoy the pleasures of motoring behind the wheel of an Apperson—confident and unafraid, even in the most congested traffic or on the most difficult country roads. You cannot "clash" the gears on an Apperson because the *mechanical* operation is instant and positive. Without taking the hand from the wheel or the eyes from the road, when you push the selector into the speed desired and throw out the clutch, the gears are shifted quickly, noiselessly—surely.

* * *

Every detail of this car reflects the thirty years of Edgar L. Apperson's engineering knowledge and experience.

The six cylinder motor is surprisingly sweet running, powerful and economical. The seven-inch frame is practically distortion proof. There is no better permanent top on any car, regardless of price.

As to equipment—nothing has been forgotten. Windshield wings, automatic cleaner, spring bumper, extra tire, drum head lights, cowl ventilator, clock and speedometer—these are all regular equipment chosen to harmonize with this particular car. The gasoline gauge and starter button are located on the instrument board. The color is rich Apperson green with jet black running gear and fenders—vermilion wheels.

* * *

There is no other "Six" like this new Apperson. The way in which it rides, the driving feel, its effortless control, the feeling of safety and confidence it inspires are comparable only to its famous running mate—the Apperson Eight.

Drive this car—operate the gear-shift, and you will never be satisfied with anything but —an APPERSON.

NOTICE—*The introduction of this New Apperson Six, while of great importance to both Apperson prospects and dealers, is of course in addition to our regular production of the Apperson Eight. Dealers—Write for information regarding franchise.*

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO.

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Atlanta Baltimore Boston Chicago Cleveland Kansas City
Los Angeles Philadelphia Pittsburgh St. Louis New York

NORTH OF 36

(Continued from Page 38.)

"Let them out!" The command came high and clear. McMasters laid a hand on Hickok's arm. "Let them get out on the street!"

He had recognized, as one of the three men, the man he had come so far to meet his arch enemy Rudabaugh. But he did not fire.

Hickok stayed his hand. He did not look toward the rear of the room, now cleared, for he knew his work there was done. He never was known to look at the effect of any shot he ever made; he always knew. There stood now at his side a man as dangerous as himself.

But the two best pistol men on all that wild border now dared not shoot, had they so desired, for the men had shrugged down below the level of the crowd.

"That's Rudabaugh in front!" called McMasters. "Don't shoot him! Let him alone! Let him get out!"

He himself began to edge toward the door, Wild Bill pushing through the crowd at his elbow. The Del Sol men for the time were jostled back.

It was Rudabaugh who had sought to end at any cost the life of his worst enemy, Dan McMasters. He had missed, across the room, but now intended to kill McMasters at short range. But always some other man intervened, caught down his arm.

He made a sudden last plan—often a deadly one—stepped outside the door and waited for his man to follow—an old border trick which very often worked. The shooter would be in the darkness, his target in the light.

But the wily bandit leader had reckoned ill with the men he now was meeting. Even as he passed over the threshold Hickok suddenly fired over McMasters' shoulder. His bullet struck the barrel of Rudabaugh's revolver and hurled it from his hand. An instant later the two officers broke out the door. Rudabaugh, wringing his hand, was stooping for his revolver, his two companions making off at top speed in the moonlight.

As for the latter, they both fell face forward, shot through the back. Neither of their two executioners had time to look at them. Both covered Rudabaugh as he half rose.

"Don't shoot!" cried McMasters once more. "Leave him to me!"

An instant later and he was locked in grips with the ruffian he had sought so long to meet in precisely this fashion. Hickok stood back, his elbows at the door jamb, a revolver in either hand.

"Easy, gentlemen!" said he. "Easy now! Don't come out! Just stay right where you are."

Every man who heard heeded the advice of Wild Bill and set back his shoulders against the thrust behind him.

The combat on the beaten ground in front of the Silver Moon did not long endure. McMasters had borne down his man at the first leap. Rudabaugh's right hand was still numb from the impact of the ball which had struck his weapon. Moreover, he was much older than his antagonist, soft with drink and excess of every imaginable sort, little more than the shell of a man; whereas his enemy was young, sound, hard and lithe as a panther. One fought a battle with the result foreordained, the other sought to postpone the end. McMasters was absolutely merciless when finally he twisted Rudabaugh's arm behind him and flung him face down on the ground

Handcuffs were unknown in that land. McMasters pushed his knees up under Rudabaugh's elbows, gripped his hands together and twisted a silk handkerchief around them, tying it into a knot.

"Get up!"

He kicked Rudabaugh into obedience, caught him by the collar when he stood, hated him so bitterly that he was much of the mind to shoot him even now. But at length his calmness came back to him as Hickok approached once more, McCoyne also pushing forward.

"Where am I going to keep this man?" demanded McMasters. It was McCoyne who answered.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I certainly apologize. I might have known we'd need a jail, but I've been so busy I haven't had time to fix up a lot of things. Give me a day or so, and I'll show you that Abilene has got the best jail in Kansas. I've been so busy "

Wild Bill turned back to Len Hersey, who now had got out at the door.

"Go get your rope and help this officer," said he. "Now go home, all of you." He turned toward the crowd. "You've had enough to drink and you've got enough Fourth of July for one day "

He grinned as he turned once more toward McMasters.

"If you should happen to take your friend out of town," said he, "I don't see how I could help myself. There don't seem to be any courts here, or any place to hold a prisoner."

Rudabaugh broke out in blasphemy.

"You damned outlaws, you cutthroats!" he began. "You can't take me without any warrant, and you can't hold me without process of law. I demand counsel. I'm going to have my trial. Is this America, I want to know?"

"You said it," remarked Bill Hickok "That's just what it is."

Now came running the men of the military escort. McMasters addressed the sergeant.

"Help me get this man over to the livery barn."

Silver Lake, Mono National Forest, California

Comfortable Shaving and Skin Health

The most fastidious shaving requirements are met with supreme satisfaction when Reuter's Soap is used. This finest domestic soap has had forty years' sales leadership wherever introduced abroad because of exceptional quality and utmost purity. The superfine materials require no harsh chemicals in the making—hence there is not the slightest alkali to irritate. Even those with tender skin and toughest beard who shave daily with soothing Reuter's Soap are freed from the usual facial soreness and unpleasant sting. You experience, and reflect to the world, complete facial comfort; just the natural oil remains to protect your skin 'gainst wind and sun and dust; no cosmetics are necessary.

As a toilet soap—equally good for men, women and children.

Your druggist will supply you a box of three cakes for $1.00, or write direct to

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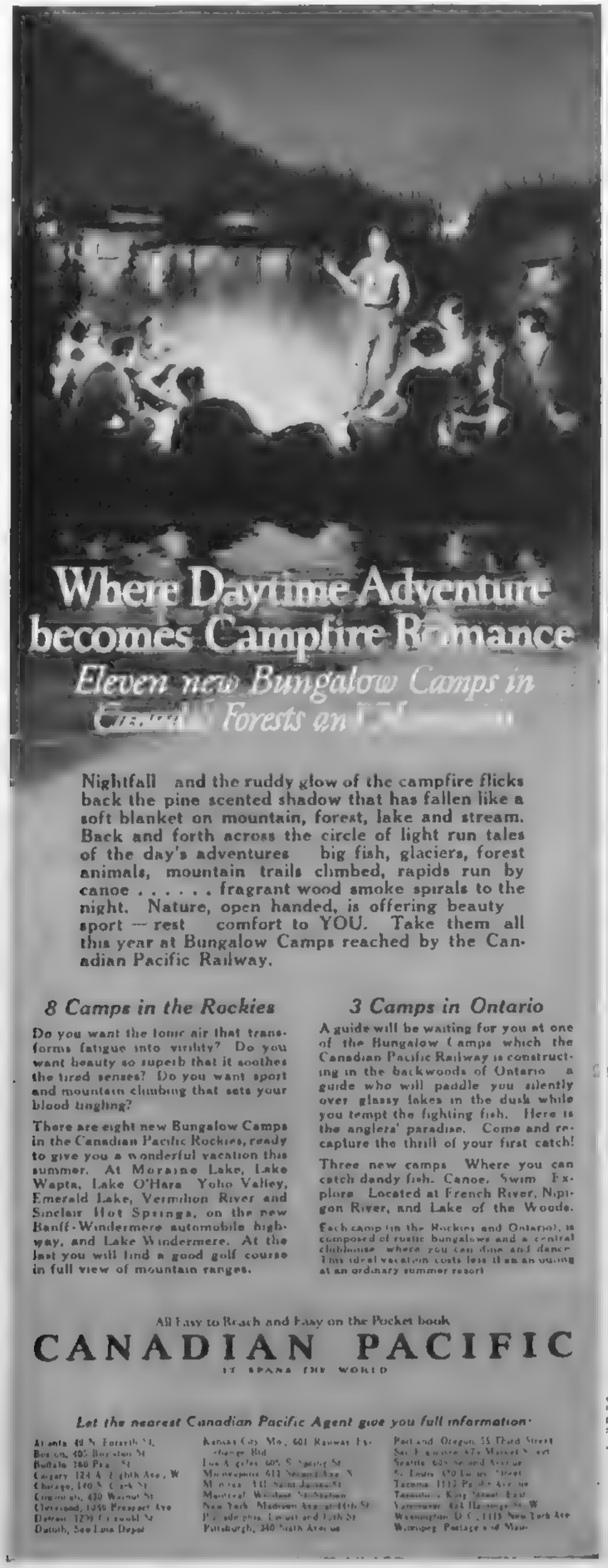
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becomes Campfire Romance
Eleven new Bungalow Camps in
Forests an
Nightfall and the ruddy glow of the campfire flicks back the pine scented shadow that has fallen like a soft blanket on mountain, forest, lake and stream. Back and forth across the circle of light run tales of the day's adventures big fish, glaciers, forest animals, mountain trails climbed, rapids run by canoe . . . . . fragrant wood smoke spirals to the night. Nature, open handed, is offering beauty sport — rest comfort to YOU. Take them all this year at Bungalow Camps reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway.
8 Camps in the Rockies
Do you want the tonic air that transforms fatigue into virility? Do you want beauty so superb that it soothes the tired senses? Do you want sport and mountain climbing that sets your blood tingling?
There are eight new Bungalow Camps in the Canadian Pacific Rockies, ready to give you a wonderful vacation this summer. At Moraine Lake, Lake Wapta, Lake O'Hara Yoho Valley, Emerald Lake, Vermilion River and Sinclair Hot Springs, on the new Banff-Windermere automobile highway, and Lake Windermere. At the last you will find a good golf course in full view of mountain ranges.
3 Camps in Ontario
A guide will be waiting for you at one of the Bungalow Camps which the Canadian Pacific Railway is constructing in the backwoods of Ontario a guide who will paddle you silently over glassy lakes in the dusk while you tempt the fighting fish. Here is the anglers' paradise. Come and recapture the thrill of your first catch!
Three new camps Where you can catch dandy fish. Canoe. Swim Explore Located at French River, Nipigon River, and Lake of the Woods.
Each camp (in the Rockies and Ontario), is composed of rustic bungalows and a central clubhouse where you can dine and dance. This ideal vacation costs less than an outing at an ordinary summer resort
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Duluth, See Lake Depot
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Los Angeles 605 S Spring St
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Montreal 141 St James St
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New York Madison Ave at 44th St
Philadelphia, Locust and 15th St
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Tacoma 1113 Pacific Avenue
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Vancouver 434 Hastings St W
Washington D C 1115 New York Ave
Winnipeg Portage and Main

They led Rudabaugh away. He was cursing, struggling, sobbing. Wild Bill stood looking after them, with no apparent concern. He evinced no interest in the victims of the night affray. He had known worse scenes of violence all his life, been in many encounters of greater danger. To him these matters were much in the day's work sometimes, always tempered with the killer's fatalism, which valued nothing save the fact that he found himself still alive.

"Well, Joe," said he, turning to McCoyne, who stood near, "it seems like the law of habeas corpus hasn't got quite as far west as the Twin Livery Barn. If it has I'll suspend habeas corpus in this town until Captain McMasters gets his prisoner out of town and headed south."

XLVI

ALL day alone, a stranger, almost a prisoner in Lou Gore's little room, Taisie Lockhart for once in her life was now almost in a condition of hysteria. The strain and stress of the long trail journey, the anxiety of her hazard of fortunes, the relaxation of success—and now all these scenes and sounds of violence in combination so worked upon her worn nerves that she no longer was herself. Lou Gore was much put to it to comfort her, and, indeed, was glad enough to welcome Jim Nabours and the boy Cinquo, who later in the evening came in to tell the news of the affair at the Silver Moon. These two paused in the outer room, not daring to ask once more to see their mistress.

"You tell her, ma'am," said Jim Nabours. "Tell her we got Rudabaugh safe and his gang busted wide open—three of them killed. Dan McMasters, he taken Rudabaugh prisoner hisself in a fair stand-up fight."

"Well, all right, all right," responded Lou Gore; "I'll tell her anything. Nobody in town has had any supper yet. We can't have no dance now. This is the beatingest Fourth of July ever I did see. I declare, you cowboys give me more trouble than my gamblers.

"I don't want to be nasty to you," she went on. "But you've got to keep out of my kitchen. Here, take a couple of keys and go on upstairs and go to bed. I declare, I am right tired my own self."

Meekly obedient, although reluctant not to see the mistress of Del Sol before he slept, Jim Nabours clumsily climbed the stairs, the boy close at his heels.

"What's wrong, Mister Jim?" asked Cinquo solicitously. "Ain't we sold out all right?"

"Yes," said his foreman gruffly. "We've won out on the cows. But we've lost out on the land. You know that trunk?"

"Shore, I do. It was always getting in the road everywheres."

"It won't be no more! It's gone—lost—stole. It was worth ten times as much as all our cows. Old Rudabaugh knows where it is, but he ain't so apt to tell."

As he spoke he flung open the door of a room, one of many precisely alike on either side of the upper hall. But he paused.

"Hello!" said he. "There's someone in here now, and he's gone to bed."

The bed indeed was occupied—occupied by a long and motionless figure, a pillow slip drawn across the face, the hands folded on the breast.

"I'll be ——" Jim Nabours halted as something caught his eye. He stepped forward, drew back the face covering.

"Why, it's Cal Dalhart!" said he. "He's dead all right—but they done told me he was buried! McCoyne told me he seen it done hisself!"

The boy came and stared down in awe at the long and motionless figure, the white face.

"Him and Del, now ——"

But Nabours took him by the arm. The two went down the stairs once more into the office room.

"Mister," said Nabours to the gloomy occupant, handing over his key, "you'd better give me another room."

"What's the matter with the one you've got?" demanded the landlord of the Drovers' Cottage.

"Somebody in it now," replied Nabours, "and he's dead. They told me that you-all got a couple of men to bury that man that got shot. Is that right? It was Mr. McCoyne told me that. Where is he?"

Sounds of voices came through the open door. A group of men were talking excitedly in the moonlight. The landlord summoned in one of these—McCoyne, ubiquitous and sleepless. To him Nabours repeated his query.

"Certainly, sir," replied McCoyne. "I saw the two men carrying the coffin between them. I saw them bury him as plain as I ever saw anything in all my life! Of course, I wasn't right out there with them. I been so busy ——"

"Well, he ain't buried now," said Jim Nabours. "Cal Dalhart's up there, upstairs."

"Don't that beat anything you ever heard!" exclaimed McCoyne. "It seems like everything goes wrong unless a man does it his own self, don't it now?"

"You come along with me," said Nabours, moved by a sudden thought of his own. "You get two men—new ones. I believe them two folks that buried Cal Dalhart is both dead theirselfs. Bring a couple of shovels. Hurry up!"

A little group of men departed in the moonlight on a certain gruesome errand. It was Jim Nabours himself who began at the loose dirt of the mound at whose head there had been erected a little headboard: "C. Dalhart, of Texas. Died July 4, 1867. May he rest in peace"

"He couldn't never rest in peace thisaway," said Jim Nabours a half hour later. His shovel struck something hard.

"Here, lend us a hand," said he. "Sinker, get hold the other handle of this trunk. It's heavy. Huh! It's got a half million acres of Texas land into it!

"And we've got Sim Rudabaugh over in the livery stable," he added after a time thoughtfully, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "This ain't no bad day's work a-tall. You people go on back and bring Cal over here and we'll bury him right. A fair exchange ain't no robbery."

XLVII

FOUR days later the transient population of Abilene began to scatter. No one knew when another herd would come, if ever. The great Del Sol herd now was split up, a portion coming into the yards to try for an Eastern market, a greater portion driven east to the crude packing plant at Junction City. The remainder, under Len Hersey and a half dozen of the best men of the Del Sol herd, was driven north to the new range on the Smoky Hill. All the details of Abilene's first transaction in cows now were closed. The bill of sale, the record of the tally, the passing of the final bank draft—all details soon to become familiar in the northern-range towns—now were completed. The Del Sol horse band was sold north. Remained only the two carts, each with its double yoke of oxen, and two horses each for eight of the hands who had concluded to return to Texas. The two Army ambulances offered transport for the remainder of those who had come north in the saddle. Taisie's horse, Blancocito, was left to trot alongside, unsaddled.

Lou Gore kissed Taisie Lockhart for the last time, tears in the eyes of both; then wiped her hands and eyes upon her apron and turned back to build up her reputation as the biggest-hearted woman on the Plains. What friend she was to the wild men of the trail, countless wounded, crippled, ill and helpless cowmen learned in the years to come; years of swift changes on the upper range. A great soul, a strong heart of the frontier, she left a beloved memory.

The ambulances, each drawn by four sleek mules, stood in the street waiting, flanked by stalwart troopers. In the foremost vehicle, on a middle seat, hidden from view, sat Sim Rudabaugh, and gyves were on his wrists. Thongs of rawhide, right and left, bound his hands to the seat ends. Other thongs fastened his ankles and passed back under the seat to a cross pole. In the seat behind sat Dan McMasters and the boy Cinquo, both armed. Rudabaugh could never have escaped. The ruthless trail bandit, who never took a prisoner, himself was a prisoner at last. To all his sobbings, his expostulations, his execrations and his questions, no one made any answer. Of friends he had none in all the world. He was at the end of the trail of the transgressor.

This ambulance, of course, must drive faster than the others, which would hold back with the Del Sol carts. In the second ambulance, well escorted, Taisie was to ride with her foreman, Nabours. In this was stowed a certain trunk covered with rawhide.

But as this little cavalcade stood halted in midstreet of the cloudless morning, most

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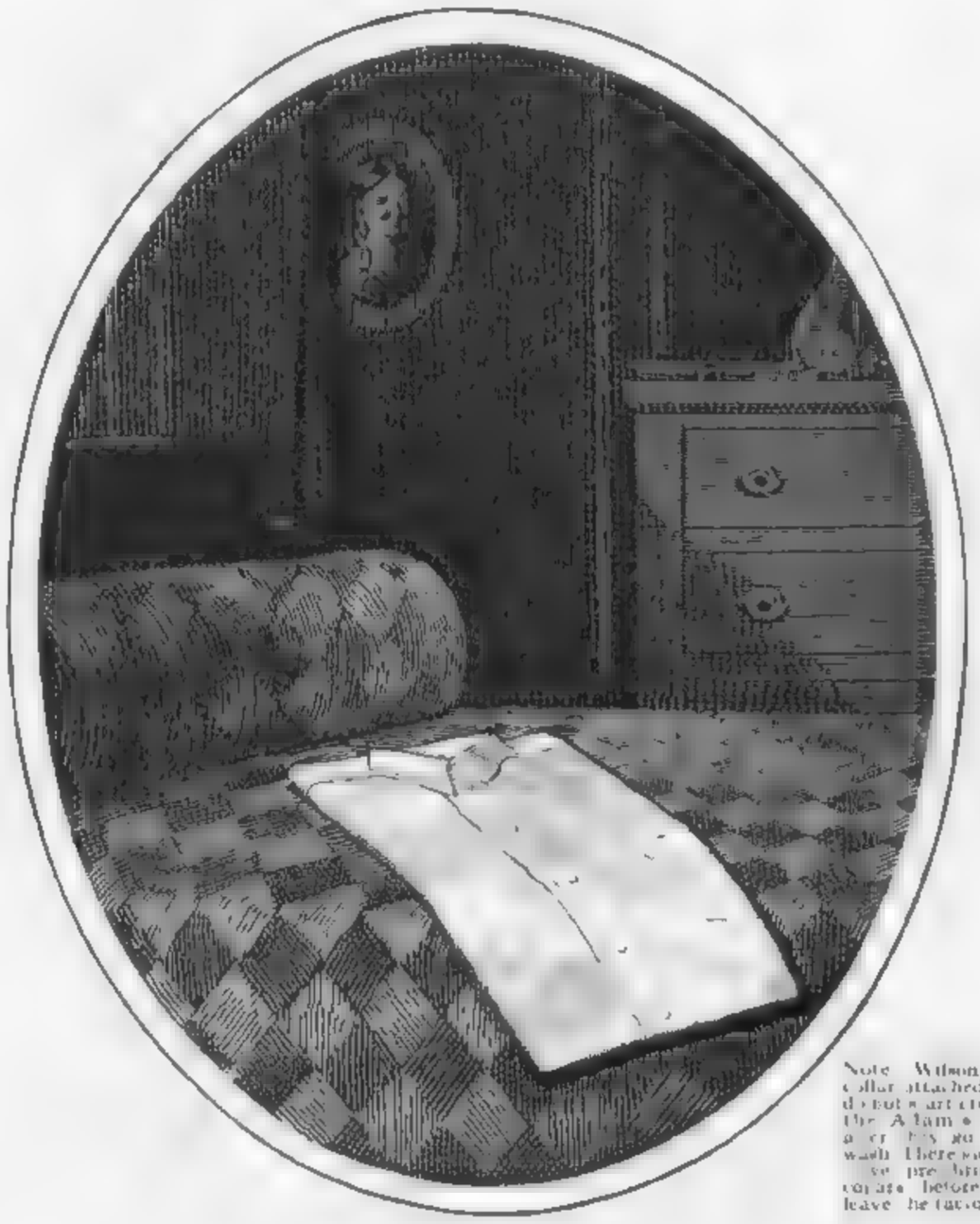

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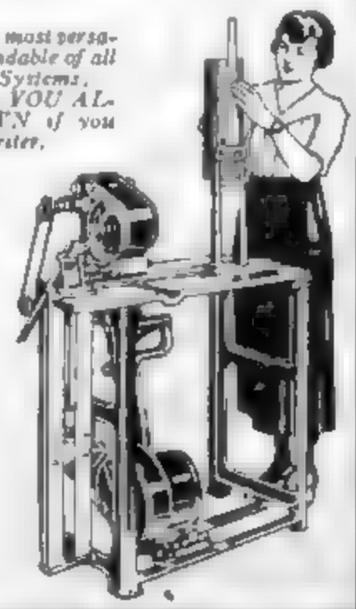

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of the remaining men of Abilene came clamoring for the privilege of one more farewell to the Texas girl. Taisie leaned forward to greet them as they came, herself beautiful as the dawn, spite of the new droop at the corners of her mouth.

Dan McMasters had said his own good-bys briefly, coldly—the coldest man in all the world, she thought. He never once had met her for a moment alone. Of that swift brief fire of two earlier times only ashes remained, unblown of any gust of passion.

McCoyne flitted from one vehicle to the other, excitedly making his adieus.

"Come back again!" said he. "We'll be waiting for you next year. Tell every ranch in Texas to send up their herds. You'll see Abilene with a jail and a church and a school and a graveyard the next time you come. I have been so busy ——"

Came among the very last a woman of the Silver Moon, young in years but weary and old at this hour of the morning. Timidly she reached out her hand through the curtains of the ambulance and Taisie took it.

"Good-by," said the girl; "good-by, my dear. You're the first woman ever came to Abilene. Don't come back again"—and so departed to the Silver Moon, herself once a woman, and seeing Taisie's eyes following the tall young man.

Pattison, the Northern stockman, spent some time in final conversation with Mr. Dan McMasters.

"Believe me, son," said he with a final farewell, "when you marry and settle down with me up here I'll make you richer than you ever dreamed of being. Go back home and put up a herd of stockers for next spring. Tell the Texas drovers to come along. There's going to be money in cows now."

McMasters reached out and took his hand.

"I'll be back next season with a herd," said he. "So long!"

Among all these others also came Wild Bill Hickok, future town marshal of Abilene. By odd chance, partly due to his own shyness, he had never in all these days met Taisie Lockhart. He did not mean to intrude now, but inadvertently peered in at the curtains of her ambulance. She saw him push back the curtain, reached out her hand, smiling. He took it, held it, stood awed at her very beauty, pondering for a time sadly, her hand in his, in one of the fits of melancholy which came to him at times. As he knew his life of the past, so he read all his future.

"You remind me of Agnes," said he simply. "That's my wife. She's back home. Be good. Good-by."

With McMasters he spoke at first hardly so much even as that. They shook hands, each looking into the eyes of the other.

"Good luck!" said Hickok. "Don't say I didn't help you with the habeas corpus. If you run into anyone down below, kill this man first."

He nodded at Rudabaugh. The latter broke out blasphemously once more. But the blue eye of the man who had killed the last of the Rudabaugh gang of border thieves paid him not even a contemptuous attention. He turned away.

Now came the parting crack of a whip on the air of the morning, rumble of wheels on the streets of Abilene, already growing dustier. Abilene, center of revolutionary changes soon to be, lay behind them presently. The Del Sol folk were homeward bound.

On the long journey to the south, after the first hour the leading ambulance vehicle never again was sighted. From day to day, from camp to camp, at one river crossing after another, the slower travelers found proof of attempts to make their progress as safe and easy as possible. There were rafts and boats, each left on the north bank of the stream. Fords were marked out with poles. What with the passing of Jesse Chisholm's wagon trail to the Arbuckle Mountains, and the additional care of McMasters and the Army men, the passage southward, thus well equipped, was child's play compared with the long and dangerous journey northbound with the herd. The lead ambulance easily did forty and fifty miles a day, the ox carts twelve, fifteen, sometimes twenty.

Again and again Taisie Lockhart felt growing upon her her sense of indebtedness to a man with whom she could never come to terms. One thing seemed certain—they now had parted company forever. He was leaving Texas, going North to live. Bitterly the girl resolved that all material obligations between them, at least, should one day be discharged, though it should take her last dollar.

Not once on all the long journey did McMasters ever accost his prisoner. Cold as a tourmaline, his green-gray eyes looked Rudabaugh straight in the face when occasion came. But that was all. At night the prisoner had chance to sleep, no chance to escape. If McMasters himself caught a continuous hour or two of sleep, the boy Cinquo took his place, his weapon across his knee. Men fed Rudabaugh with no more ceremony than had he been a captive animal.

Thus, on one morning, two days' march south of the Washita, McMasters and his men raised the rough highlands of Medicine Bluff Creek, where sat Camp Wichita, which not long thereafter was to be known as Fort Sill, thanks to the earlier and long-forgotten efforts of that great soldier of the West, R. B. Marcy, captain of the Fifth Infantry; the first explorer for the Army in those parts, and a wise man in Indian matters in his day. He had predicted the savage campaign of two years later, of Sheridan-Custer, which proved needful to chastise the upper tribesmen of Black Kettle, on the Washita.

As to the reservation which later was to hold the Comanches, subsequent to the series of tribal defeats wrought by Custer along the Washita, nothing was consummated until the following year. The main body of the Quahrada Comanches—those who had the Staked Plains as their hunting grounds—had traveled on back home. But here in the Wichita Mountains sturdy Sandy Griswold still held old Yellow Hand and his select band of warriors, waiting for word from north of the Arkansas. He had told Yellow Hand to wait until his young men came. Then they could go back home. And Yellow Hand himself was the first to announce the coming of men from the north.

The welcome between McMasters and Griswold was brief. The latter looked inside the ambulance.

"You've got your man!" said he grimly. "How about the others?"

"They resisted arrest, sir," replied Dan McMasters. "I had the help of Wild Bill Hickok at Abilene. I have kept my word and brought in Rudabaugh for you. Here's your man.

"Get out, you!" He spoke to Rudabaugh the first time, and cut his bands.

The prisoner climbed stiffly down and looked about him. He faced a row of Army tents, a few rough huts. A clump of Indian tepees stood not far distant. A strong shudder came across the body of Sim Rudabaugh. His face went white in sudden premonition.

The Comanches were waiting for the man who had killed their women.

"Oh, my God!" moaned the prisoner, now really contrite. "Oh, my God, have mercy!" Even then he knew.

Griswold called for his interpreter, ordered the Comanches to come before his tent. They sat in council, the pipe passed. The beady eyes of the Comanches were fixed on the prisoner, but they sat in silent dignity until the proper time. At length Griswold arose, addressing Yellow Hand and pointing to Rudabaugh, whom he kept standing, his hands again bound.

"Tell him," said Griswold, nodding to his interpreter, and speaking to Yellow Hand, "this is the man who shot down your women when they were bathing over there by the Arbuckle Hills. You Quahradas, of the Staked Plains, were visiting here. You had not harmed this man. He was not at war with you. You had not harmed him.

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Southern Exposure of Mount Rainier, Washington, Showing Nisqually Glacier in Foreground

A Tribute to Mothers

Mothers are health doctors. Their responsibility is to guard family health. It is mothers who are making the world clean. For centuries, mothers have feared, hated and fought dirt.

The marvelous advances in sanitation which are slowly, surely conquering disease are but the organized expression of woman's worship of cleanliness. To her influence must be credited clean schools, clean streets, clean neighborhoods.

Who can explain the mystery of a mother's protective instinct which ever guards the lives of those she loves? Is it that—

"—once, with eyes tear-stained, yet looking upward,
With smiling lips she passed beneath the rod,
Descending almost to the vale of shadows
To bring a little new-born soul from God."

Mother is the Health Doctor—

EVERY MOTHER knows that dirt is dangerous. She knows that dirt caused the fever which wasted the wonderful little body which she brought into the world—that burned up vitality which probably never can be wholly replaced. Dirt caused that skin infection which poisoned the body and may result in permanent ill health.

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It clears the complexion, removing the cause of tiny infections. It keeps baby's skin soft and free from rashes. It safely removes germ-laden dirt and grime from hands, face, knees and feet of your youngsters, preventing infection of scratches and bruises, and combating the contagions which are spread by dirt.

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GOODELL-PRATT
1500 GOOD TOOLS

(Continued from Page 76)

He killed your women. He did not seek out your warriors.

"I said to you that I would bring this man back to you for you to try. You can punish him as you like. I give him to you. You do not know this man. You only know that the men who wear a yellow stripe on their leggings never have lied to you. This is the man who killed your women. I say it."

He raised his hand as Yellow Hand started forward, his face convulsed.

"But I have your promise also, Yellow Hand. You shall not lie to me. When I give him to you in place of your two women you must do as you have promised.

"Will you now go back to your people and tell them to sit down? Will you tell them to leave the war trail on the Staked Plains, to leave our towns and ranches alone, and the cattle they drive north?

"Will you come here, all of you, and join the northern Comanches and your brothers the Kiowas and sit down forever, here on your land, where the buffalo are many and the deer are running in the thickets as many as the leaves on the trees? Here the sun is warm, the grass is good, the water is sweet and cool.

"Will you do all these things, Yellow Hand? Are you done fighting with the white man? I promise you that next year, and the year after, the white soldiers will take the winter trail against the villages of the Cheyennes and their friends. No matter how cold it is, no matter how deep the snow is, our men will find their villages and wipe them out. You Indians must stop stealing horses and cattle and killing our men on the ranches.

"Will you Quahradas, who are wise men, make your peace first and save your women and your children? If I give you this man will you open the trails for the cows that want to go north? Will you come in here and sit down? Promise me that, Yellow Hand! Speak only the truth to me! I know how to punish men who lie."

The face of the old savage still worked with rage; his eyes still were riveted on the miscreant who stood bound before him, tragic pledge for the future safety of the Trail. But now Yellow Hand knew himself to be the leader of his people. He rose with his arms folded.

"I speak the truth, now, here, even as the chief of the white men speaks it," said he. "You have done as you have said you would do. Give us that man that you said you would give us. We will do with him as your people would do with us. We will try him in our way. I will talk with my men. We will punish him in our way. Then when we have done that we will wrap our robes about us. We will come in here and sit down in this land, which we know is good.

"I can see that the white people are too many. They are making roads across the grass. Some day the buffalo will be gone. Over their trails will walk these new cattle—have we not seen them come? I can hear their hoofs coming, as many as the wind can count among the trees. It is done. I have said all I want to say."

"Rudabaugh," said Griswold, turning to him at length, with no pity in his eye, "get ready to die. God may have no mercy on your soul. You've shown none—not once in all your life. Take what you've earned!"

Rudabaugh broke out with denunciation of the utter illegality of all this.

"I know it," said Griswold. "But this court carries no records. No one will ever know."

He pushed forward the man, who now so trembled he scarce could stand. The sinewy fingers of Yellow Hand gripped his shoulder like eagle talons. A warrior caught him on the opposite side. He was dragged away, fighting, to the door of the largest lodge.

For an hour there came through the distance only the sound of savage singing. At length the white men, sitting solemnly awake in their own encampment, saw a group of the Comanches come out from the lodge and start toward a little thicket which lay perhaps a hundred yards or so away. They dragged with them something which scarce stood erect, held back with palsied feet.

"My God, Mister Dan," broke out the voice of a boy all too young for such a scene, but taking one more lesson in border ways, "what are they goin' to do to him now?"

But the savage justice of the tribesmen was done in such fashion as only these fiends of the lower border could have devised. No pen should specify as to this.

For a time, for five minutes perhaps, or more, there came from the thicket shrieks of a man in torture, such sounds as left these hardened men unable to look one another in the face, though not one of them wavered in his own savage decision. Now it was too late. The word of the white men had been given.

No smoke, no sign of fire arose above the top of the little thicket. There was no sound but that of the shrieking victim. The Comanches had devised some new way of punishment.

Yellow Hand came back after a long time, a smile contorting his great mouth.

"Him run little way," said he, wiping his hands on his leggings. "No skin on him—he can't run far."

And for reason of that which had gone on in yonder thicket by the little stream—by reason of what one time was found flung across the bush tops there—that bloody stream came to be called the Rawhide.

The Comanche reservation, thus purchased, later established, was close to that spot. Far to the west, above Doan's Crossing, over the high country where soon a dozen trails were to blend—seeking Ellsworth, Newton, Wichita, Dodge, Great Bend, Ogalalla, all the Army posts and all the empty upper range—the Comanches fought no more.

The day of the northbound hegira of the cows had come. The immortal gods, trickling through their fingers grasses of grama, mesquite, redtop, buffalo, bluestem, watched a new land spring lustily into being. It was born of blood. But it was born of South and North, which never again were to know war one with the other. Both shared in sending old customs to a new land. A new language came to it. New industries grew in it. More rapidly than any tract of all our country or of any country ever was settled, the Great West of America became great and strong indeed. It wrote its story—whose beginnings almost have faded now—on the pages of the world's history: or more splendidly still, on the lips of a country's envying tradition of Homeric deeds.

XLVIII

IT WAS morning of an autumn day on the old rancho of Laguna del Sol. Although flowers lacked, the leaves of the live oaks held their perennial course unchanged, the heavy pendants of the Spanish moss aiding them against the rays of a sun still ardent. The air was almost without movement, too richly languorous for any exercise—sweet, rich, mellow and golden as honey, breath of a world caring for neither past nor future.

The surface of the placid fields where grain had been now seemed as though covered by a moving carpet of gray and gold—countless field larks, come to this gentle region for their wintering. In the great lagoon beyond the live-oak groves countless wild fowl, also from north of 36, had come below the edge of winter for their annual vacation. The cattle lay contented in the sun, horses stood dozing, free of care. Del Sol never had seemed more beautiful or shown more rapport with the mere facts of life.

Anastasie Lockhart, mistress of Del Sol, was in her dooryard, looking after morning-glory seed for the coming year. These and other climbing things had well-nigh taken possession of the big house during her absence north the past summer. There had been no hand to give the old place any ministrations, and in the fecund Southwest the fight of civilization against an eager Nature, claiming its own, is a continuous one. Years of poverty, which had meant also years of negligence, now obliged youth and inexperience to begin in a weak way the task of restoration. Del Sol had lacked the strong and resourceful hand of its founder.

Not that courage and resourcefulness lacked for the present owner of Del Sol—nor, indeed, that material means now lacked, after the astonishingly successful venture of the northern drive. And the steady ruin into which the place had advanced had been due more than anything else to an actual lack of material resources.

Anastasie Lockhart had been poor. But now she was not poor. The venture north had brought her touch with the Aladdin lamp. Now she could hold up her head and look all the world in the face. Now she could pay her debts and be once more a Lockhart of the Lockharts, worthy when on her knees to look her departed father's shade calmly in the face and to declare his faith kept with all the world.

This very morning Anastasie Lockhart had paid her men their wages for the month; indeed, but just now she had come from the cook-house door; where not so long before she had stood, haltingly confessing to them that she could not pay her laborers their hire. It was different today.

Not all the old Del Sol men now were at their table, for some had taken service north, perhaps never again to set foot on Texas soil, and others had not yet drifted home from seeing the world. Buck, the cook, still was there; and it appeared that both he and Milly had agreed to forget the past of Milly's missing husband, Milly agreeing that she "taken up with Buck," believing him to be the moral superior of the missing Jim. The place of Del Williams was vacant, nor was Len Hersey's light garrulity now audible. No heirs of Cal Dalhart had been found.

There were new men on Del Sol, new horses and new cows. Old Jim Nabours, when he swung into saddle that morning, had at his side only one man of the old Del Sol clan—the boy Cinquo Centavos, now resplendent in the full regalia of the range and much more the man of his adventurings in far lands. Both these had stood at Blancocito's head to assist their mistress in mounting when she rode back to the big house.

So now Taisie Lockhart was pretty much alone as she pottered about the galleries of the old house, searching for morning-glory seeds, putting them into her cupped left hand. She was in riding habit now, her male attire discarded, and a sidesaddle fretted Blancocito, not the old saddle of low horn and double cinch, which he had yielded only after a long and bitter fight against the new substitute.

What a change since that other morning of the spring, half a year ago, when she had returned from the cook-house door! Could this unsmiling young lady, tall and dignified, well clad, be the same Taisie Lockhart of that other day? On which day had she been rich, on which day poor? A world intervened between the two. Anastasie Lockhart, a new little droop at the corner of her mouth, knew that were it possible she would give this day for that other that day when she was poor. That was when first she saw a tall young man ride in at her gate, whom she had never seen again since their cold parting in the street of Abilene.

Some thought, some sound unrecognized, something in the air—she knew not what—caused Taisie's cupped hand to cease accumulating morning-glory seeds, the fingers of the other to halt arrested in the air. She turned. That same rider now was entering her gate.

The face of the mistress of Del Sol went pale. She dropped her morning-glory seeds.

The rider, tall, slender, very straight, very easy in saddle, came on in directly through the gate, which a darky boy had opened for him. But he did not this morning, as upon that other morning, ride to the cook-house yard. Upon the contrary, at the same steady, gentle and unbroken trot, he rode up, unfaltering, unagitated, to the gallery of Del Sol. His hat in hand, he dismounted not a dozen paces from where stood Anastasie, dumb and motionless, pale even in the Texas sun.

He also, for the time, was dumb. He came straight up to her without speaking. She noticed certain things, intimately shrewd, her memory holding every detail of the man whom for months she had known she loved in spite of every endeavor.

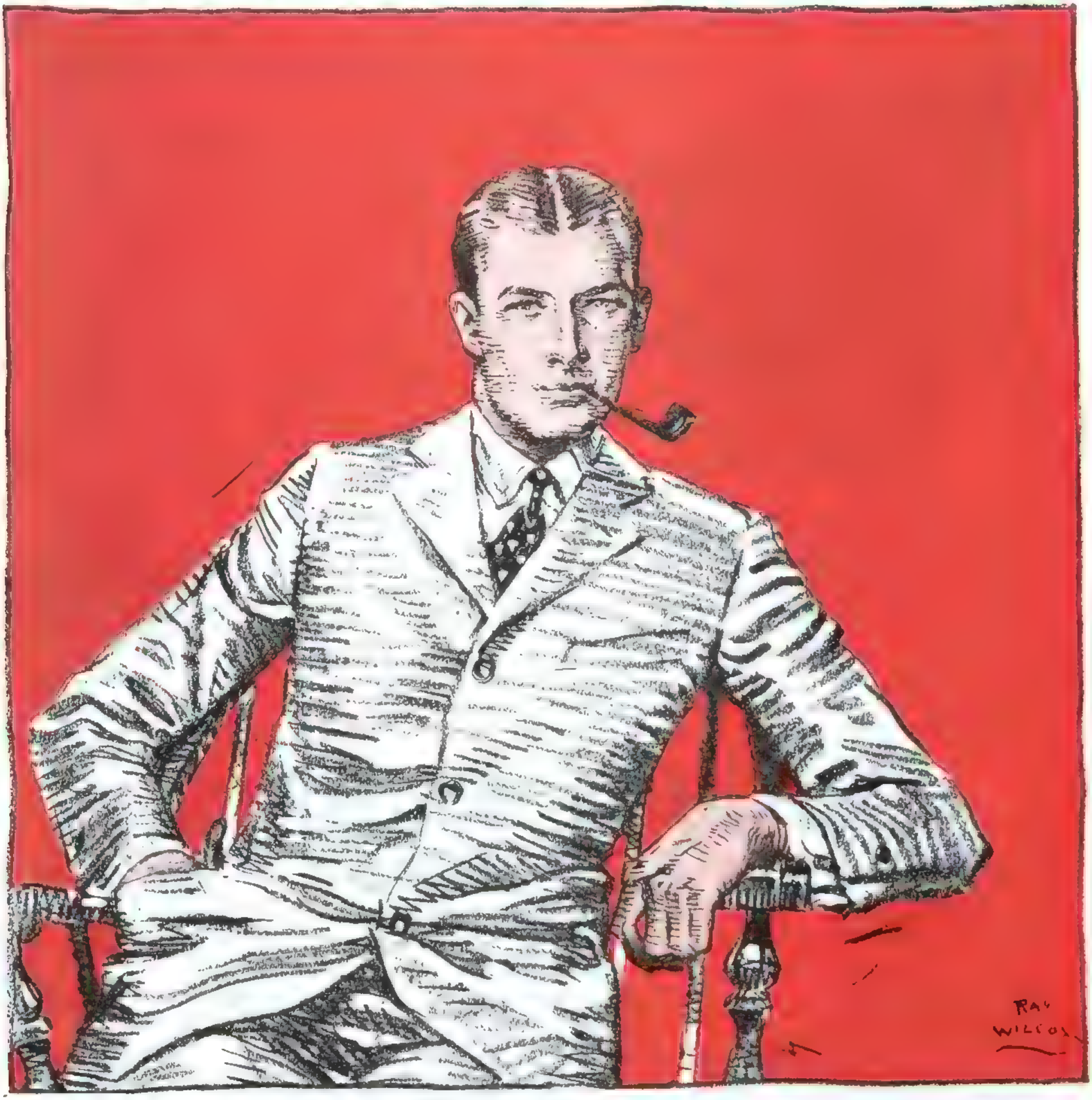
He was scrupulously neat, now, as he had always been. His clothing was new and good. His collar and his cuffs were white—pure white, in good linen. Once she vaguely remembered it now he had not worn white; had explained to her some reason for the dull red of his linen.

And there was another change, she was sure of this—he was unarmed! The heavy weapons no longer swung at his belt, nor even showed in his saddle holsters. For the first time since she had known him she saw him weaponless.

He seemed another man, for some reason, she could not tell what. The same imperturbable calm, the same level gaze of the eye, the same inscrutable mask of countenance were his, and still he seemed to retain his habit of casting the burden of speech upon others than himself; but there was about him something different. Sometimes

(Continued on Page 81)

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



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Rochester, New York

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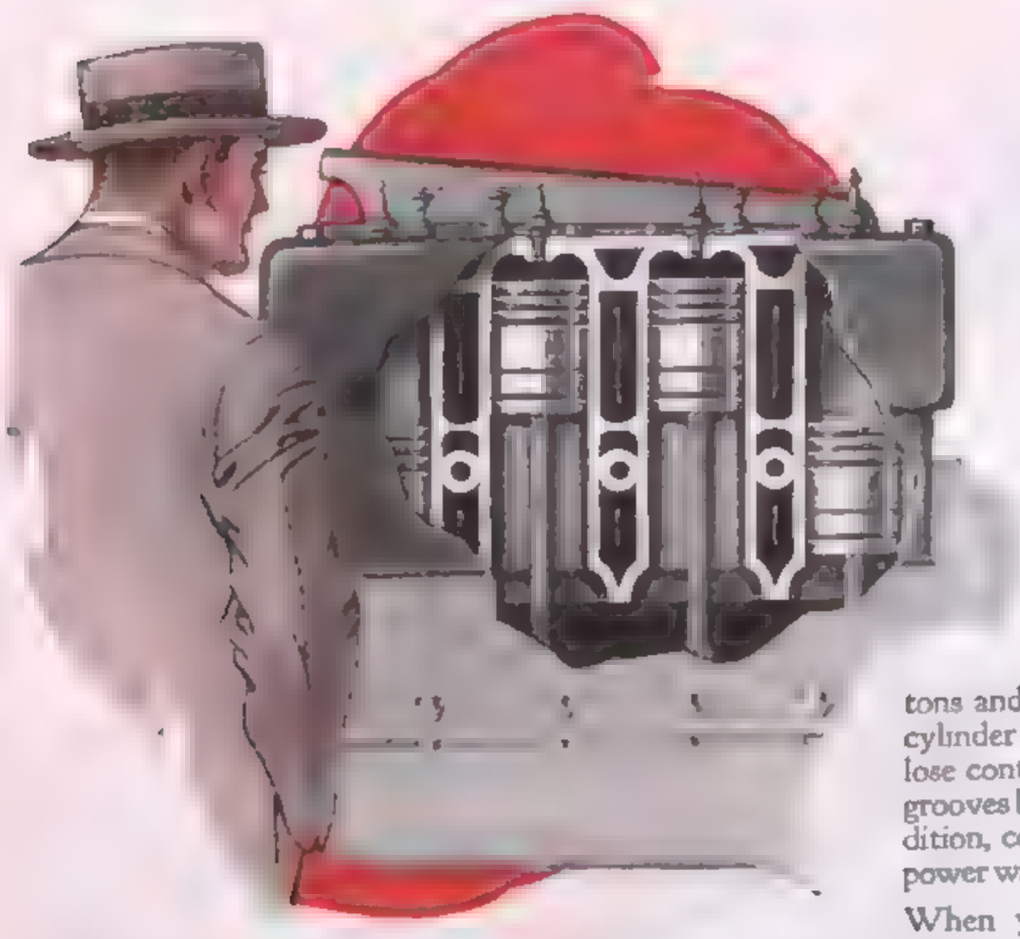

YOU could see what terrific movement is involved in the dizzy speed of the pistons. Then you would realize the amount of work piston rings have to do, traveling up and down against the cylinder walls hundreds of times per minute.

Such movement means friction—friction means wear—and wear on piston rings is as inevitable as road wear on tires.

But though you can't see piston ring wear, as you can tire wear, you can depend upon your motor letting you know when this condition is causing internal trouble. The sure signals are loss of power, oil pumping, excess carbon, fouled spark plugs, and waste of gas and oil.

Piston rings are made to wear—to take the wear from the cylinders—because they are inexpensive to renew and easy to install. If they didn't wear, the cylinders would and you'd have a much more troublesome and costly condition to correct.

The unpretentious piston rings are, however, of the greatest importance to the motor's operation. Everything depends upon the precision of their fit to the pistons and their close contact against the cylinder wall. As wear develops, they lose contact and become loose in their grooves besides. This causes a leaky condition, consequently poor compression, power waste and oil and carbon troubles.

When you note these symptoms of worn piston rings, you should have them replaced. They can't get better of themselves. Running along with them in that condition will not only cost you much more in the end, but you'll lose much of the satisfaction of driving.

Piston ring replacement is a simple and safe job with McQuay-Norris Piston Ring quality and service immediately available at the nearest repair shop. Exclusive process Electric Iron, giving long wear—manufacturing accuracy that insures perfect fit—a ring for every purpose and price to fit every make and model of motor or gas engine.

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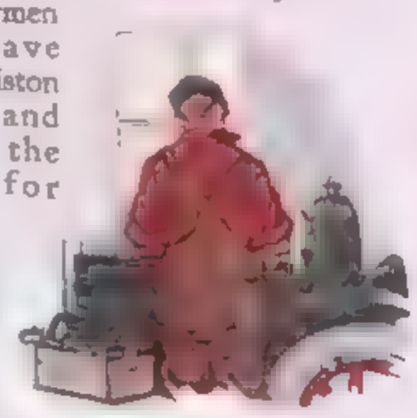
When your motor is "down," take the precaution of having the cylinders examined. They may have become "scored" or badly worn "out of round" from various causes. In such case have them refinished to correct any imperfections.

Your repairman either has the equipment for refinishing or "truing up" worn cylinders or can have this work done for you by one of the many competent shops specializing in this work. Then it will pay you to put in McQuay-Norris Pistons and Pins specially made for piston replacement. Repairmen everywhere have McQuay-Norris Piston Rings, Pistons and Piston Pins in the correct size for your motor. If not, they can get them promptly from their jobber or a McQuay-Norris Service Stock.



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LEAK-PROOF—Its exclusive two-piece design means equal cylinder wall pressure at all points. Its greater flexibility means better performance in worn cylinders. Best for all grooves except top, which should have Supercyl. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

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In Canada, $1.50

Supercyl—stops oil trouble. Keeps lubricating oil out of combustion chamber. Collects excess oil on each down stroke of piston and empties on each up stroke, which ordinary grooved rings cannot do. Made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in a parchment container. Price per ring—

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JIFFY-GRIP—the quick seating ring with the non butting joint. Seats in a Jiffy." Can be fitted closer than the ordinary step cut rings. Ends cannot butt when fitted tightly as quick seating rings should be. Accurately made of Electric Iron. Each ring packed in glassine envelope. Price per ring—

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Snap Rings—of the highest grade. Raised above the average by McQuay-Norris manufacturing methods. Made of Electric Iron. Their use insures all the satisfaction possible for you to get from a plain snap ring. Packed twelve to the carton and rolled in waxed paper. Price per ring—

25c

In Canada, 30c

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(Continued from Page 78)

we feel some such indefinable change in a man who has suffered a great sickness or met with some great reverse.

"I wish you good morning, Mr. McMasters," said Anastasie, half irritated at the length of his silence, though never had his eyes wavered from her face. He had wanted to speak, but his lifelong reticence glued his lips.

He made no immediate reply, disdainful as usual of the irrelevant, the inconsequent. At length he drew from his inner pocket a folded bit of paper.

"I have come to bring you this, Miss Lockhart," said he, and gave it her.

She looked at it, recognized it, and colored deeply.

"It was my wish that you should have it," said she.

"No, I cannot."

"And why not? It is only right and fair that I should pay my debts, the same as any other person. My father paid his. I sent you the draft as I was bound to do. I wanted to pay you—especially wanted to pay you." Her color heightened.

"Why?"

"Why? To square my obligations to you. They were enough. If I had known before I started what a load of debt you had put on me, there would never have been a Del Sol cow driven north. I'd have died, starved, rather than have been under any such obligation to you! I'd have choked if I'd known I was eating your bread!"

"And you think you have paid all your debt now with this?"

She twisted the paper of the bank draft in her fingers, unconsciously dropped it on the ground.

"No," said she, honest always; "there are some things that one can't pay. There are some things that can't be paid. But I sent you the draft, guessing at the total because I could never get a statement from my men fairly covering the advances you made us without my knowledge. We did eat your bread. Without you and your supplies—your horses, your everything—without your care and help all the way over the trail, we couldn't have started and couldn't have got through. Ah"—bitterly—"we couldn't even have sold so well at the end of the trail. That's all true. It's the cruelest truth that ever was offered me."

"You didn't want to be helped, not even by your neighbor?"

"Not in that way; not after all—after everything—after some things had come out as they did."

"You mean, after your own fault had found you out, don't you? Isn't that the cruelest part of it?"

His words were merciless, yet his voice was kind, gentle, beyond compare with any voice she had heard in all her life.

"Yes!" she broke out. "Yes, I suppose that's true. But you have had no mercy; you show none now. Did you come here this morning to make me say that?"

"Yes," said Dan McMasters; "that is why I did come. I knew that some time you'd want to tell me that. I knew that before I went away from you, you'd want to be Lockhart enough to admit to a McMasters that no McMasters ever born could be the dishonorable man you thought I was. You sent me out of your camp with a brand on me that I never would have taken if I hadn't loved you the first minute I saw you—and if I hadn't known that some day you'd want to tell me you were wrong."

Anastasie Lockhart spread out her hands.

"Haven't I? I have repented it every night and every day since then. But of what use? You are not one who can forgive. You only want to shame and humiliate me, you can't forgive. You wouldn't let me, wouldn't believe me, wouldn't forgive me. You say you can't change."

"Are you so sure?" His voice spoke as though in answer to some question of his own. "Which of us can be sure of anything? Who knows about these things?"

He pulled together, trying not to let his emotions go, to hold to safe things.

"Do you think my father or yours would let us be anything but neighbors?" he began. "Did not those two gentlemen fight all their lives together, for their principles, for their state? They were friends, even after the war, even in the war. If you had a brother, do you suppose my sister could make any payment to him for things like this? Those men were Texans."

"You did nothing for me, then," said Anastasie Lockhart, trying to be furious. "You did not think of me; you thought of Texas. You thought of everything but me!"

"Anastasie," said he quietly, "that isn't right. I have thought of nothing else but you since I met you. Love—why, you can't measure what love will do!"

"Love, sir?"

But now his words rushed.

"Neighbor and neighbor—yes. Gonzales and Caldwell—yes. Lockhart and McMasters—yes. The big trail opening up, the whole country opening up—yes. The Indians giving way before the white men—yes. A new day coming into all this country—why, yes! I can see all those things, and so can you. But why? What actuated it all? It seems to me it must have been love—love of man and woman. I know it was my love for you that drove me. There are things we can't ever measure. I couldn't explain what I mean—no. And, of course I know," he added, "I'd have no right to if I could."

Anastasie Lockhart stood looking at him, wide-eyed. Surely—she knew it now with a sudden gasp of apprehension—her instinct had been right. She had loved in him something other than the cold dominancy of his nature. Now she knew that he was not the coldest man in all the world, but a man of tempestuous heats, with storm and stress about him. For the first time she saw his fingers tremble as he half reached out a hand, withdrew it.

Neither could he now speak except with effort. It seemed that, after all, they were come to the parting of the roads.

"So you wanted my signature under the words 'In full to date.' Is it in full to date? Well, we'll part the better friends for my having come here. And you thought I could not forgive!"

"Yes!" the girl broke out at last. "I thought you were the hardest, coldest, cruelest man in all the world. I have only seen the savage side of you."

His face changed, grew suddenly sad; upon it came the melancholy occasionally so notable on the face of another man of like trade, whom he had met not long before in the North.

"I don't think you can quite understand everything in the world all at once, my dear," said he. "I was set apart from men because I had taken on work to do. Home and the love of woman could not be for me. I was nothing more than a priest—high priest of law and justice. My hands had to be red. I knew I could never come to you feeling that it was right."

His face was gray, he undertook to smile, bitterly.

"I was a killer!" he exclaimed. "I became that out of duty to my family and my state. I knew what it meant—knew well enough. I couldn't offer you a hand red as mine. I thought a time surely would come when you'd have a horror come over you, thinking of what I'd done. But I had to go on with my work until it was done. I studied it. I shot away a thousand pounds of lead, I used kegs of powder, in practice. And I studied concentration. That was the only way I could be safe. Of course, I can't make you understand that. But I was playing in a game where I did not dare lose. My life was up all the time—and more than my life."

Now he was turning away.

"You are going?" said she.

"Yes. The last of the open gang of thieves and outlaws is dead today. The roads are open. The state can breathe. The great conspiracy is ended. We've done our work. For those who are to benefit by it, what difference if we do pass unknown and forgotten? Your father's murderer is dead. We did what we had to do. That was what I did—I did that first, before I dared to think of beginning my own life for myself. But ——" And now he drew himself up.

She knew that he wanted to indicate to her something. Her eyes rested on the whiteness of his linen. He saw the look.

"Yes," said he, looking at his hands, "I've turned over a new leaf. I have thrown away my guns. Never while I live will I put them on again, either here or in the North. I am no longer a hired killer. From where the sun stands now I am done with that. I am McMasters, citizen, not officer."

He had found his bridle reins, but did not go, could not go.

"You were talking about forgiveness," said he, at length, with difficulty. "Forgive you? Why, I have never done anything but that! Of course, since I am going away, I ought to forget you; but I never shall. All you have to do about me is to forget me. There are better men."

The girl flared out at him with some sudden impulse which got beyond her control.

"You come here to preach to me? Is that the way to do? Oh, you ride into my place and you make me tear out my heart with shame and humiliation and show it to you. And then you ride away again and say good-by and tell me to forget! Why did you come here at all? Couldn't you have mailed back my draft?"

He hesitated. His hand dropped to his side. Suddenly he held out to her a little object which so by accident he had touched; something which had been in the side pocket of his coat. In appearance it was a fragment of dark red rock, broken irregularly. But Taisie's eyes noticed that to it clung another object—a horse-shoe steel, such as the riders of the outlands were used to carry with a bit of flint so they might be safe for fire in any exigency. Without plan, these two objects now served Dan McMasters for the thing which he had not been able to put into speech.

"Anastasie," said he, "look at this! It's nothing—only a bit of ore I picked up near the Wichitas when I came through. But see, it's magnetic. Look how steel clings to it! You hardly can draw them apart; it will pull to it every little piece of metal. It can't help itself; they can't help themselves.

"Taisie, what's inside of it? I don't know. What is that force that we can't see? I don't know. I don't know anything. You ask me questions that I can't answer. All I know is that the magnet and the steel come together—here, you see. And yet you ask me why am I here now? I don't know. It's the same reason that made me leave Rudabaugh alive in his camp and ride after you.

"Didn't I tell you there are things we can't weigh or measure? There's something behind the world we can't any of us find out! Why did I come? I don't know!"

He tossed the little bit of rock and the clinging steel upon the ground beside the twisted fragment of Anastasie Lockhart's draft, "In full to date." His eyes were softened. The lines of chin and jaw seemed new to her.

"I have been trying to reason things out," said he at last, in a new, strange, shaken voice she never yet had heard. "I am trying now to reason out why I don't get on up and ride on away. We've said good-by. I've reasoned that you couldn't love me. Am I right or wrong?"

Anastasie Lockhart slowly raised her face, her serious, grave eyes looking straight into his.

"You were wrong!" said she. "You have used me like a man. I was a woman."

He stepped toward her, in the open sunlight where any might have seen, caught her face between his two hands and looked into her eyes with his own new eyes.

"You don't mean we could both begin again? You don't mean you could forget what I have been? You don't mean I could ever be good enough for you? You don't mean you could ever learn to love me in spite of what I was, for sake of what I am going to try to be? Tell me—answer me now, for I don't think I can endure this."

His two hands had fallen on her shoulders, straightened her up, held her at arm's length for just an instant. The innate bravery of the girl aided her to look straight into his eyes in turn.

"You know," she said, smiling slowly. "You must know now."

The tension of the fingers on her shoulders lessened. His voice came almost in a whisper.

"I do know! Why, there is a new world, after all! We are the very first. There is no past."

"Dan!" said she, after a long time. "Dan!"

Her fingers were twisting softly around his wrist, crumpling the white linen that they found there. Her eyes followed her fingers, not daring to look up. Her fingers were warm. He caught her chin in both his hands, though still her fingers clung.

"Taisie," said he, "what fools we've been! Ah, what a blind fool I was! Forgive me!"

"Why, Dan!" she murmured.

Her head fell forward upon his shoulder, drowsily, although it was morning, and though the sun shone all around them, brilliantly, blindingly.

(THE END)

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Answer These Questions

Unless you know the answers before starting on a motor trip, you are almost certain to lose a lot of time, pleasure and money. How many can you answer? Try.

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2. What is the best route? What road markers and highway numbers shall I follow?
3. How many miles are paved? Gravel? Dirt?
4. What are the scenic attractions? Historic points? Golf? Fishing?
5. What hotels, restaurants, garages? Where? Accommodations? Rates?
6. If I have engine or tire trouble, will I know the nearest service station?
7. How can I keep on the right route through cities?
8. If I make a side trip, what is the best road and how will I get back to my route?
9. Will I be warned of dangerous curves and crossings?
10. If I meet detours will I know whether finishing my trip on another route will be shorter?
11. If I travel partly by water what are the ferry and steamship schedules and rates?
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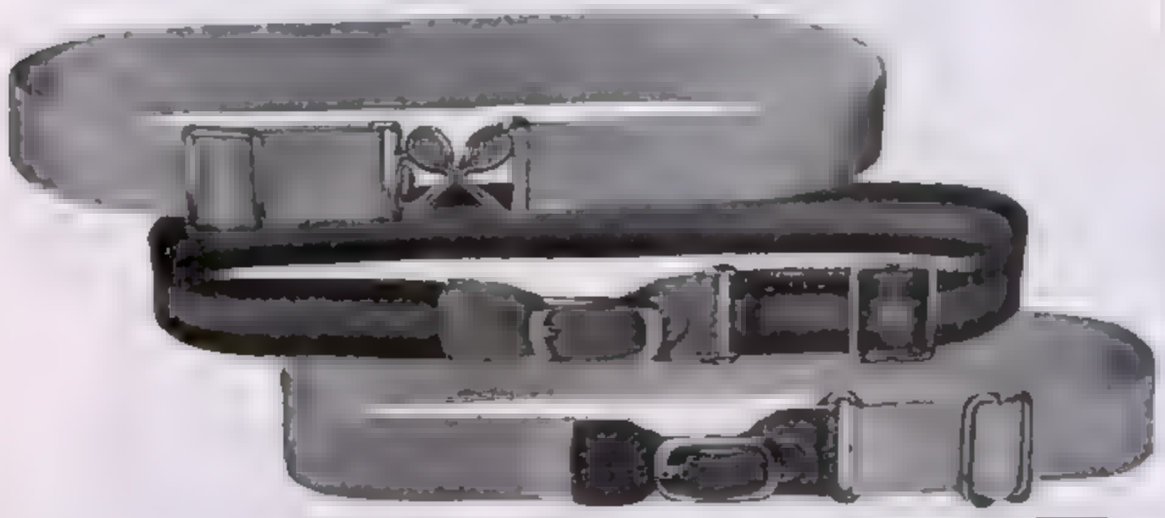

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WHERE LABOR AND THE FARMER GET OFF

(Continued from Page 11)

demands and policies. The worker becomes a soldier in the ranks of an army trained to think and act en masse, and to place his whole reliance upon the power of his organization, and not upon his own skill and efficiency. The worse feature perhaps is that he is taught to regard the employer as his natural enemy and to look upon society as organized to oppress him.

"The result is to deprive the worker of all incentive, and to make the efficiency of the least common denominator for the efficiency of all. The spirit of hostility and of armed truce prevailing in the closed shops are serious obstacles to efficient productive methods.

"There is a still more serious phase. Out of the average workman's fear of unemployment, and the lack of understanding of modern efficiency, has emerged the idea that by doing less work he will help to make employment for more workers. Nothing could be more fallacious. England today is literally fighting for her industrial life because of this bane of restricted output.

"Though the doctrine of force may serve its purpose for a time, it will in the end mean destruction of the unions. This is an age of coöperation, and until unionism realizes its full meaning the system is doomed. The Germans sought to rule the world through force, and brought on a war in which an empire, built up through years of patient effort, crumbled. Stiff-necked and inconsiderate union labor may well heed this precedent."

Just how the great majority of big employers feel about what is so often called the tyranny of organized labor was formulated by a veteran of many industrial wars, who spoke out of experience when he declared:

"Organized labor is the most flagrant monopoly in the United States. Instead of being regulated as it should be, it is permitted to run wild and jeopardize property and prosperity. Industrial monopolies, on the other hand, are not only regulated by law but increase their efficiency and service under it.

"What this country needs more than anything else is government control of the combinations of labor. This does not mean the futile kind of government interference with industrial relations, such as happened in the coal and rail strikes. It does mean that Washington should curb the combines that take the stewardship of industry out of the hands of the men who own it and put it in the hands of incompetents who seek to exploit it for their own ends."

The Apprentice System

Less hostile, and expressive of a growing body of opinion throughout the country, is this conviction of one of the most forward-looking of Western governors:

"The feeling has been growing for a long time that labor is not wisely led. Its leaders are nearly all secretaries of war who have spent a great deal of time leading their people into a fruitless warfare that has resulted disastrously to labor, to the public and to the employers. This has been particularly emphatic in the essential industries, such as transportation and fuel. My judgment is that more people than ever before are thinking intelligently upon the necessity of an impartial tribunal with power to enforce its decisions in the controversies that arise in the essential industries.

"They have come to the realization that it is unspeakable for a nation that has found solutions for most of its other quarrels to allow unrestrained warfare in the industrial world. They have come to the conclusion that there is no real reason why every time a new contract is to be signed between men who work in coal mines and the coal operators, or between men who work in the railroad shops and the railway companies, everything must be shut down and the public suffer untold harm while these gentlemen are arriving at a proper relationship in reference to their wages and working conditions."

One type of indictment of the closed shop, which represents a composite view of employers, is as follows:

"The irony of the closed shop is that the rules are made by men 95 per cent of whom are not employed in any one establishment and have no knowledge therefore of its local problems. Working conditions in every plant so controlled are established by outside authorities. These rules specifically limit the number of apprentices that may be employed, thus reducing the number of skilled workers. This operates against business in general, because a larger number of skilled workers means a larger number of buyers."

In connection with the restriction on apprentices, the following statement made to me by a prominent Milwaukee employer is to the point:

"My knowledge of organized labor comes from direct contact with the building trades, where there is a great labor scarcity and the wages beyond all proportion. I refer particularly to masons, carpenters, plumbers, plasterers and painters. As a result of the shortage in these classes of labor, and the extortionate wages demanded, the cost of building construction is almost prohibitive. To a large extent, I believe this is due to the apprentice system. Lack of apprentices to keep pace with the growth of the country is retarding not only building operations but all manufacturing operations for the products supplied in that field. Organized labor has not been satisfied with a fair wage, but the unions have restricted apprentices, and even gone so far as to endeavor to have laws passed by the states licensing those who work in their trades, such as plumbers and painters."

Corporate Responsibilities

One way out of apprentice restriction was indicated by a leading Cleveland producer in this recommendation:

"The majority of men, I believe, are opposed to the closed union shop and equally to the closed nonunion shop. The idea is the shop open at both ends. Wider opportunities to learn trades outside of our grade schools must be provided and more persons taught them, whether they expect to follow these vocations or not. A union such as one here in Cleveland with an average age of fifty-one is wrong from every point of view."

As a corollary, so to speak, to the comment on the building trades, it may be worth pointing out that this wing of industry, together with railroad labor and coal mining, remains the hard spot in the labor situation. Everywhere I found people regarding them thus:

"Union autocracy in the building trades throughout the United States is not only a menace to production but to the great mass of the people as well, for the housing shortage is acute everywhere. In New York City, for example, a bricklayer today receives as high as twenty-five dollars a day; and even with this prohibitive wage, he will work only on a job that is congenial to him. Until there is some degree of liquidation in coal mining, the railroads and the building trades, there can be no industrial peace, and the resentment against the abuse of power by labor will become increasingly bitter. Commissions and tribunals will not remedy this situation. It must get on to a man-to-man relationship between the employer and the employe."

In the preceding statements you have the substance of what the average man throughout the United States thinks about the closed shop. In many quarters I found a supplementary point of view, both on the part of the public and the producer, which expressed itself this wise:

"The labor unions should have corporate responsibilities. If they were forced to incorporate legally they could be held to account for the inroads they make upon economic peace and prosperity. This process would make for caution and minimize the strike hazard.

"In most jurisdictions the union is legally irresponsible because it is a voluntary unincorporated association. As such, it cannot be held in a suit at law for injury that it may unlawfully inflict upon others. The only law for such injury is against individual members of the organization. For practical purposes such a remedy is useless. When a union, for example, carries on

(Continued on Page 85)

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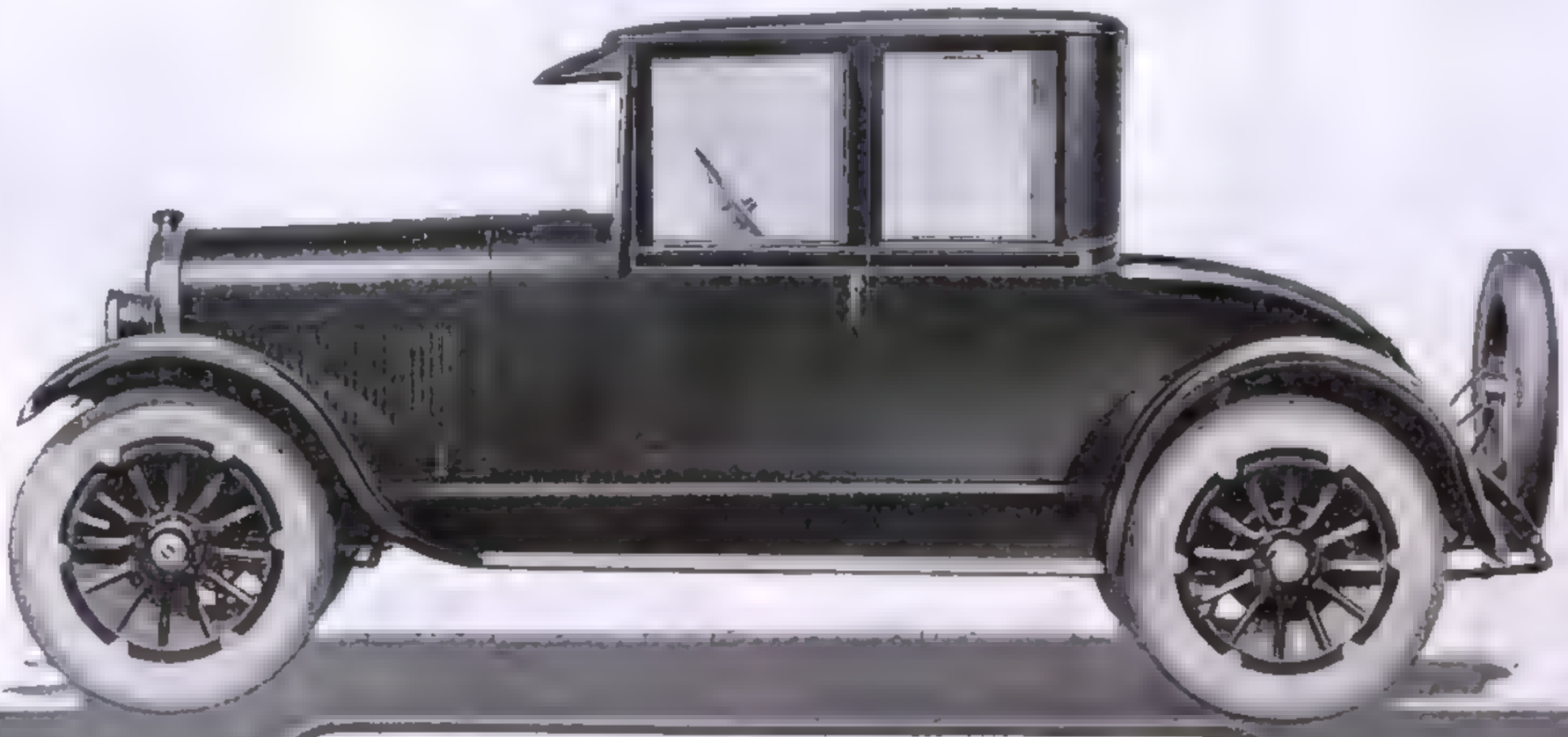

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Roadster - - - - $975	Sport Roadster - $1145	Coupe for Five - $1445
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ASK YOUR LOCAL MERCHANT FOR THEM

(Continued from Page 82)

a campaign with dynamite the injured contractors cannot recover damages from a union. This irresponsible power is a constant temptation to arbitrary, selfish and destructive action."

It is only fair to present labor's side, which I do in the words of the head of a big and flourishing union. He said:

"The closed shop is merely labor's defense against the exactions of the employer. Give the average employer an inch and he wants a mile. Moreover, the closed shop has brought about better wage and working conditions for the worker.

"On all sides you hear that people want no strikes. You seldom hear, however, that they want no lockouts, and that they want in any way to right the injustice against which strikes are protests. Nor do they offer any intelligent alternative for the strike.

"If you will let me digress for a moment I should like to express the thought that the strike is poorly defined in the minds of most people who are not actually engaged in industrial operations. The word 'strike' carries the impression of an affirmative action. In reality the strike is a negative action. The strike is the act of declining to work. I am perfectly willing to grant that strikes have taken place from causes that might seem unreasonable to most persons not engaged in the operation. Strikes have even taken place for causes that have seemed unreasonable to many who were engaged in the operation. These are the exceptions, and there are abuses in every walk of life. One of the things the trade-union movement is trying to do is to avert strikes and to make it unnecessary for strikes to take place. There are industries, such as the glass-bottle-blowing industry, in which from the beginning to the present day there has never been a breach of harmonious relations between employers and workers.

"At all times the vast majority of American workers are at work, but naturally much more notice is taken of 50,000 who may be idle than of 4,000,000 who may be at work. This is because the negative action of the 50,000 in declining to work under conditions to which they cannot agree is interfering with the convenience of somebody who has the ability to make a noise.

"I have often thought it would be a great thing for America, a great thing for fairness and justice, if there could be some really impartial agency to establish the facts in contested matters. The workers of America are constantly paying a penalty for a vast amount of misrepresentation. Those who are the victims of misrepresentation have a much keener appreciation of the volume of misrepresentation than even those who perpetrate the misrepresentation. Either the perpetrators are fully innocent of what they are doing, or do so out of lack of understanding of the subject with which they are dealing. This does not account, however, for all misrepresentation, and I say with regret that there is constantly more or less misrepresentation that is purposeful and sinister."

A St. Louis Opinion

Turn to wages, and especially that well-known and overworked phrase, "The living wage," and you get some diverting opinions. Here is one, for example, from a militant employer:

"The phrase 'living wage' is subtle and dangerous. One of its implications is that it is the duty of the employer to pay a wage fixed by the necessities of the man who receives the wage, not by his earning capacity or by what he contributes to the production of the fund out of which the wage is to be paid.

"Another of its implications is that it rests within the discretion of the employer to fix the wage. The employer does not in the last analysis fix wages. Wages are fixed, by and large, in the ultimate, by the final consumer of goods. If he stops buying goods that have been produced at a certain scale of wages, then that scale of wages must be changed until they meet the demands of the final consumer."

In line with this comment is the following from a St. Louis manufacturer:

"I am highly in favor of labor receiving a wage that is commensurate with the service it performs. Unfortunately organized labor has in a great many cases abused its privileges to such an extent that it has unduly increased the price to the consumer and in some cases worked a hardship on the public. I feel the only solution to the labor problem is a better developed educational system that will teach the elementary economics of industry so that the laborer will appreciate that his share cannot go above a certain amount, and that high wages do not necessarily mean a more comfortable living unless high wages are accompanied by products resulting from labor commensurate with the wages paid."

A larger view is the following from the head of one of Chicago's most powerful banking institutions:

"Labor constantly struggles for higher pay and better working conditions. The endeavor to obtain these meets obstacles at every turn, and this naturally develops a tenacious disposition to hold all the ground gained. Almost constant attempts are made to reduce hours of labor and output per man. In a rising market, with foreign competition largely eliminated, and a heavy demand upon the part of Europe and other countries to which we export goods, prices of raw materials and merchandise can be increased to offset these tendencies. With the restoration of world competition and the readjustments that must come in our own country, the question is whether our own labor can continue to demand the present wage scale and restrict output."

A Criticism of Labor

"It does not seem to me that the final settlement will be fully in accordance with the wishes either of the employer or the employe, but that it will be governed by world conditions and competition. When and if Europe begins to work with a determination to regain international trade we shall be compelled, at least in part, to meet whatever may be adopted as the standard wage and working day there, except so far as advantages in the possession of raw materials, improved machinery and our genius for producing and distributing goods may act as an offset to European standards. Otherwise we shall fail to hold our trade position.

"If we should lose our foreign markets for surplus manufactures it would mean restricted plant operation, unemployment and ultimately and unavoidably a movement to adjust our cost of production and distribution to a lower basis."

A criticism of labor indorsed everywhere is summed up in the following expression from one of the best known of Boston manufacturers:

"For many years legislative traffic at Washington was impeded because of the fear among lawmakers of offending the so-called financial interests, which was just another name for Wall Street. This menace disappeared under the glare of the publicity that began to beat about corporate affairs.

"The bogy of Wall Street is now succeeded by the fear of hurting the feelings of organized labor. Nearly every big labor group has a representative at Washington to look after its interests. He holds the threat of loss of votes over the head of the legislator. Almost unlimited cash resources are at the command of these agents. This money is used for the dissemination of propaganda that is often vicious and usually misleading.

"We should work unceasingly and immediately against centralization of labor control in Washington and elsewhere. I am not opposed to labor unions, but I am unalterably against a national labor union that shall dictate conditions in all industries all over the United States. Over-centralization is a growing and persistent peril. Decentralization is essential not only with regard to labor but with regard to almost everything else connected with our governmental system."

Allied with this is another far-reaching objection to the alliance between labor and politics. It was expressed by a man whose whole public career has been friendly to unionism, yet this is what he said:

"The trouble is that many unionists do not altogether trust their leaders, and, by the same token, many unionists are lacking in complete loyalty to their chiefs. If labor had been more wisely led the friction that has existed would have been minimized. The mistake that most labor leaders make is that they play politics too much and sound business too little. They are still led by the delusion that some day there will be a labor party in the United States. This might have been possible ten years ago, when organized labor had not provoked

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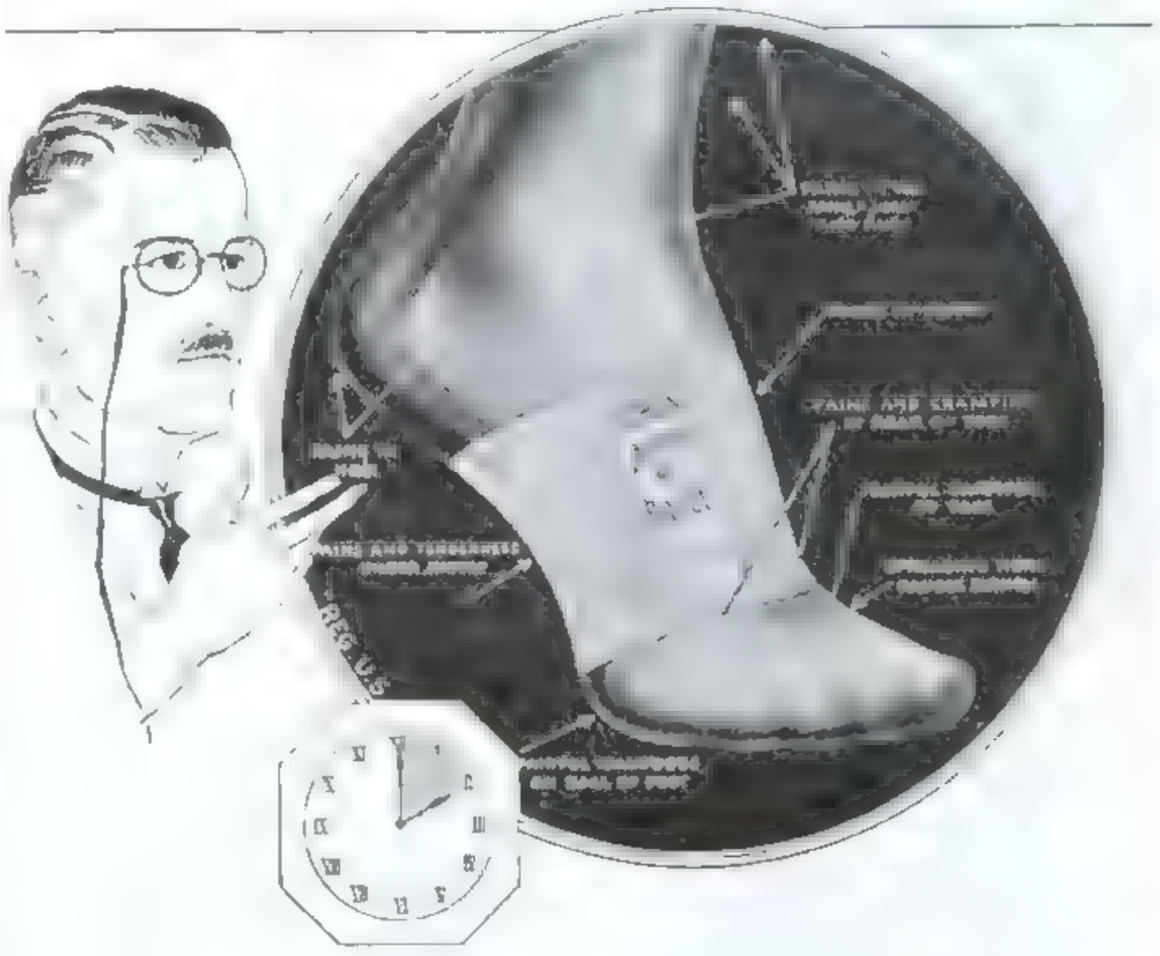

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It acts naturally—just a little outside help to aid nature. You note results instantly.

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YOU'VE worn straw hats for years but if you've never worn a Townsend Grace Straw Hat, you've never known the perfection of it—the lightness of it—the easy way it fits the head—the gratifying way it shunts the blazing sun and cools the brow

The Townsend Grace Straw Hat was built with a knowledge of men's heads and an understanding of summer suns. It's a man's straw, a hat that will lend poise to his appearance and composure to his temperament.

Stop in today and try on a Townsend Grace Straw Hat. You'll be pleasantly surprised and we'll guarantee by all that's cool that you'll never spend the summer with another make.

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the antagonism that exists today. It is now impossible."

What might be called the price of labor propaganda discloses some illuminating figures. I asked one of the best-informed authorities on labor in the United States to give me the actual facts. This is what he said:

"For years labor leaders have condemned the coercion funds of employers in the fight to crush unions. As a matter of fact, the shoe is on the other foot. For every dollar in the war chest of the employer there are ten in the coffers of the union.

"I have got together some figures which show that the annual income of some national unions, including five of the largest, and also the brotherhoods, and excluding funds raised for insurance purposes, will aggregate about $36,000,000. A very conservative allowance for the income of all national unions would be $50,000,000. As to local unions, their incomes usually run much more than the national, as each organization has hundreds of locals over the country. The United Mine Workers' national income is $8,450,000, whereas the income of its locals amounts to $12,650,000. If local income were admitted to be merely equal to that of national there would be a total of $100,000,000. If the ratio found in the United Mine Workers were carried out the local income alone would be $100,000,000, and the total, national and local, would be $150,000,000.

"The income of employers' associations cannot by any possible figuring be brought up to more than a small fraction of this amount. The thirty-seven state employers' organizations have an estimated total income of $852,000. There are 175 local employer movements. The income of the three largest—Detroit, Minneapolis and Cleveland—is $200,000. One or two others may reach $50,000 apiece, but the average of the remaining 170 is not more than $10,000.

"The income of national organizations, such as the chambers of commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Industrial Conference Board, the National Industrial Council and the League for Industrial Rights, is estimated to be about $1,350,000. Of these groups the chambers of commerce and the National Industrial Conference Board do not engage in partisan labor propaganda. The figures for other national trade organizations, such as the Scove Founders, National Erectors, Metal Trades and National Founders, would approximate $1,222,400. To be on the safe side, these could be doubled to embrace all other national employer movements. This brings the total income of employers' organizations of all kinds to less than $7,000,000."

A Step in the Right Direction

Reference to finance leads naturally to what is in many respects the most significant development in the history of American trade unionism. I mean its entry into banking. Up to this time we have dealt mainly with criticism of the abuse of organized-labor power. Now we reach the turning point and take another tack.

Like many another constructive force, labor's début in finance developed out of a mistake. The specific instance is a little-known phase of the economic philosophy of organized labor in this country. It concerns the contention, long made by labor leaders, that the control of credit by big industry through that nebulous bugbear, as well as target of the radical, the international banker, was a weapon against them. The feeling became so acute that in 1919, at a joint meeting of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor, officials of national and international unions, and of the four railroad brotherhoods, a program was formulated as follows:

Credit is inherently social. It should be accorded in proportion to confidence in production possibilities. Credit as now administered does not serve industry but burdens it. It increases unearned incomes at the expense of earned incomes. It is the center of the malevolent forces that corrupt the spirit and purpose of industry.

We urge the organization and use of credit to serve production needs and not to increase the incomes and holdings of financiers. Control over credit should be taken from financiers and should be vested in a public agency able to administer this power as a public trust in the interests of all the people.

The fiscal millennium thus doped out did not materialize. Control of credit remained in the hands of the individuals and institutions best qualified to administer it. The important fact to be disclosed is that, following the proposal of the joint meeting, unionism got the banking bee in its bonnet. In short, labor reversed the procedure and became capitalist. It was one of the most cheering episodes in the long and trouble-studded story of the American industrial relations.

Although the International Association of Machinists was the real pioneer in labor banking in the United States, with its control of a Washington bank, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers really put financing by a union on the national map. It established a cooperative national bank in Cleveland in 1920. No one was surprised that the engineers should be conspicuous in this activity, because their brotherhood is perhaps the most enlightened and progressive in the country. Subsequently it built one skyscraper and is breaking ground for another in Cleveland; acquired extensive coal properties and launched a mail-order department store.

Labor Goes Into Banking

It was not until this year, however, that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers took the step that in its larger relation to capital was historic. It acquired practically the controlling interest in one of the most powerful trust companies in New York City, whose main offices are located within the purlieus of labor's traditional arch-enemy, Wall Street. Instead of alienating the old line directors and conservative depositors, the effect was just the opposite. Wall Street, as such, merely regarded it as a good business deal for the trust company as well as the brotherhood, and both have prospered as a result.

Ask the unionist with radical tendencies what he thinks of labor's advent into big finance and his opinion is like this:

"The wages and savings of labor run into the billions. They need only to be mobilized under the control of labor, as they are now mobilized under the control of private bankers, to give labor a position of power. If labor can control its own credit resources, and it has made a start in this direction, it will profoundly interest all forms of industry and check the aggressions of the capitalistic system."

The intelligent labor leader takes a different view, for he says:

"The fact that the engineers have acquired control of a big Wall Street trust company means that labor is becoming less mistrustful of capital. It will give the brotherhood men a new light, especially on the finances of the railroads, which is one of the sore spots on the management side; and at the same time it will enable financiers to get a new conception of the way labor feels and thinks. The whole effect will be conciliatory and constructive."

Now let us see how the head of one of the most powerful of New York banks, whose influence is world-wide, regards this alliance of labor and capital at his doorstep. He said:

"It is one of the most significant things that has happened in American finance in many years, and has tremendous possibilities for the future. First of all, it will convince labor that big banking is not the grasping thing that the agitators have made it out to be. Secondly, it will prove that the control of credit by so-called international bankers is not true. Credit is one of the most elastic things in the world, and is accessible to all who are worthy of it. Moreover, by intimate acquaintance with the anxieties, hazards and difficulties of banking, labor will come into a kindlier feeling for it. It will also realize that industry cannot lay hands at will upon millions of dollars with which to oppose the unions. The larger aspect, however, is that it will beget for labor a good will on the part of business and the public that it never could have got otherwise."

So much for the larger aspect of labor in the rôle of capitalist. There is another and more intimate side which is doing more to harmonize industrial relations than almost any other medium. It grows out of the fundamental fact that economic independence on the part of the worker is the real key to the problem of capital and labor.

Just as the empty stomach is the immemorial inciter to revolt against social or political tyranny, so is the bank account the one best antidote for discontent.

Savings organizatons established and encouraged by employers for their employes are bringing about a better understanding between all concerned. Those organizations, operating on banking principles, have not only won the support and respect of wage earners but, as one investigator put it to me, "are teaching labor that the banking business does not call for the exploitation of industrial workers, and that the dollar engaged in legitimate occupation in the financial field is entitled to profit."

There is no need to go into the specific agencies for the employment of workers' savings with the coöperation of the employer. Whether through a company savings bank, funds deposited with the company that receive a larger rate of interest than is paid in the local banks, profit sharing, or investments in the company's securities itself, are mere details. The significant phase is that tens of thousands of workers, whether members of unions or not, have learned the basic rule of investment, which is that money put out to work earns more money. Having investments of their own, they will have more respect for the investments of others. Men and women who had never before taken the trouble to open a bank account find it convenient to start a savings account in their place of employment, and thus learn the first lesson of thrift.

These friendly and working labor dollars do much more than pile up a competency for their owners. As fair-minded employers and employes analyze the situation, they help to create the one remedy for the whole labor mess—namely, the close personal relationship that is practically denied under the closed shop. It means, when all is said and done, that the labor problem in the United States gets down to a question of management. Once this is solved, there is a widespread belief that much of the prevailing friction will be removed.

Personal Relationship

The premise was stated for me by a discriminating observer in this fashion:

"The central fact in the labor problem in American industry today is that the changes taking place in the structure and processes of industry are making necessary new devices on the part of industrial management to establish a closer working contact with employes. The growth in the size of factories, the increasing proportion of wage earners and overhead personnel employed in large establishments, and the simultaneous growth in the direction of corporate ownership of establishments have destroyed the old direct and personal relation between the employer and the worker, and favored at the same time the growth of unions. The task facing industrial organization today therefore is to restore the relations of the workers to the employer within the plant, without going back to small-scale industry or the old forms of business enterprise. In short, the labor problem today is becoming more and more specifically a problem of industrial management."

Question progressive employers about the practical working out of this problem of reëstablishing personal relationship and you get a composite answer that reads like this:

"The average employer resents the introduction of a walking delegate the moment a grievance arises. This walking delegate is often totally ignorant of the business, and a rank outsider. The task is to draw the worker more and more into the management of the plant through employe representation in the shape, for example, of a works council. Wherever introduced, they improve relations between employer and employe, and bring about a degree of that harmony in management which existed in the old days when the boss not only knew all his employes but every detail of their jobs as well.

"To put it in another way, proper industrial management in the shape of employe representation through a works council is a successor to the old boss. Industry has not only become intricate and specialized, but a new factor of ownership in the shape of the stockholder has been injected. Management, therefore, is the new boss and the link between the owner, which is the public, and the worker. It is the only solution of the labor problem, because it brings about an equal distribution of responsibility."

The introduction of employe representation registers a phase of what many people

(Continued on Page 88)

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ICE CREAM packed in a SEALRIGHT Liquid-Tight PAPER CONTAINER keeps in better condition—is easily removed, looks more inviting and can be served by cutting into round, even slices. *Always* ask for your favorite brand in a SEALRIGHT. All convenient sizes—up to one gallon. Popular sizes, half pints, pints and quarts. Many dealers have it *already packed* for you, firm, fresh and sanitary.

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(Continued from Page 86)

designated as the enlightenment of both the employer and employe. On the capital side of it, the point of view throughout the country is expressed like this:

"The American employer has come to the realization that he must maintain the leadership of industry if it is to endure. This can be done only through a broad and enlightened attitude toward labor, which at the same time will not surrender its share in management. British industry is fighting for existence simply because fifty or sixty years ago the owners virtually abdicated their rights. With limitation of output has come a steady lowering of efficiency that makes it impossible for the English products to compete with others in the markets of the world.

"Ten years ago the mere fact that a man was a member of an employers' association automatically rallied the organization to him the moment he got into trouble. Today there must be a real reason for this support. Unless the employer plays the game with reasonable hours, wages and working conditions—and he usually does so in self-interest—he gets no help despite his membership in an association. Every case is investigated before the employing body commits itself. It is all part of the new and enlightened attitude of the employer, which in the end is the real hope of industry."

This enlightenment is spreading to labor. Where one worker will say that he is merely a cog in a soulless machine, there is an increasing number who have the vision disclosed in this story: A man approached three stonecutters and asked them in turn what they were doing. One said, "I am working for a dollar an hour." Another replied that he was chiseling granite. The third answered, "I am helping to build this cathedral."

To go into further remedies for the labor problem would require far more space than is now available. Two, however, will be given as the conclusion of this section. The first is the suggestion of a former cabinet member who is a close student of industrial relations. He said:

"For years finance was subject to periodic panics because there was no elasticity in the financial scheme of things. Through the introduction of the Federal Reserve system the money market was made elastic and the control of credit taken out of Wall Street.

"The same procedure could be employed with labor by the introduction of a sort of Federal Reserve system that would have Federal employment agencies instead of banks, and would provide under proper regulation a necessary quota of workers for any specific needs. Though labor is not so mobile a commodity as credit, an adequate program could be worked out. It would not centralize authority in the unions, but in the hands of the Government."

The Menace of Strikes

The second recommendation was made by a widely known publicist, and represents what may be regarded as the conviction of a considerable portion of the American public. It is:

"Labor conditions in this country are probably more favorable to the laboring man than in any other country in the world today. Strikes in the last few years have reflected more a change in economic conditions than any essential disagreement between capital and labor. The realization of the economic factor is the solution of the labor problem. By means of gradual education of both employer and employe as to the solidarity of their mutual interests, some substitute for the strike as an economic argument can be found, coming probably through the perfection of the industrial-court idea. Large employers of labor have reached the realization that a high standard of living and high wages are almost essential to the prosperity of the country, thereby stimulating the consumption of manufactured goods and business in general."

As a result of an investigation throughout the United States that reached all classes, popular opinion with regard to labor may be summarized in this fashion:

The great majority of the American people are in favor of the open shop. They resent the periodical peril to life, traffic and prosperity through strikes, which in the great majority of instances could be avoided by the reference of grievances to impartial and disinterested tribunals. They feel that labor in the main has been unwisely led and is too often imposed upon by its leaders. There is a widespread demand that unions should be compelled to incorporate so that they can be held legally responsible for their inroads upon property.

One of the most cheering facts in the whole situation is the growing participation of labor in financial movements. They are teaching the beneficent lesson that capital has neither caste nor prejudice and can work profitably for all classes, once it is conserved, and then employed in the proper channels.

Finally, in both the employer and the employe is a growing enlightenment that makes for a larger degree of close personal coöperation in the management of industry. In this coöperation lies the real hope of the future, for it means a more equal distribution of responsibility as well as compensation.

The step from the labor problem to that of the farmer is natural, but not because the artisan and the agriculturist have a community of trouble, for the anxiety just now is all confined to the farmer. Agriculture represents about 40 per cent of the purchasing power of the country, and industry would be paralyzed without it. Moreover, as every one knows, the farm is the backbone of the nation, and has long been regarded as the impregnable base of America's prosperity.

Agriculture as an Industry

Making the farmer section the second of this article does not imply that agriculture is the tail of the kite. As a matter of fact, from the standpoint of national significance it is the kite. Unhappily for the farmer's needs, he does not get into the spotlight to the same degree as the trade unionist. As one wheat grower in the Middle West said: "If we farmers went on a strike, then the public would know a good deal more about us than it does. We can't afford to strike, because everybody, including ourselves, would starve."

It is comparatively easy to get a range of opinion about most issues, because the interests affected visibly touch the average man. With farming, the city dweller and he now comprises more than half the population—has no active concern, except when the price of foodstuffs pinches. This is especially true in the East. One influential Western landowner declared to me:

"In your part of the world the public regards the farmer as a chronic kicker who is never quite so happy as when he is complaining. This attitude is all wrong, because the status of the farmer affects the pocketbook of everybody sooner or later. It is because of this widespread indifference that there is an agricultural bloc at Washington that has become a power to be reckoned with."

As with the flood of remedies for industrial strife and taxation, it is difficult to know where to begin the discussion of what the farmer wants. Perhaps it may be well to give at the start a definition of agriculture, which will definitely place it in the productive scheme and disclose its fundamental problems. I quote the words of one of the best-known observers of agricultural conditions in the United States. They are:

"Agriculture must be considered strictly as an industry. It is not a natural resource as so many think. The land is a natural resource, it is true, and so are the forest and the mine; but they are no use to mankind until utilized. The task of operating the land presents nearly the same problems as any other business: that is, the questions of efficient management, production and marketing, upon whose solution it depends whether the result in figures shall be in red ink or in black."

This allusion to red ink reminds me of a striking declaration made at Chicago by the head of one of the most powerful agricultural groups in the country. My informant said:

"One of the popular delusions about the farmer is that he is not a business man. It has become a habit to associate commercial system and efficiency exclusively with the city person. It is a mistaken idea. Few stop to realize that the value of all the farms and farm property of the United States is roughly $80,000,000,000, which is nearly twice the total of capital invested in manufacturing industries; that the farmer produces over half our exports; pays over half the annual cost of transportation and maintains more than half our public institutions. Surely this requires some degree of executive ability.

"It is not lack of business sense that has brought the American farmer to his present plight, but circumstances over which he has no control. He is seeing every other industry revive after deflation but his own, and he is frankly tired of writing his accounts in red ink. Unless the country gets squarely behind the farmer in the shape of more elastic short-term-credit facilities, with reasonable rates of interest, and helps to bring about a fiscal stabilization of Europe that will restore our export market, there will be even a greater exodus to the cities than has taken place during the last ten years, when the farm population shrank nearly 2,000,000. In my own state thirty-nine out of eighty-eight counties last year lost population because of adverse agricultural conditions. In my home county we have twenty college graduates on the farms, but they will not remain unless farming again becomes profitable."

Contrast this declaration with a statement made by one of the best-known manufacturers in the Middle West. To a large extent it expresses what the man in the city street thinks about the farmer. It is:

"As a manufacturer doing an international business I want to say at the outset that in my judgment the farmer must be considered as the basis for the solid prosperity of the country. Living as I do in a city of about 20,000 inhabitants in the heart of a farming region, I have the opportunity to meet and talk with many farmers.

"The principal trouble with the average farmer is that he is more or less of a suspicious nature and seems to have the idea that the other fellow is trying to do him up in some way, and that this other fellow is responsible for most of his misfortunes. Though I consider that the farmer today has real reason for complaint, because of the shrinkage in the selling price of his products, I think his natural suspicion aggravates his troubles.

"In talking with these farmers I have usually found that hardly one farmer in ten knows what his crops are costing him, or whether the old brindle cow that costs him perhaps $100 a year to feed and maintain is bringing him back more than eighty dollars. There is too much wastage in his production and his methods of marketing. In other words, the majority of farmers are poor business men, and these fellows are the ones who are howling calamity."

The Price Problem

"What we vitally need is some system that would make the farmer realize that the remedy for his present trouble does not lie in legislation but within the farmer himself. Farming is an economic problem pure and simple, and the farmer must therefore solve it himself. He needs education on economic lines rather than in easy methods of obtaining money."

The feeling that the farmer must solve his problem from within is shared by many business men with whom I talked. Put it up to the farmer himself and he says:

"In marketing his crop the farmer is dependent upon the law of supply and demand regardless of what it costs to produce. On the other hand, the price of what he has to buy is based on prevailing production cost. There must be some special dispensation for him. If he is able to get the coöperation of business men, and the lending of their experience and ability, he can standardize output and distribution."

No matter where you turn in the situation that confronts the farmer, you go bang up against the price problem. All his anxieties revolve about it. That the banker with big vision understands it is evidenced in the following expression from the head of one of the greatest financial institutions of Chicago:

"Because of maladjustments that grew out of wartime conditions and speculation, prices today are so much against the farmer as to make it almost certain that we cannot have long-sustained, well-balanced prosperity in the United States until there is a change in favor of the farmer. At the present time his wheat, corn, oats and livestock will not buy enough of the output of factories to enable him to do his share toward keeping the factories operating at capacity over a series of years. He is doing somewhat better now than six months or a year ago, but he is still charged so much for what

(Continued on Page 91)

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(Continued from Page 88)

he purchases in proportion to the returns for what he sells that he is placed at a disadvantage.

"In time this will cause a piling up of goods on merchants' shelves and in factory warehouses, thus forcing a curtailment of operations, and unemployment. The two sets of prices must be adjusted. I do not believe it likely that the farmer will be able to demand very much more for his products than he is now receiving. The only alternative is to reduce rents, labor, taxes, transportation and all other costs so as to permit of a reduction in the prices of merchandise and machinery, and put the farmer on an equitable basis and enable him again to enter the markets freely as in years past."

Another financial point of view from a New York banker is this:

"The farmer is the worst sufferer during this period of deflation. At the present time, although the prices of farm products have risen above 30 per cent, the prices of things he has to buy have risen more. He is unduly burdened by wasteful distribution processes, high freight rates and inadequate credit facilities. Relief for his situation might be provided through an expansion of coöperative market facilities; a railroad-rate schedule revised to place a larger proportion of railroad charges upon finished products and less upon agricultural products; and improved credit facilities through the amendment of the Federal Reserve Act to permit nine months' rediscount of agricultural paper and the establishment of additional farm-credit organizations of some sort."

Now let us see what the farmer thinks about the price dilemma as stated by a leading Missouri agriculturist, who said:

"The absorbing matter in our part of the country just now is the disparity between the price level of what the farmer has to sell and what he has to buy, including transportation. Last year a bushel of corn would only buy a half of what it bought in 1913, while the bushel of wheat would only buy three-quarters as much as in 1913. On a shipment of corn from Western Iowa to Chicago in 1918 the freight charge was 13 per cent of the selling price; elevator and commission charges 10 per cent, leaving the farmer 77 per cent."

Views of an Eminent Kansan

"In 1921, and conditions have not changed perceptibly since, the freight charge took 34 per cent of the selling price and the farmer only had 56 per cent. The rise in commodity prices generally took care of the rise in freight rates except with farm products, where there has been a decline. The result is a severe discrimination against the farmer. If this is not corrected in some way it will produce a profound change in the farm industry by driving the marginal lands out of cultivation. Can the nation afford this?"

In line with the foregoing is the following comprehensive analysis of the whole situation made for me by an eminent Kansan:

"I believe a more acute intelligence exists concerning the problem of the farmer than has characterized that problem at any time in the past. He was the earliest victim of the reconstructive activities, the first to go back to prewar conditions, and he went back then only in respect to his selling. He is not back yet when it comes to buying. At first men thought legislation directly affecting his credit would correct this evil. Then it soon became apparent that the lack of credit was not the most serious element in the troubles of the farmer. He had great credit during the war, and the possession of this credit led him into too extended an enterprise. Land boomed, prices became absurd and speculation ruinous. When the period of deflation came the farmer, being the primary producer, was the first to feel it. Now an intelligent appreciation is arriving in all sections of the country that what the farmer needs most today is a better market.

"The practical farmer is becoming a little better acquainted with his professional friends among statesmen than he used to be. He has come to the realization that very often in the hope of gaining the farmer's attention they appeal to his superficial emotion rather than to his deeper intelligence.

"The greatest burden that rests upon the farmer today is in his transportation. It is gratifying to note that the public mind of the Middle West is becoming alive at last to the need of the development of the great waterway projects possible upon this continent. With the utmost development of these projects, and the utmost development of the rail agencies, there will not be any more transportation than the increasing productive capacities of the country will justify."

It is estimated that the farmer usually gets approximately 30 per cent of the price the consumer pays. The margin between the rate received by the farmer and that paid by the ultimate purchaser is too wide. Hence orderly marketing, as the phrase goes, is the first and foremost need of the American farmer today.

Since the average city man—and woman, for that matter—has little conception of the mechanics, so to speak, of farming, I shall present a brief explanation made by a Texas farm-organization executive, himself a dirt farmer, which also states concisely just what agriculture is up against and what it is prepared to do. It is:

"The poverty among farmers that so often follows in the wake of an abundant harvest is the result of the violation of every business law of distribution. In our complex system of commerce and industry, marketing is a group problem. Nothing but disaster would attend mining or manufacturing if individual distribution were attempted in the place of group marketing."

Primitive Marketing Methods

"Compare any highly successful sales organization with the process of individual distribution by the farmer and you can realize how hopeless it is for him to compete with the highly organized speculative system of buying. Where other industries, through a few gigantic sales organizations, deliver their product gradually throughout the year under expert merchandising and financial guidance to the markets of the world as those markets will absorb them, the farmer has heretofore dumped the entire fruit of his year's labor within an average of seventy days after harvest, without knowing anything about market conditions or salesmanship, and in competition with each of his millions of fellow farmers. There could be no other result but loss.

"The salvation of the farmer lies, therefore, in a coöperative commodity-marketing system that will assemble products so as to bring about group selling. This adjusts production to the consumer's requirements and avoids losses that come from overproduction of foodstuffs of the wrong kind. Warehouses, to hold production at harvest and to take care of temporary surpluses to be distributed evenly throughout the year, are a part of the system. The same principles of organization and distribution that have made American industry can be applied to the distribution of any agricultural crop. To comprehend the fundamental principles of coöperative marketing is to get a vision of the immense possibilities of agriculture. All interests are protected through it. The American farmers are determined to set up for themselves real business organizations that will merchandise their products throughout the world."

Wherever I went, especially in the West and South, I found farmers becoming more and more convinced that coöperation is the hope of the industry. The American Farm Bureau Federation, the most powerful agricultural group in the United States, has adopted a coöperative marketing program and instructed all departments to bend their energies toward it, under the direction of a coöperative marketing department. Service Through Coöperative Marketing is the new slogan of the bureau.

Out of the gloom and loss that have enshrouded the agricultural producer since 1921 emerges another ray of light and hope. It radiates from the new rural-credit legislation enacted in the closing hours of the last Congress, which rounds out the facilities of the land-bank system and is the final alleviator of the hardship once synonymous with the farm mortgage in real life and in melodrama. Just what this act means and does is set forth in the following statement from a representative Iowa farmer:

"The Federal land banks have taken care of long-term mortgage needs in the purchase of land. Another need has been for loans longer than the short-time loan of the manufacturer and merchant with their quick turnovers, and shorter than the long-time land mortgage. The farmer's average turnover runs from six months in the case of ordinary crops to three years in the case of livestock breeding. For this money he has been compelled to pay exorbitant rates of interest, often as high as 15 per cent. Inability to get money for production, whether for crops or livestock, has driven thousands of farmers into the cities.

"Under the new rural-credit bill the much-needed intermediate credits for production and cattle breeding are available at human rates of interest. The loan is not to be repaid until the product is marketable. This will help to stop dumping. The bill provides for twelve district intermediate credit banks, financed by the Federal Government, operated under the Federal Farm Loan Board, which make loans from nine months to three years on livestock and warehouse receipts up to 75 per cent of their value."

That these new rural credits will be a factor in the much-needed agricultural reorganization may be gathered from this composite view, which represents the feeling of a considerable body of the rural population:

"Whether the farmer takes advantage of the new facilities is not the question. The mere fact that they are available will help to stabilize the business of farming. They mean lower interest rates everywhere. They also relieve the farmer from sacrificing his stock or his crops in order to meet a short-term note.

"The new ability to get a three-year mortgage on cattle is one of the most constructive features. This is a real small-farm proposition, will help to put small herds on every farm, and will eventually be one of the greatest incentives yet offered for the diversification of agriculture."

Although credit has been the principal cry of the farmer for years, there remains a considerable group, both in and out of agriculture, which maintains that the farmer has too much credit. This attitude was put to me by one of the greatest of American manufacturers, who said:

"The farmer should be put on a cash basis. The whole rural-credit system is devised to make it easy for the agriculturist to get into debt. The burden of debt drives the farmer from the land into the city, and there should be as little provocation for it as possible. If it had not been quite so easy for our farmers to borrow money during and after the war they would not be having so much trouble today. The new scheme of intermediate credits, while affording relief for the cattle breeder, is unwise because it puts the Government into commercial banking. In the end you find that credit does not mean that a man has a lot of money to spend, but that he has a lot to pay."

The Tariff Wall

What the farmer thinks of the American policy toward Europe—and he is vitally affected by it—will be disclosed in the next article, which will deal with the foreign situation. It only remains to speak of the tariff, in which he is also intimately concerned. The general agricultural attitude toward it and—I might add the growing opinion of the American in general is:

"Though the stabilizing value of a protective tariff must not be overlooked, it is absurd for a creditor nation such as we are to rear up a wall against debtor nations. The farmer needs his foreign market and does not want to pay an excessive price for imported merchandise. The principal trouble with the tariff is that it is too much involved in politics and too little concerned with an elastic adjustment to existing needs and conditions."

Since this article deals with both labor and agriculture, it might be best, in conclusion, to make a contrast between the problems they present and their possibilities for the future. Under unionism society has suffered from an excess of organization, while with the farmer, lack of organization has wrought the principal hardship. The hope of both these activities, which have so much in common, lies in cooperative management. Curiously enough, each has reached a constructive crisis in its progress. Because of the growing public impatience with strikes, labor is coming into a new appreciation of its larger function, which is service. Out of acute necessity is emerging a fiscal program for the farmer that means his economic regeneration. Upon the ultimate result of this readjustment depend the national peace and prosperity.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of American articles by Mr. Marcosson. The next will be devoted to opinion about a foreign policy.

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THREE BLACK PILLS IN A BOTTLE

(Continued from Page 21)

"So long, Corny."

"So long, Miad," answered Cornelia happily, waved her hand and ran, her black-stockinged, spindling legs carrying her swiftly on her belated way.

The work to which Miad had referred was real but fantastically varied. He had to keep the rubbish on the premises within bounds—that is, out of Crabbe's and his own way. He had to arrange the rough groundwork and wiring for bird and reptile mountings. He had to prepare the boards for the binding of books in grotesquely rare leathers, tanned by hand. He had to open and unpack the strangest assortment of cases from foreign parts which ever gathered from the corners of the world to enter a single door. Also at the signal of the lifting of one of Crabbe's shaggy eyebrows, it was his office to dodge out unnoticed and run some mysterious chance caller to his final earth.

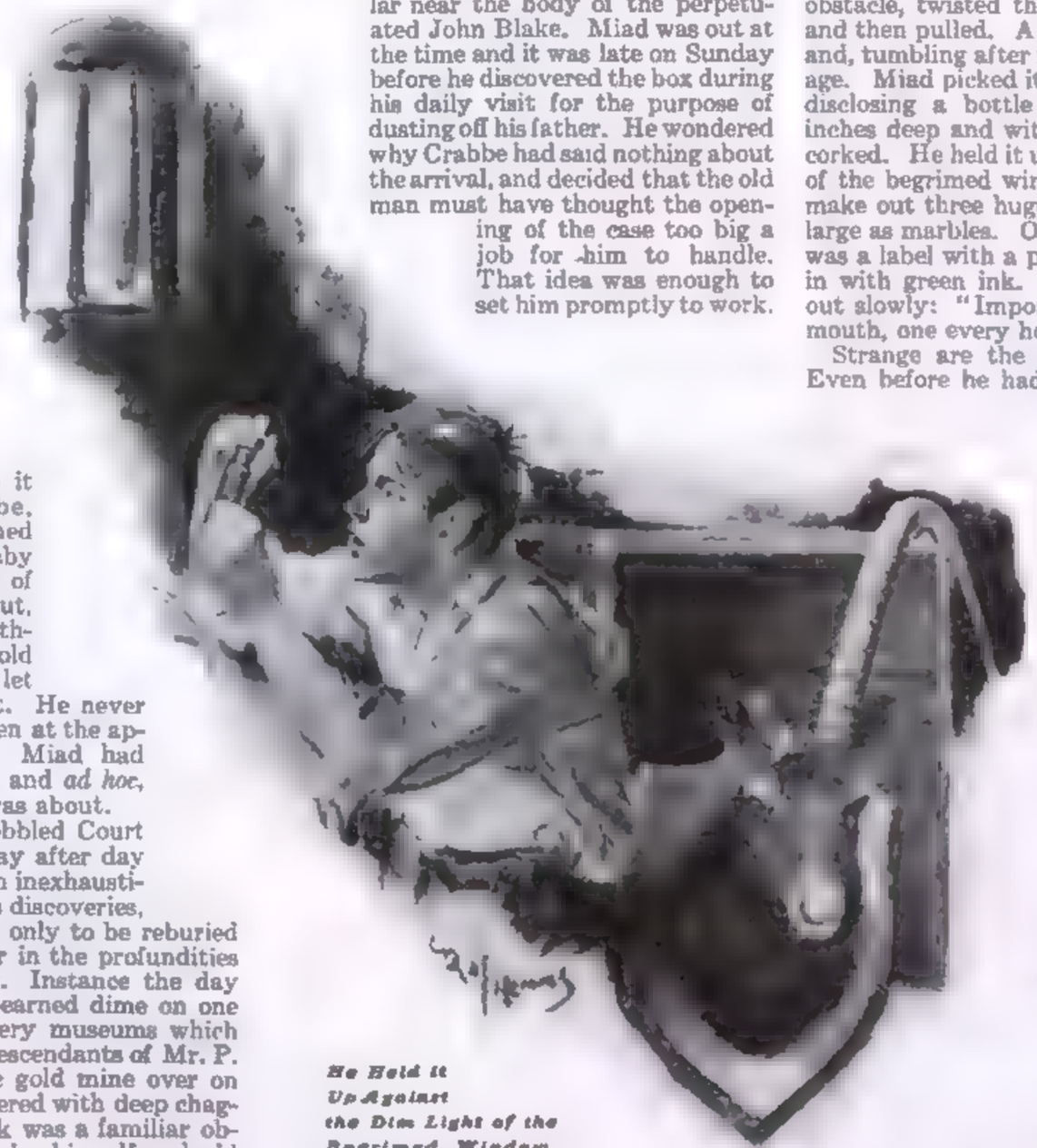
The atmosphere of combined secrecy and investigation that enveloped Crabbe's establishment was phenomenal, but it was the only air that Miad had breathed from the day of his birth. He was so native to it that old man Crabbe, once he had drummed into the boy as a baby the cardinal virtues of keeping his mouth shut, trusted him literally without limits. He rarely told him anything, but he let him find all things out. He never said "Don't"; not even at the apparition of Cornelia. Miad had brought her; *sequitur* and *ad hoc*, Miad knew what he was about.

It followed that Cobbled Court remained for Miad, day after day and year after year, an inexhaustible source of breathless discoveries, which were unearthed only to be reburied more deeply than ever in the profundities of his own odd being. Instance the day when he spent a hard-earned dime on one of the swarm of Bowery museums which were the illegitimate descendants of Mr. P. T. Barnum's fantastic gold mine over on Broadway, and discovered with deep chagrin that the prize freak was a familiar object, lately elaborated by himself and old man Crabbe. He did not ask for the return of his dime; he did not even recount to Crabbe the amazing revelation. He merely added it to the growing wealth of desultory information that was his stock in trade.

For all his manifold activities Miad received as recompense what in this day and generation would be considered slavery wages. Like his father before him, he was allowed to live rent free in Crabbe's pleasant second-story front. He was further permitted to share in such food as Crabbe himself indulged in. He was regaled from time to time with such oddments of clothing as would save him from going entirely naked in summer and from freezing to death in winter. At equally irregular intervals he was handed a shining silver dollar, which gave him no thrill, as he had early been taught to deposit it in the Bowery Savings Bank. In addition to these emoluments he had the comfort of Mr. Crabbe's frequent and solemn avowal that Miad was his partner; but of his greatest asset he was wholly unconscious. It consisted in the fact that the old man truly regarded him with silent affection and unbounded admiration as his natural heir.

As the months passed, dotted now and then by Cornelia's snatched visits to exercise her half share in the remains of John Blake, and lengthening swiftly in retrospect into years, Miad grew very rapidly in knowledge but slowly in stature. By the time he was thirteen and Cornelia eleven he was so expert that he could almost have run the shop alone. Almost, but not quite, for there was a sinister aspect to Crabbe's establishment that Miad had often sensed and yet never fully comprehended. Time and again he had felt more than the usual thrill at some startling discovery and known something akin to relief when it did not sweep away at a stroke all mystery. It must not be thought, however, that the word "sinister" would have meant anything to him had he heard it. Nothing so definite as that. He only knew instinctively that a surprise of some kind was long overdue—a surprise that would explain many unsolved quiet comings and goings of mysterious patrons who invariably ignored him.

At last it came, though he was not to recognize it at first sight. It arrived on a drowsy Saturday afternoon in the shape of a large case, which was unexpectedly cleared from the customhouse and delivered at Crabbe's shop, where, after much trouble, it was deposited in the cellar near the body of the perpetuated John Blake. Miad was out at the time and it was late on Sunday before he discovered the box during his daily visit for the purpose of dusting off his father. He wondered why Crabbe had said nothing about the arrival, and decided that the old man must have thought the opening of the case too big a job for him to handle. That idea was enough to set him promptly to work.



He Held It Up Against the Dim Light of the Begrimed Window. Inside He Could Make Out Three Huge Black Pills, Almost as Large as Marbles

He studied all the stenciled markings with care, made sure that the large box was right side up and, after considerable labor, succeeded in unscrewing its face. After removing all struts and clamps save those in the rear, he took out the packing and found himself face to face with the mounted head of a sable antelope clamped to the back of the box.

To a layman nothing could have appeared more natural than the mounted head thus held in the exact position it would occupy on a wall; but Miad was not a layman, he was an expert. By the stencilings he had learned that the case came from Africa. Such heads are not usually shipped mounted; they come in three packages, namely—the mask, the skull, the horns. Another thing puzzled him: The mounting was not a rough job, sent to Crabbe for correction; it was the work of a master taxidermist, and to Miad's discriminating eye bore the handicraft hall mark of a famous London house. Yet it had come from Africa.

He decided to remove the head, which could not weigh less than fifty pounds and which, with its splendid curved horns, measured fully four feet in a straight line from brisket to points. First he tipped the packing case back to an angle that would prevent the head's falling forward on its nose and braced the box firmly against a trestle. Then he climbed under and unbolted first the lower two of the four clamps and finally the upper. The head was thus released. Going around to the front he grasped it at the base of the horns and tugged. When he pulled, the case came forward and settled flatly on the floor again. He worked the head out inch by inch, and as soon as the horns were free of the sides of the box he let the heavy trophy down on its back so that the eyes stared up at the ceiling. It now remained only to drag it completely out of the case. As he gave a final tug one of the horns slipped from its core and came off in his hands.

There was nothing surprising about that and he was about to slip it on again when he noticed that the core had been sawed off several inches from the tip. He thought for a minute, took off the other horn and found its core intact. He thought again, picked up a bit of wire, measured it along the length of the truncated core, thrust it into the cavity of the first horn, met an obstacle, twisted the wire until it caught, and then pulled. A wad of paper came out and, tumbling after it, a small oblong package. Miad picked it up and unwrapped it, disclosing a bottle an inch square, two inches deep and with a wide neck, tightly corked. He held it up against the dim light of the begrimed window. Inside he could make out three huge black pills, almost as large as marbles. On the side of the bottle was a label with a prescription blank filled in with green ink. He spelled the words out slowly: "Important: Dissolve in the mouth, one every hour."

Strange are the sources of suggestion. Even before he had read the unrevealing inscription Miad was seized with an unreasoning desire for possession of the bottle and its contents. Here was mystery indeed. Who had hidden the small package so cunningly? And why? And when? But the suggestion that urged him to keep it for his own did not arise from covetousness, nor had he any sense of wrongdoing. The pills looked like marbles; more than that, they looked like bull's-eyes, the aristocrats of the miggles arena.

Now miggles to Miad at thirteen suggested playing for keeps in contrast to the baby game of finkeeps, and the thought of playing for keeps suggested in turn the cardinal law of boyhood, findings is keepings.

He decided to keep his findings against the world and looked around for a safe hiding place. He thought for a long time, a very long time, for there was nobody on the island of Manhattan at that time who knew better than himself the intricacies of the art of hiding successfully an object however small. Finally a smile quirked the corners of his set lips and a gleam lighted up his eyes. As it happened, he was temporarily reduced to wearing a pair of Mr. Crabbe's discarded corduroy trousers, tightly belted as high as they would go and also rolled up a foot at the bottom to keep them from dragging. He undid one pant leg, placed the bottle within its folds and rolled it up again.

For a moment he loafed complacently, and then was seized by a near-panic at the thought that Mr. Crabbe might surprise him before he could reassemble the sable head. Its dismounting had seemed an impossible job for a boy of his size, but even so he now faced undaunted the herculean task of replacing it. By force of circumstances he was unlike most boys in several ways and in one above all others—efficiency, in the sense of attainment, was part and parcel of his make-up. Crabbe had taught him thoroughness, but the mania for getting things done—that was Miad's own, born in him.

Who had toddled in a straight line? Miad in diapers. Who had walked erect to the thing he wanted and taken it? Miad at three. Who had found a key and purposefully waited until he grew up to the

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keyhole? Miad—the same Miad who now with unbounded ingenuity and an intuitive knowledge of leverages had just succeeded after an hour's hard labor in reclamping the head and tilting the case to its erect position when Mr. Crabbe came down the stairway from the shop.

"You, Miad?" he asked as he paused to accustom his eyes to the shadowy gloom.

"Sure," said Miad, sagaciously throwing a few wisps of packing into the box to make it look as if it had not been tipped forward. "Lay a hold of this head while I unclamp it."

The old man approached slowly, so slowly that Miad felt a first tingling thrill.

"Leave that one till tomorrow," said Mr. Crabbe after a long pause during which his shrewd eyes had taken in every detail of evidence as to how far the work of unpacking had progressed. "Come along of me and eat your supper."

Now it was unlike Mr. Crabbe to worry as to whether anyone, himself included, ate or did not eat; consequently Miad lost no time in leaving the ill-provided table and retiring to the refuge of his own room, which was innocent of lamp or candle. He was supposed to undress by feel and to get up whenever day dawned, and on this night he welcomed the dark. After lying in bed for a long cautious hour he reached out for his trousers, unwrapped the bottle and finally succeeded in uncorking it. He rolled one of the pills out into the palm of his hand and popped it into his mouth.

To his surprise the ball was not smooth like an agate to the touch of his tongue; it was stickily rough, as though it had been dipped in paste and then rolled in powdered licorice. Furthermore its taste was nasty, and he was about to spit it out when a strange feeling of ineffable smoothness was telegraphed by his senses to his brain. What was smoother than the surface of a glass marble? Where had he felt that delectable texture at least once before? Where? Cornelia's wrist? Absurd! His mother's cheek? Impossible! He heard or imagined a creaking on the stairs. Rapidly he replaced the wet pill, drove in the cork, rolled the bottle in the pant leg and threw the trousers from him. No one came, and while he listened he fell asleep, to dream over and over again that someone was in the room, battling for possession of his trousers. In the morning he tried to slip off very early to school, but Mr. Crabbe stopped him.

"Hang around a bit, Miad," he said casually. "I want you should mind the shop."

At half past eight o'clock a butter ball of a man arrived whom Miad recognized as a rare frequenter of the shop. He had trailed him on his own initiative one day and knew that he came from Maiden Lane. He was greasy, soggy and porous like a sponge. Miad had not only hated him on sight but despised him, for, even at the age of eight, he had felt that with the aid of heels and teeth and no interference he could lick him.

Crabbe received the visitor with a noncommittal grunt and promptly took him down to the cellar. Miad listened at the head of the stairway. His sharp ears defined every movement of the two men. He felt them pause before the case, heard the stranger exclaim with annoyance and Crabbe explain in return that no one but the kid had touched the box. Then came telltale sounds which indicated that they were freeing the trophy with far more celerity than care. He heard the head thump, and then a rasping sound as it must have pitched forward and slithered on the curve of its horns. What kind of unpacking was that? Presently he heard stirrings amid the strewn packing, and then deliberate, purposeful movements which indicated a systematic search of the entire cellar.

An hour went by. Suddenly the porous stranger gave vent to an angry grunt of exhausted patience and ran for the stairs. Hearing him coming on in spite of a protesting cry from Mr. Crabbe, Miad drew back to the middle of the shop and waited.

The man arrived at the head of the steps, purple in the face and all but breathless. Followed closely by Mr. Crabbe, who was neither flushed nor blown, he advanced menacingly on Miad and with his eyes popping out to match his protuberant stomach, whispered hoarsely, "Come on, now! Out with it! What do you know?"

"What's the use of that, Mr. Levis?" broke in old Crabbe's unemotional voice. "Listen to me, now. Look at him and remember the weight of the head. How could a kid of his size take it out and tack it up again? Tell me that. And if he didn't take it out, he couldn't pull off a horn, now could he?"

Miad's heart was pounding so that for a moment he could not have spoken, even had he wished. It seemed to him that his left leg—the leg with the bottle—was weighted with ball and chain, and that if he should try to run, or even move, the room would be filled with a clanking noise. Without taking his wide eyes off those of the infuriated stranger he reached backward gropingly and laid a hand for support on the workbench on which he had sat hour upon hour as a three-year-old, watching Mr. Crabbe work and listening to Mr. Crabbe discourse on the supreme value of knowing how to keep one's mouth shut.

Echoes were in the room, echoes of Crabbe's voice of long ago: "That mummy there is a tasty trifle, so it is. Spices is in it, natron, gums of Araby, maltha. And honey. Nothing less. But mark me. The honey's been there two thousand years."

Mr. Levis' angry voice broke in upon Miad's recollection. "Why don't he say something if he's so all-fired innocent?" he demanded hotly.

A pause, a fleeting pause, but to Miad filled to the brim with echo: "All them things has been there two thousand years, the mummy has been there two thousand years. Think o' that; and can you tell me why? Because it knows how to keep its mouth shut. Ha! That's it; that's the boy!"

Then Mr. Crabbe, patient, confidently calm, replying in his everyday voice to Mr. Levis, "He will say something, won't you, Miad? You didn't take the sable head out of the box, did you now?"

Miad looked to right and left and was on the point of pouring out the truth to his ancient partner when his eyes fell on the Egyptian mummy in the corner. All the drastic training in silence to which it had given point through all the conscious years of his life seemed to surge suddenly within him and, added to the wave, swelling it to vast proportions, came an access of hatred for Mr. Levis which made Miad's face turn red and his lips white. Came silent echo again. Something seemed to burst inside his head into great letters of light: "Keep your mouth shut and your ears open and nothing won't never leak out of us no more than out of that mummy!"

"Two thousand years," he muttered sullenly, and closed his mouth tight.

At the words a look of astonishment swept across Mr. Crabbe's face. His complacent calm left him with a staggering suddenness. He reeled; then came to life and went into action.

"So!" he cried. "So!"

He seized Miad by the arms and with surprising strength lifted and seated him solidly on the workbench. Cunning as a fox was the old man, even in his calmest moments, and now he was aroused. Those three cabalistic words, "Two thousand years," had waked him as though to the crash and blaze of lightning. Without letting go his hold he leaned forward and felt all Miad's pockets with his elbows, talking quietly as he did so.

"Now, Miad, this ain't one of the times. Do you understand me? You can open your mouth, Miad. You can say all you know, right here in front of Mr. Levis. Spill it. Who was in here? Who helped you with the sable head? I tell you this ain't one of the times, Miad. You can speak. I want you should speak."

At each sentence Mr. Crabbe gave his diminutive partner a shake of increasing violence, but a quaver began to creep into the old man's voice in proportion as he gathered the significance of the viselike set of Miad's lips and realized that to pry them open he would first have to undo the training of many years.

Appreciating almost at once the futility of argument, he fell back on dogged perseverance and, tightening his hold, repeated over and over again, "I want you should speak."

After half an hour, during which the staring, granitelike expression on Miad's face had never once flickered into life, Mr. Levis exclaimed, "Aw, let me get at him!"

"Stay off," commanded Crabbe as he felt a sudden quiver of tension run through Miad's compact little body.

Had anyone chanced to enter the shop on that Monday morning during the two hours which ensued he would have stood rooted to the floor at the spectacle of a very small boy on the workbench, shock-headed, glassy-eyed, white of face and whiter of lips, imprisoned by the grip of the weary and sweating white-haired Mr. Crabbe and fusilladed by hoarse shouts and angry ejaculations from a porous, goggle-eyed and paunchy individual who hopped around first on one foot and then on the other, and occasionally shot out a pudgy hand to feel the boy's pockets or peck at his tattered clothing.

"Let me at him, the dirty little swipe! Choke him! Wring his cursed little neck. Crabbe, if you don't squeeze it out of him I'll blacken your name from here to Turkestan. Honest Crabbe! Bond-word Crabbe! You think I can't have the law on the two of you. Not for this, perhaps; but just the same, I'll run you out of house and home. By all the beards of the prophets, I'll —"

Utterly exhausted, old man Crabbe released his hold to draw out a vast bandanna and mop his dripping brow. Instantly Mr. Levis saw his chance and pounced on Miad. Never in his cunning, weasel-like existence had he made a more grievous error. At the clutch of his stumpy hands the immobile boy became a blazing ball of fury. He kicked, he bit, he scratched. He drove the sharp corners of his heels sarcastically down Mr. Levis' shins, and his teeth into the fat of Mr. Levis' thumb. Far from attempting to escape, he clung to Mr. Levis with all the varied tentacles of his incredibly powerful little body, meanwhile tearing at clothing and flesh with a rage that was elemental and terrifying, all the more so since it came from so small a source.

"Take him off!" howled Mr. Levis piteously as soon as he could catch a breath.

Mr. Crabbe seemed paralyzed by the turn of events. He stood with his steel-rimmed glasses pushed high up into his dishevelled hair and washed his thin hands one within the other with a tight, nervous movement; but in his deep-set eyes under the twitching shaggy brows there was a gleam—or was it a twinkle?—which neither of the combatants had leisure or opportunity to observe. It was as though Mr. Crabbe, his patience exhausted in two diametrically opposed directions and his duty at war with his inclination, were enjoying himself heartily by proxy.

"Oh, Miad," cried the old man chokingly from time to time, "please stop! Please don't, Miad! Miad, you mustn't; you really mustn't."

Without warning, Miad suddenly released his many holds, drew back, lowered his head and drove it with the force of a battering-ram into Mr. Levis' paunch, then he turned and ran for the door. Now Mr. Levis had just one quality in his make-up which transcended bodily fear, and its name was pertinacity. At the foul blow he doubled up like a jackknife, but when, upon straightening, his eyes caught the flicker of Miad's disappearing form he promptly set out in pursuit. He reached the door within a few seconds of starting and with a single glance took in the complete emptiness of Cobbled Court. Equally swift deduction told him that only the gaping door of Macintock's stables could have swallowed the fugitive so quickly.

At that very instant Miad was standing pantingly on one foot, just within the dark passage from stable to warehouse, and feeling feverishly for the treasure rolled in his left trouser leg. It was safe; far from being lost or discovered, the bottle had not even been broken in the furious mêlée, so snugly had his astuteness packed it away. But his relief was not quite complete. As he had bolted into the stable he had been forced to dive between the legs of Mike, the mucker-out of unpleasant memory, upsetting him with a thud. Consequently Miad waited expectantly for the word of betrayal. Presently came Mr. Levis' weakly explosive voice.

"Where's the kid that run in here?"

"There ain't no kid run in here, mister," drawled the stable hand in reply. "Not as I know of. Nobody ain't allowed in the stables without Mr. Macintock says so. If you mean that scalawag of a Miad Blake why, I seen him scuttlin' down Cliff Street not a minute ago, and I sure hope you catch him an' lick the tar out of him for what he done to your nice clothes."

"Cliff Street, nothin'," muttered Mr. Levis.

Feeling a warm thrill of gratitude which changed completely his former estimate of the stable hand, Miad crept through the corridor, threaded his way among the bales of hides into Vandewater Street, and then ran as fast as his legs could carry him. By the position of various children whom he met on their way home to lunch, he knew exactly how long school was out. He scampered up the New Bowery to East Broadway and breathlessly hailed Cornelia just as she was seizing the bell pull of the pompous but gloomy home in which she lived. After one glance at Miad's troubled perspiring face she ran down the steps and around the corner into the comparative privacy of Market Street.

"Oh, Miad! What is it?" she asked as he joined her.

He stooped over, retrieved the little bottle and, without looking at it, pressed it into her hand. "Hide it, Corny," he gulped. "Forever. You know."

The next moment he was gone as fast as he had come. He passed Vandewater, Hague Street and Brooklyn Bridge. Within twenty minutes of his escape he sauntered nonchalantly up Cliff Street, into the great arch and through the ramshackle gate of Cobbled Court, directly in the vision of the astonished Mr. Levis, who was sitting with dogged patience on a box beside the entrance to the Macintock stables.

"Where you been?" demanded Mr. Levis vapidly, too confounded to rise.

"None of your business," replied Miad calmly as he dodged into the shop.

During the weeks that followed, the whole atmosphere of Cobbled Court became electrically charged. Certain of its habitués went around in a cautious daze, as though to poke out a finger carelessly would be to get a shock; and the dead center of the static disturbance was no less a person than Miad Blake, aged thirteen, who was watched night and day, not only by Mr. Levis and certain of Mr. Levis' shady agents, but far more intelligently by the canny Mr. Crabbe. In fact, the old man did more than watch. He talked at length when the two were alone on the theme of the honor of the house of Crabbe, how its word had ever been its bond, and on the fact that even the iron rule of knowing how to keep one's mouth shut had its exceptions. At such times Miad would fasten his eyes on a certain corner of the shop and hold them there so fixedly that Mr. Crabbe was more than once driven to the ejaculation, "Gol dast that gol-durned mummy!"

It was part and parcel of Miad's precocious perspicacity that during these same weeks he had spoken to Cornelia only once, and that on an occasion when he was sure they were unobserved.

"Say, Corny," he asked with suppressed excitement, "did you look at what's in the bottle?"

"Of course," replied Cornelia. "From the outside."

"Well," demanded Miad, "what is they?"

"Two balls, very dark brown, almost black; and one white one, Miad. Whiter than white, like a swan in the park with a light inside. You think it's pinky, almost; but it isn't, really. Just white. Lovely."

Miad was awed; he did not know why, but he was awed. Not by her words in themselves, but because they capped a momentous string of sensations, beginning with the size of Mr. Levis' initial rage and continuing with the sense that he, Miad Blake, was tampering with huge things—things like jaws that once clamped would never let go. His teeth set tight and he let a whole month pass before he spoke to Cornelia again.

"You better come around first chance you get. The old man said it was kind of queer he hadn't seen you so long. But you remember, Corny, forever and forever."

All women are born pinch hitters at the art of acting, and Cornelia was no exception. When she entered Crabbe's shop on the ensuing Saturday afternoon she carried within her small breast a great burden of guilt, of curiosity and of the tremors of a conspirator, but her exterior betrayed none of these things. She was as light and gravely gay as she had been on each of the rare occasions when opportunity had enabled her to accompany Miad to Cobbled Court. This time she had come alone.

"Mr. Crabbe," she asked at the very moment of greeting, "is Miad mad at me?"

Mr. Crabbe stared at her long and thoughtfully over his glasses. For days he had been mulling certain queries which he meant to propound to this slip of a girl at their first encounter, and now her single question made him feel like a spiked gun!

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Women the world over have learned that there is but *one* O-Cedar Polish. They *know* that O-Cedar Polish has won world's leadership through its uniform excellence, economy and labor saving qualities.

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Dear Madam.

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I have just given him a new delight; a gentler, quicker shaving cream.

Now I have as great a joy for you. A gentle shampoo—olive oil!—that does not make hair dry and brittle, that leaves it soft and gleaming.

The favor I ask is that you try it. And then give me your opinion.

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Recently I asked over 1000 women what they wanted most in a shampoo.

They named but one requirement. But as yet most had failed to find it:

A thorough cleanser that would take out all grime and foreign matter—yet which would not take away the life and lustre that add so much to charm.

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Now I offer you the olive oil shampoo—world famous—for you to use at home.

After the ordinary harsh shampoo, results will be a revelation. You will note them in your mirror. Your friends will note them.

And then you will do as thousands have done—thank me for a new delight.

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There's a fascinating and fashionable air about this proud beauty.

It possesses the jauntiness of a thoroughbred.

The slightest pressure of the lightest foot sends it swiftly into smooth action—seemingly eager to demonstrate its great reserve of power.

Yet it is always noiseless—singularly silent.

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"No," he grunted; "not as I know on. Why?"

"Well," said Cornelia, letting fall her curling lashes, "I hardly ever see him any more, and he doesn't ask me to come here like he used to. You don't mind me being here, do you, Mr. Crabbe?"

Mr. Crabbe started to say that little girls were a drug on the market as far as he personally was concerned, but suddenly reflected that he had been wishing for some time for a leisurely sight of this particular little girl, so he changed a drawling "Well——" into "Why, no. Just you play around until Miad comes along. You say you ain't seen him lately?"

Apparently Cornelia had not heard the question. She paid no attention to it. Its sole effect was to make her pause at the nearest thing instead of going on to her favorite, the stuffed dugong, and the nearest thing happened to be the table laden with exotic journals. She began to turn them over absent-mindedly. Mr. Crabbe watched her, perceived that she was genuinely killing time, and turned to resume his work. Had he watched one-fifth of a second longer he would have seen her body slowly tauten into a petrified stillness. Presently Miad entered.

"Hello, Cornelia."

"Hello, Miad."

"I guess your folks don't know where you are," continued Miad coldly.

"And I bet you don't know how to spell hippopotamus," said Cornelia with a challenging nervous laugh.

"Huh! Don't I though?" said Miad, and spelled the word promptly and correctly.

But Cornelia shook her head violently. "That isn't the way it's spelled here," she said.

"Let's see," said Miad, advancing upon her. As he came between Crabbe and herself he saw her press her two index fingers on the pages before her so firmly that the knuckles turned white and the nails bright red.

"There," she cried. "Look for yourself."

Miad leaned over her shoulder. On the left page was a picture of a hippopotamus with the name spelled wrongly through a palpable misprint. On the right page, at the tip of Cornelia's finger, was a small advertisement headed by the word "reward" in bold-faced type and followed by six lines of fine print: "REWARD. £2000 for information leading to the recovery of three matched Oriental pearls of 42½ grains each, shipped to unknown destination together with sable antelope head. No questions asked. £2000!" At the end came an unpronounceable and almost unreadable address in Amsterdam.

"What you got there?" demanded Mr. Crabbe, sensing a sudden tense stillness.

Miad picked up the journal. Feeling as if he carried his life in his hands he approached the old man. He pointed at the misspelled word with a finger which he kept from trembling only by a superhuman effort and demanded, "Is that right, Crabbe, or ain't it?"

"It ain't," declared Mr. Crabbe, peering painfully at the indistinct print. "Now, you get out of here, both on you. Bothering me with spelling lessons."

Miad dropped the journal, kicked it through the door and ran after it with a whoop. Cornelia followed. They pounced on the paper. They tugged at and tore it, but with method, leaving the balance of the crumpled volume on the ground. Miad crammed a rolled ball into his pocket. As soon as they were in Hague Street and he had assured himself that they were out of hearing of all and sundry, he demanded, "How did you know, Corny? You tell me how you knew them was it"

Cornelia shook her head. "I don't know how I knew. I just knew; that's all."

"No, you didn't," persisted Miad. "You couldn't. How could you? I never told you nothing about the sable head. Now you tell me. How did you know?"

"Oh, Miad," said Cornelia, throwing up her head, "please don't be cross! It said on the bottle, 'Important: Dissolve in the mouth'; so I did, only because it said important in big letters, Miad. And they were all whiter than white, and lovely. All of them. Three of them. And so—I knew. I just knew; that's all. Are you cross, Miad?"

"Gee, no," answered Miad. "I guess something will happen pretty soon, Corny. You run along home, because I got something to do."

He returned to Cobbled Court, joked with the teamsters in Maclintock's stable for a minute, entered the stable, issued on Vandewater Street and ran for the post office. There he bought two stamped envelopes, wastefully using one for his letter. "A schoolboy named Miad Blake at Public School No. 112 in Roosevelt Street knows about pearls and sable head," he wrote, stuffed the note into the second envelope, took out the torn sheets from his pocket, found the advertisement and laboriously printed the Amsterdam address. He then sealed and mailed the letter, blissfully ignorant of the fact that its recipient would have to pay double postage.

During four weeks Miad and Cornelia grew daily thinner and paler with suspense and worry, but for Miad the period of stress was broken by an epochal event. As he passed through Hague Street one day the narrow door of one of the houses opened to emit a hurrying figure and almost instantly closed again; but in the flash of the interval Miad had seen the following things: Three steep steps, a high floor, a bare table in a small bare room and, standing like a dim white wraith, Mr. Crabbe, counting a wad of money.

Miad hurried home, trying to pretend even to himself that he had not seen, but muttering under his breath, "So that's it—that's the house—that's where it comes out." Memories of the underground passage assailed him and the usual lump came into his throat. He thought of his mother, remembering the breathing smoothness of her cheek like the living surface of a pearl, once felt upon his tongue, never forgotten. Pearls and women, mysterious, warm, deep—things far apart, and yet akin! The very next day as he came out of school at the noon hour, a boy called, "Hi! Miad! Here's a gent wants to see you"

Miad paused in midstep, turned, dashed back into the hall and drew Cornelia aside. "Corny," he whispered excitedly, "you meet me in Market Street in fifteen minutes and bring it. You know."

Then he ran out to accost the stranger. He found a very calm individual, exceedingly well dressed, with olive-tinted cheeks and two jet-black eyes that twinkled with mirth and shrewdness.

"You come from Amsterdam?" murmured Miad out of the corner of his mouth and staring at nothing in particular.

"Well, not recently," replied the stranger with an amused smile. "But I have had a letter from Amsterdam authorizing me to deal with a schoolboy named Miad Blake."

"Me's him," declared Miad unsmilingly, "and I've got you-know-what, only I won't give it to you in the street where you can cut and run. You got the nerve to go somewhere I say after school?"

The stranger's smile broadened. "Yes," he answered presently, "I have the nerve."

"Listen," said Miad. "Somebody's watching of us this minute, see? You walk through Hague Street at ten minutes after three. Go south from here on Pearl. Hague Street is the first after Vandewater to the right. Got it?"

"Yes," said the stranger, his face sobering. "You certainly have a clear head and a clearer tongue, youngster."

"Never mind me being a youngster," said Miad belligerently. "You come alone and bring the money or you won't get nothin' but a look."

At exactly ten minutes past three the stranger turned from Pearl into Hague Street, unconscious that he was being shadowed by a girl of eleven with hidden, excited eyes and two glossy pigtails. Suddenly his unruffled calm suffered a severe jolt. A great key rasped in the lock of a narrow door, the door swung outward, almost knocking him off his feet, and Miad's voice said, "Hop up, and be quick about it."

He barely hesitated, ran up the three steep steps and stood wondering just what kind of a fool he was making of himself while Miad locked the door, pocketed the huge key and lit the stub of a candle. By its light the boy looked so very small that the stranger felt reassured enough to follow him down a steep stairway and around a turn into a vaulted chamber which, God be praised, was dimly lighted by an iron grating at the level of the street. In the center of the underground chamber was a scarred workbench. Miad advanced, set the candle on it, crooked one knee, unrolled his trouser leg, took out the bottle and held it for a revealing instant before the flame. Within the bottle glowed softly three luminous spheres of imprisoned light. The stranger's eyes flamed, and then melted almost to a look of adoration, but he did not move.

"I guess perhaps they're worth more than two thousand pounds," breathed Miad, his own gaze held by the most subtle of all fascinations.

"More; much more," murmured the stranger. "Ten times more; but only to the one person who can sell them honestly."

On the last word his voice suddenly hardened, his head went up with a jerk, and his jet-black eyes seemed to shoot forked lightning into the far shadows of the room. His lips drew back to snarl with the rage of betrayal. Miad looked up at the man's contorted face and immediately felt as though an icicle had touched his spine. His fingers closed spasmodically over the bottle. His eyes swerved slowly, inexorably toward the mouth of the cavernous passage which led toward Cobbled Court. Two shadowy figures were emerging from it stealthily, stealing one to the right, one to the left. Creeping—creeping forward. Old man Crabbe, bent like a quivering claw; Mr. Levis, round, moist, venomous as a toad.

Miad's bones seemed to turn to water; all his strength flowed from him, leaving him stranded, pitifully revealed even to himself as a small boy, a very small boy, who had childishly evoked the forces that were about to overwhelm him. Things like jaws were closing upon him—things that once clamped would never let go! Strange events had occurred within these clammy walls. He had always felt it; he knew it now. Old man Crabbe, Mr. Levis—had he ever known them, seen them before? Not like this. They were different, horribly different, silent and purposeful as the gleam of a flashing knife. He cast an anxious glance at the stairway, but already it was too late to flee, and, besides, there was the locked door—locked on him and on the stranger.

Something was about to happen—something horrible. Never in his life had he formed a conception of murder, but he formed it now, instantly, full-fledged. It hung in the air, heavy, wet, like an oozing blanket, making him gasp to get his breath. They were not looking at him—Crabbe and Mr. Levis. No. Their eyes were pinned like needles on the stranger. He—Miad—that would come after.

Tears of bitter disillusionment started rolling down his cheeks. He was so small—so very small! Then from the depths of his being, quite suddenly, his combative soul came into its own again. Rage filled him, such a rage as he had never before known. What did they take him for? Hadn't he thought things out? He would show them, these men! Let the trap he had laid for the stranger engulf them all. By a mighty effort he swallowed the tears that were choking him, and coughed. It was a weak, gurgling cough, but it was enough.

Instantly there sounded through the quivering silence a clear, treble voice: "Miad, shall I call the police?"

There was something blood freezing in the words as they shattered the stillness above the tense group. Astoundingly sudden. Incredibly near. A voice—all by itself, coming from no one, from nowhere; incorporeal, eerie, detached! Crabbe, claw extended, ceased to move. Mr. Levis no longer oozed; he coagulated, looking green, slimy to the touch. The stranger jerked and turned to stone. Miad alone lived. His heart pounded and swelled almost to bursting as he threw back his head and called clearly "Yes!"

"Police!" screamed Cornelia with all the strength of her lungs.

The loud cry caromed from one stone wall of the tomblike chamber to another till mighty echo swallowed echo. With a hoarse cry of terror Mr. Levis turned and fled, scurrying and slithering through the cavernous passage like a fat rat. Followed him Mr. Crabbe, calling acidly as he went, "Don't run, you fool! There ain't a cop within a mile of here!"

Miad heard an explosive chuckle and looked around in amazement. The stranger had not run. He was holding his sides and laughing as only the brave know how to laugh.

As soon as he could speak he stammered, "For heaven's sake, bring your friend in or send her home. I won't cheat you, boy. I don't know how you got the Luxendorf pearls and I don't care. Here's nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-three dollars. Count it and hand over the bottle."

(Continued on Page 101)

Glover's
BRIGHTON CARLSBAD
SLEEPINGWEAR

There ARE Differences in Sleepingwear!

Here, for instance, is what you'll find in Brighton-Carlsbad Pajamas
—for Men and Boys—

1 Luxurious comfort; roominess, inviting relaxation and rest.
2 Patterns of rich, satisfying beauty—or smart simplicity.
3 Fabrics that lull the senses into sleep—silk-soft for luxury, sheer for summer comfort, or fleecy-warm for chilly nights.
4 Many surprise features. For example, a button-and-loop at ankle keeps trouser-leg down.
5 Machine-made, but rivaling the hand-work of the custom tailor.
6 Long service makes your sleepingwear cost uncommonly low.
7 Unqualifiedly guaranteed.

When you buy Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad, you are assured real sleeping comfort and economy! If your favorite store cannot supply you, write us. Pajamas, $2.25 to $18.

MIDDY PAJAMAS
Some men prefer this over-the-head style—no fuss with buttons. Pongee and nainsook. $2.50 to $6.

NIGHTSHIRTS, TOO
Brighton-Carlsbad Nightshirts—mostly fine—in nainsook, muslin, pongee. Sizes, 15 to 20. $1.50 to $5. (For boys, also)

CHILDREN'S SLEEPERS
Several styles ... nainsook ... Ages 1 to 10. $1 to $3.

Write for "The Nightie Book" It's FREE!

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 45, Dubuque, Iowa

PATENTED

KEROGAS

TRADE **BURNER** MARK

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. The "Giant" is for use when you want an intense flame quickly. It can be turned down for ordinary use, but is capable of producing the most intense heat. Stoves with "Regular" Kerogas Burners only, also to be had.

To make sure that an oil stove is a GOOD oil stove—

Look for the Patented Kerogas Burner

The better brands of oil stoves go by many different names, but they all have the same name on the burner—Kerogas.

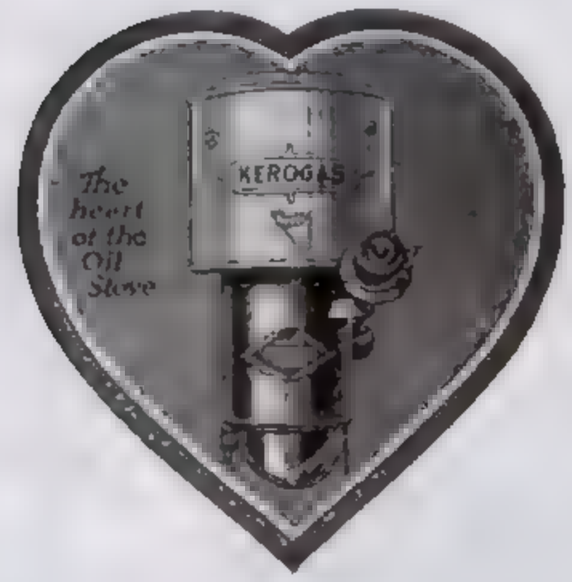
Kero-*gas*—do you get the significance? Not the old-fashioned oil flame, but a marvelous double flame of *gas*—made by mixing one part kerosene with 400 parts of air—clean, powerful, uniform, just like the flame of a gas range—and at oil stove cost. By simply turning a little control wheel you get exactly the degree of heat you want—quick, slow, intense or "simmering."

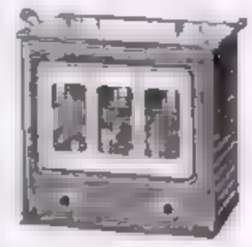
Ask your dealer to demonstrate the "flame within a flame" of the Patented Kerogas Burner. Observe for yourself its intense heat—under perfect control. Compare it with the flame produced by other burners. The difference will surprise you.

Then—when you finally *select* your stove—remember that a *good* stove may be known by the *company* it keeps—

Look for the trade-mark KEROGAS upon the burner.

Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner





The KEROGAS Oven for Baking and Roasting

As reliable as any range oven ever made. Gives sure, uniform results because of its even and easily regulated temperature. A fitting companion to the Kerogas Burner.

Manufactured by

A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO., 1238 First Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges

Dealer's Note: The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with the *Kerogas* Burners

(Continued from Page 99)

As he spoke he tossed a large package of bank notes on the bench. Miad clutched the money and with his eyes fastened steadily on those of the stranger called out, "It's all right, Cornelia. Is anybody coming?"

"No one, Miad. There's no one in Hague Street. Shall I run to the corner?" Her quick words reverberated strangely, gobbling each other up.

"No," ordered Miad. "I tell you, it's all right. You run along home, Cornelia. I got the money and I guess I can keep it."

He examined the bills, but did not attempt to count them. "I guess you're all right, mister. Here's the bottle."

The stranger uncorked it and rolled the three magnificent pearls into the palm of his hand.

"Gee, mister!" gasped Miad. "Leave me look. I ain't never seen 'em."

As he drank in the beauty of the transfigured black pills, so white, so alive, the memory of his mother came rolling over him in a flood. Here—here in the cellar—just over there, her voice, "Oh, baby, my dear, dear boy, why did you run from your mother?" Just over there! He glanced to the left. The spot where he had last seen her, the chamber of their swift farewell, was gone—closed—sealed with a wall of tumbled stones, mortar and earth! "Run, darling! Run!" Then the stranger's voice, snatching him back from the far-away day.

"Never seen them!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"Well," explained Miad, "they was covered with black. It tasted like licorice, but I only sucked one and that was in the dark. Cornelia sucked the others."

"Thank God!" murmured the man fervently. "You see, boy, pearls can't live long without air. You and Cornelia may have saved the lives of these beauties, and that isn't all. I don't suppose it will mean much to you now; but when you get older you remember what I'm telling you. You've saved the honor of a royal house. These pearls were stolen by a young man who will be a ruling prince some day, worse luck. What for? I'll tell you that too. To salt a pearl fishery on the coast of Africa. Just a skin game like you or I might try to play if we didn't know better. Now you come with me and put that money where nobody can take it from you."

At the Bowery Savings Bank the stranger's calling card gained them prompt admittance to the manager's office and Miad was introduced with a formality that made him squirm. The manager ruffled the heap of bank notes thoughtfully and pretended that he was not being eaten alive with curiosity.

"How do you wish this money credited, Mr. Blake?" He asked respectfully.

"Aw! Cheese it," retorted Miad. "Who do you think you're kidding? I'm Miad, and you know it."

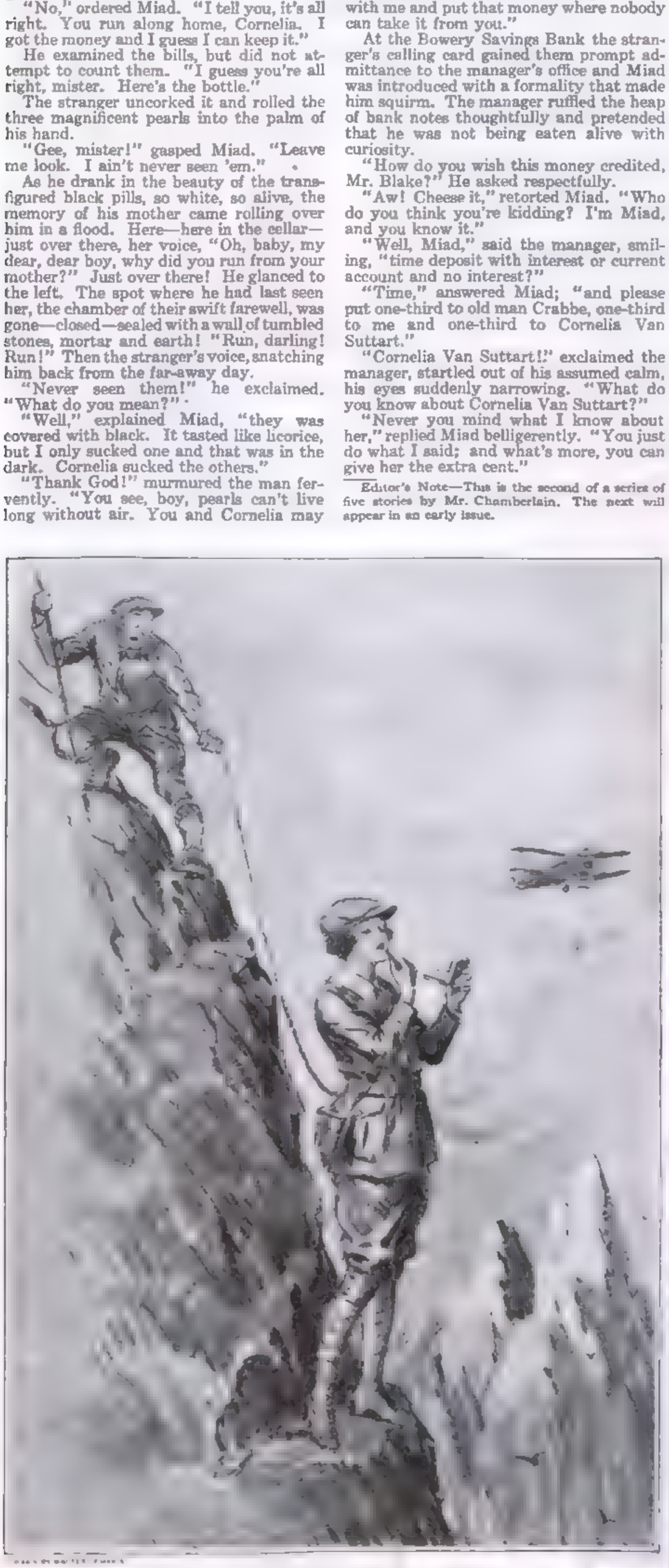
"Well, Miad," said the manager, smiling, "time deposit with interest or current account and no interest?"

"Time," answered Miad; "and please put one-third to old man Crabbe, one-third to me and one-third to Cornelia Van Suttart."

"Cornelia Van Suttart!" exclaimed the manager, startled out of his assumed calm, his eyes suddenly narrowing. "What do you know about Cornelia Van Suttart?"

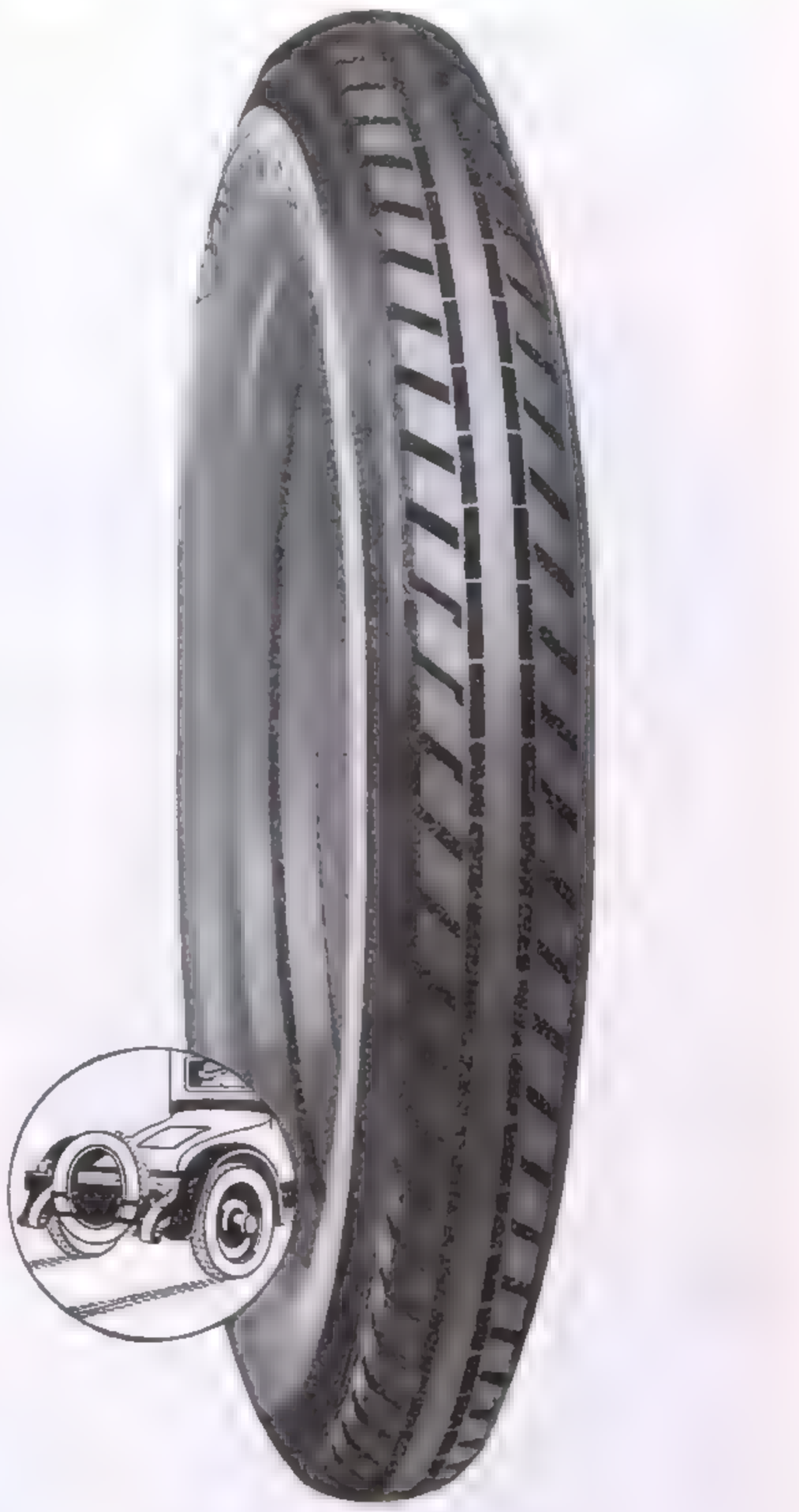
"Never you mind what I know about her," replied Miad belligerently. "You just do what I said; and what's more, you can give her the extra cent."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of five stories by Mr. Chamberlain. The next will appear in an early issue.



"Wait a Minute, Pa. Here Comes an Aviator"

THE DIAMOND CORD



Ride Out the Facts

It is easy to confirm all the fine things that are being said about the Diamond Cord. Equip your car with a set and ride out the facts, with your speedometer as the dial of conviction.

Selected Diamond Distributors await you with fresh stocks of Diamond Tires for passenger and commercial cars

THE DIAMOND RUBBER COMPANY, INC., *Akron, Ohio*

Diamond TIRES

CAVE CANEM!

(Continued from Page 17)

temper he's apt to do something foolish, and something foolish was what she wanted the alderman to do.

At last they left Mr. Tomlet at the door of his residence—left him deficient by a silk hat, a coat tail, volumes of dignity and one first-class temper.

"He'll bust me out of my job for seeing this circus," said Marshall.

"I'll bet he didn't recognize you. Human beings weren't his line. He was full up on dogs."

III

ALDERMAN TOMLET was full up on dogs. No sooner was he about next day than he summoned the corporation counsel and commanded that gentleman to draft an ordinance. The object of this legislation was to purge Corinth of canines. It was severe, and it contained penalties. From and after ten days succeeding the passage of the ordinance, all residents within the corporate limits of Corinth were forbidden to own, harbor or in any manner to give aid and comfort to any dog of whatsoever size, color or breed. Itinerant dogs were forbidden to pass through Corinth on pain of death, and the local impounding officers were given the power of search and seizure, to the end that every dog not disposed of before the ordinance became operative should immediately be executed without benefit of clergy.

Jerry, on being informed of this fact by Marshall Tree, pursed her lips and whistled softly.

"The mouse," she said unintelligibly to him, "has come out of the mousehole. . . . U'm. . . . Marshall, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt directed me to ask you to draft an ordinance embodying her ideas for a Department of Social Service," and she proceeded to a careful and logical and comprehensive statement of what exactly Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt desired.

"And now," she said, "we opportunists are going to opportune."

For upwards of an hour Jerry busied herself at the telephone, calling friends who owned kennels. In each case her message was the same: "Have you any puppies? Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt needs eight or ten. . . . No, regular puppies with family trees. What's the idea? Why, if you'll watch the papers shortly—the dog is going into politics."

And so she collected no less than nine jejune dogs of indubitable desirability and unquestionable lineage, which she parked temporarily in her father's garage while she sought for and digested certain vital statistics regarding the city's board of aldermen. There were twenty-four city fathers. Five of these were Democrats and so required no attention, being naturally in opposition; three owned dogs; and of the remainder, eleven were fathers of sons or daughters. Jerry let no greensward develop under her feet, for her private news of Alderman Tomlet's ordinance might become public at any moment and so render her first measure abortive. She therefore borrowed her father's car, put in it as many puppies and pedigrees as it would hold, and set out on her travels.

It is a rare boy or girl who will decline to become the proprietor of a puppy; and few mothers, when introduced to the puppy itself, who will refuse to allow their children to own one. In consequence, before five o'clock that afternoon, Jerry, in the name of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt, had installed dogs in nine aldermanic families. She reasoned that a man whose family owns and loves a dog will look with scant enthusiasm upon an ordinance condemning that dog to death.

The board of aldermen met on Tuesday nights, on Monday Jerry telephoned Marshall Tree, who, neglecting the county's business, rushed to obey her summons.

"Marsh," she asked, "do you know a tame newspaper man? I want a good one—one who knows how to get his teeth into a thing and build up a regular rumpus."

"Why, I suppose I do; but ——"

"But what?"

"Well, if your Woman's Party is going in for some publicity you'd better let me help out. It's so easy to get in bad when you monkey with the newspapers. And women—well, they're not naturally adapted to such things; not inventive, you know, and, as I've told you, too elemental and emotional. You're sure to gum it."

"Maybe, but we've got to learn. If we do gum it you'll have the satisfaction of chanting 'I told you so.' Just sick on your newspaper man. . . . And listen, little Mister Never-Made-a-Mistake, do you know who invented publicity?"

"Who?"

"The first woman who went into the back yard to tell over the fence her right-hand neighbor what her left-hand neighbors said during their family squabble the night before. The person who can harness the back-fence publicity of America will have the newspapers beaten by a number of kilometers and quite a handful of split seconds."

Jerry received the reporter, a young Mr. Adam Black, more able and experienced than his not numerous years seemed to guarantee, in the reception room of the offices of the Woman's Party. She drew him into a private office, invited him to sit down and told him that smoking was by no means regarded with either suspicion or intolerance.

"I understand," she said, and her appearance and manner were calculated to make any young reporter turn palpitating flip-flaps, "that a reporter doesn't get irritated if somebody shows him where he can find something worth using up a lot of type on."

Reporters are always a bit suspicious somebody is going to lead them by the hand into some publicity trap, and young Mr. Black remained as noncommittal as the circumstances allowed.

"Our business," said he, "is to get news."

"When you write a thing you call it a story, don't you? I want to know about papers, because we expect to have quite a lot to do with them."

"We call it a story," he said.

"Then," she said, "I think I've got a bird of a story for you—that is to say, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt has the story. She has asked me to tell you about it."

Mr. Black sighed with relief, for he had once been deputed to interview Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and had found himself mining for gold in a sand bank.

"Tomorrow night," Jerry said, "Alderman Tomlet will introduce an ordinance abolishing dogs in Corinth. He's mad. I know why, but I shan't tell you till I know you better. Every dog in Corinth is to be executed if its owner hasn't got rid of it within ten days after the ordinance passes."

"Sure?"

"Positive!"

"Much obliged."

He was reaching for his hat to dash into the wide world and wring the uttermost farthing from this tip, when Jerry detained him.

"Alderman Tomlet has lost his temper," she said, "and I'll bet he's stubborn when he gets that way. Now I—that is, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt has got in touch with a number of people who might be interested in this ordinance, and they have written little pieces about it. For instance, here's one signed by Mr. Nathaniel Goodrich, president of the S. P. C. A. He doesn't like the idea apparently. Here's another by Mrs. Benscoter, president of the Humane Society. It looks as if the ordinance made her sort of mad too. Here's a peach from a little boy with his legs paralyzed so he can't walk, and whose only playfellow is a dog. Just let your eye slide over that one, and if you don't fog over then you're as inhuman as an iron hitching post. Here's one from Tim O'Dowd, who owns half a dozen fighting bulldogs, which fight when the police don't catch him at it. I got that one myself. There are a lot of them."

"Miss McKellar," said Black, "you can have a job on our paper any day you apply for it. This story's got everything, and is an automatic follow-up. We can drag it along for days."

"That's my idea. I've wired for interviews from people interested in animals all over the country—nationally known people. And I've got a nest of nifty little ideas to keep it stirred up—that is, Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt has the ideas."

Mr. Black considered.

"But where does the Woman's Party come in on this?" he asked with natural suspicion.

"The Woman's Party," said Jerry, "wants Mr. Alderman Tomlet's attention elsewhere for a few days." She smiled, and Mr. Black was undone.

"Will there be a story in it?"

"There will," said Jerry, "and you get it as soon as it's ripe. All I ask now is that you don't fail to print that interview on dogs by Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt."

"Sure!" said Mr. Black. "It's a beaner! Honest, now, that lady surprises me. I tried to interview her once—and phooie! But this is snappy stuff. She knows words and phrases. This line here isn't half bad: 'A city government which would slaughter the pets of its babies is benighted enough to neglect the babies themselves.' And this isn't so poor: 'This ordinance is aimed, not at dogs but at children. A man who would introduce a measure to deprive well children of their best playfellows would forbid the sick children of the poor to have proper nursing.' I hand it to your boss."

In consequence of this, Alderman Tomlet awoke on Wednesday morning to discover that he had done rather more than introduce a dog ordinance; he had manufactured a political issue. He read the paper, rubbed his eyes to see if they were doing their duty intelligently, and emitted a roar of astonishment and rage. One thing he saw instantly, with an eye trained to political events, and that was the fact that some unpleasantly adroit person had seized upon his ordinance as a pretext and was about to box his ears with it. He wondered who. But the loss of his coat tail and his dignity still rankled in his mind, so he set his jaw stubbornly. He was in for it now, and he'd show 'em! He'd show 'em who was running politics in the city of Corinth!

IV

WITHOUT ostentation Alderman Middle, a political accident, without influence and without hope of a second term, introduced in the board of aldermen Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's Department of Social Service measure. Nobody paid any attention to it, for nobody paid any attention to anything Alderman Middle did. Those who noticed it at all shrugged it aside as another of Middle's nut measures for which he was justly famous. It created not even a mild ripple.

In three days Corinth's dog ordinance became Associated Press news. Corinth was placed on the map nationally, and pictures of Alderman Tomlet were printed in papers far and wide.

Not only that, but the city achieved the exalted position of a motion-picture star—in the news weeklies. This was because of the unique news value of the now famous dog parade.

The dog parade was not spontaneous, though it contained some elements of surprise. Jerry McKellar acquired a list of all residents who paid for dog licenses, and circularized them efficiently. She enlisted the aid of the Boy Scouts, who naturally were pro-dog, of the Camp Fire Girls and of various other organizations, and then stepped gracefully aside and became inconspicuous. But not so the result of her labors.

The parade occurred on a Thursday, and Corinth's dog population, almost to the last tail, was present. The newspapers estimated that four hundred and twenty-seven dogs marched in the parade. For two hours the principal streets of the city reechoed to the joyous bark, the provocative growl, or to the unexpected howl of pain. It is doubtful if any municipality ever boasted on a single day of so many dog fights; they were a drug on the market. After the first hour a battle between the prize-fighting bulls of Europe and America would not have drawn as many supporters as would a political party organized to raise the income tax.

The lame boy with his dog companion occupied the place of honor in an open carriage, and the hundred or more slogans of protest made reading well calculated not to soothe the irritation of Alderman Tomlet. He was referred to by name; he was referred to by description; he was alluded to by word of mouth. And to give a climax to the affair, a mass meeting was held in Fourth Ward Park, directly in front of and across the road from the alderman's house, where loud speeches were made, clearly audible to his ears when not drowned out by final attempts on the part of the dogs to settle grudges collected along the line of march. Following the showing of the news reel of the parade in various cities, Alderman Tomlet's mail became such as a mail-order house would look at once and make preparations to declare an extra dividend. Instead of poking three letters through the slot of the alderman's letter box, a mail wagon drove daily to his door to present him with a bushel of letters done up neatly in a bag. At the end of ten days the alderman knew—and nobody could ever shake his certainty in the fact—that as a political power dogs double-discounted the American Legion, the G. A. R., the Anti-Saloon League and the hyphenated Americans.

Just how it came about nobody seemed to know; but early in the campaign babies were dragged into the controversy. Very adroitly the antidog measure was made to appear as a direct and deliberate blow at children. Perhaps it was Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's interviews, given out in typewritten form by Jerry, that gave this angle of the matter its first impetus. However that might be, before many days had passed no citizen discussed dogs without mentioning babies. Very adroitly sick babies were drawn into the affair and discussed, until within two weeks it was being openly said that a board of aldermen which would condemn hundreds of innocent dogs to death would be guilty of legislation to deprive sick babies of proper nursing.

"Dink," said Alderman Tomlet to the chief of his secret service, Mr. Dink Gadgett, "somebody's back of all this rumpus. I hain't been able to run it down. What's your idee of it?"

"It jest happened," said Dink.

"Nothin' jest happens in politics," said the alderman, with the wisdom of experience. "There never was a political accident. Something made it happen."

"Looks like you made this happen."

"What I done," said the alderman sulkily, "was to set up the opportunity. I invited 'em in, and they come a-runnin'. But if somebody or other wasn't layin' for me this row wouldn't 'a' got past the first squawk. Somebody's organized it, and they got a reason, I smell fish fryin'."

"'Tain't Paddy O'Toole," said Dink.

"Paddy's jest tall enough to reach the bottom shelf," said Mr. Tomlet. "Whoever got this up is capable of reachin' for the cake box, and I keep that high. Dink, they're makin' me look like that there Italian king in the Bible that killed off all the babies in Jerusalem or some'eres. I hain't never mentioned babies." The alderman was almost pathetic. "What I was after was dogs. Somebody's been thimble-riggin'. I pick up the shell, expectin' to find a dog under it, and there's a pair of twins. Now I want to know."

But the alderman was not destined to find out, though in the end it may be that so astute an individual may not have been wholly without suspicions. That is to say, he could not hear the name of Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt spoken without taking on a

(Continued on Page 106)

Do you really know which kinds of candy you like best?

HERE is a unique box which solves the problem for you. Nothing like it has been offered before.

First, it contains 22 selected varieties of the finest chocolates and other confections we have ever made in 75 years of candy making.

Secondly, the name of each piece is plainly printed on the card underneath. When you taste a piece you particularly like, you look at the card and identify it by name.

In this box comes the Johnston's Choice Book. It lists the contents of each of the most popular Johnston boxes.

If it happens that you have a sweet tooth for honey nougats, chocolate covered nuts, chocolate creams, or certain fruit centers, this Choice Book shows you how to always get exactly what you like best, instead of just saying "a box of chocolates."

It gives you the names of the boxes having a preponderance of your favorites. For example, the Choice Book tells you that Johnston's T-R-I-A-D box is equally divided between chocolate dipped cherries, chocolate creams, nut centered, and assorted centers in bitter sweet chocolate

You should be able to get the Choice Box at any good store. But if any dealer cannot supply you, use the coupon, filling in the dealer's name.

Special to Young Men

To find out which kinds the young lady likes best—give her Johnston's Choice Box, with the name underneath each piece. Make a mental note of the pieces she seems to like best. Next consult the Choice Book. Then, when you bring her candy again, pay her the supreme compliment of bringing just the kinds she prefers. It lends your gift an added charm—you know her favorites without asking her.

JOHNSTON'S, Milwaukee, Dept. E

If your dealer cannot supply you with a regular size package, we shall be glad to send you a Miniature Introductory Choice Box. Just pay the postman 50c on delivery.

Name _____

Street No. _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's Name _____

Street No. _____

Hotpoint SERVANTS

Get Ready for Summer Ironing Days—with a *New Model* HOTPOINT IRON

WOMEN who value their hot weather comfort are showing the greatest interest in this new Hotpoint Iron.

The *New Model*—announced only a few weeks ago, and already selling very fast in the stores everywhere.

As most women know, the quickest, coolest ironing is done with an *electric iron*. No fire in the range—no excess heat in the kitchen.

Now, in the *New Model* Hotpoint Iron, the makers of Hotpoint Servants have carried *cool ironing* much further than it has ever been carried before.

A special feature, for instance, is the *new design* of the Hotpoint Cantilever Handle. In construction, it is *even cooler* than it was in the earlier Hotpoint Irons.

THE Hotpoint Cantilever Handle alone would be enough to explain why the Hotpoint Iron is selling so fast to the 22,500,000 American women.

It saves you so much bodily exertion.

You can try this out for yourself—and you don't have to buy the iron beforehand, either.

Just go to your dealer's store—electrical shops, hardware stores and department stores.

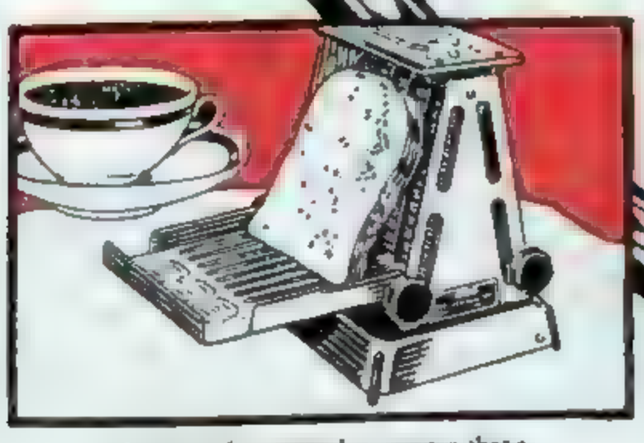
Hold the *New Model* Hotpoint Iron the same way you will when ironing—and *see*.

Your hand grasps it naturally—no tension or tight grip.

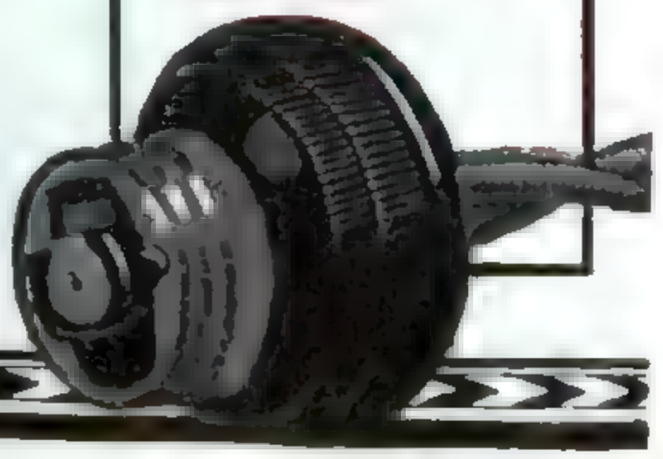
Where most irons throw a strain on your wrist—the Hotpoint Iron gives you a sense of *power without effort*.

No over-exertion—and this is a *great help in keeping cool*.

The New Model Hotpoint Iron has a number of other special features, too. They do away with most of the work and all the drudgery of ironing day. Read about them on the opposite page.



A woman's practical eye notes that a turn of the knob of the Hotpoint Toast-over Toaster reverses the slice—and better still, how evenly it toasts!



EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC.

Boston, New York, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Ontario, Cal. Salt Lake City

The New Model Hotpoint Iron

NEW DESIGN for beauty and *perfectly balanced weight.*

CANTILEVER HANDLE—saving exertion all through your body.

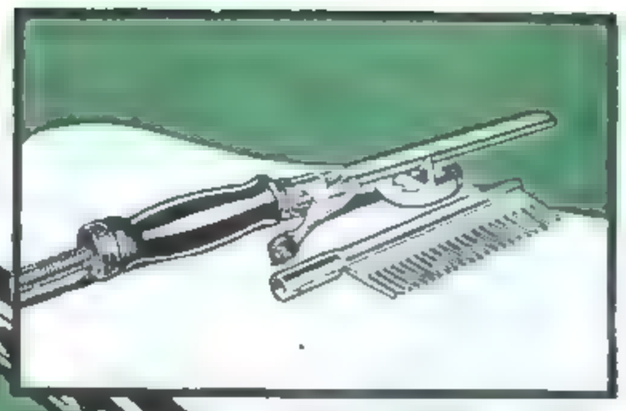
ALL-WAY-THROUGH *Handle Bolt*—no more cracked or jiggly handles.

HEAVY DUTY *Plug Receptacle*—no breakage if your iron falls off the ironing board.

HINGED CORD PLUG with Ball Joint—gives the cord extra flexibility, and prevents it from snarling up or fraying out.

EVERLASTING STEEL CORD BUSHING—and

NEW FLOATING CONTACT—two features that add materially to the service life of your New Model HOTPOINT IRON.



The *Hotpoint Electric Curling Iron*—the iron with the *professional* touch. The hair spreads out flat and even along the whole length of the iron—giving a true Marcel wave.

Send for brief folder that tells more about SUSSEX special features that insure underwear comfort, long wear and satisfaction for men, youths and children.

Taking Children's Underwear Seriously

SUPPOSE you were making light weight underwear for your children, wouldn't you first select a strong, durable fabric that would stand tough play wear?

Then wouldn't you strengthen every part of the little suit where strain or wear was greatest? Double seat, taped neck band, adjustable straps over the shoulders, pin tubes on the garter tabs, buttons sewed on firmly so they wouldn't pull out "roots and all," and so on even down to the little stitches for greater strength, made carefully and painstakingly.

So upon the experience of many mothers, SUSSEX *Juniors*—waist suits for boys and girls—have been designed and made especially for the needs of growing, active children.

Thoughtfully and seriously down to the smallest detail, every feature that would increase wear, lessen mending and promote health, has been incorporated in SUSSEX *Juniors*.

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(Continued from Page 102

goggle-eyed, introspective, childishly puzzled expression that probably expressed his feelings better than any vocabulary within his reach could have done.

▼

"WHAT do you think of woman's adaptability to undertake publicity now?" Jerry McKellar asked Marshall Tree on the afternoon of the day whose evening would see Alderman Tomlet's dog ordinance coming up for a vote.

Marshall shrugged his shoulders.

"Accident," he said. "You happened to hit on something that struck the fancy of the public, that's all."

"Don't we get something on the honor score for picking it out?" Jerry asked.

Marshall remained noncommittal.

"U'm—your idea of a woman's ability, I gather, is if you take her hand off the frying pan or the perambulator she becomes a dead loss. And yet you want to marry one of us!"

"I want to marry you," said Marshall doggedly.

"Why?"

"Because," he said, "I'm in love with you."

"Must be a dreadful strain on your logic. Puts you in the position of wanting to eat candy when you know it'll upset your stomach. Some day, young man, you're going to slink around to me and make cow eyes and twist your hat in your fingers and shuffle your feet and apologize to woman. When you do I'll look you over carefully, see if the cure is permanent, ask what your prospects are, and take you under consideration. And in the meantime be on hand at the board meeting tonight. Something may happen to take the keen edge off your bumptiousness."

"But listen, Jerry ——"

"I'm busy."

"I don't like you mixing in politics and fooling around with these silly women. When we're married ——"

"That's your hat in your hand. As you pass out put it on your head," Jerry said with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes that rather disarmed her dismissal.

When Marshall arrived at the aldermanic chamber that night—and he came early, foreseeing a crowd—he was unable to find a seat in the gallery. He wedged himself in with his back against the wall and stared about him with undisguised amazement. He had anticipated a gallery jammed with men, with dog lovers. There were few men in the chamber, though the halls were thronged. Almost every one of the three hundred seats was occupied by a woman, and almost every woman had a baby on her lap! Jerry McKellar, seated with Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt close to the railing, turned to wave a hand to him and to smile cryptically.

The board came to order with whisperings and starings into its extraordinarily occupied gallery; and this fact may be set down as unassailable: No matter how ignorant those men might be of zoölogy, of Boy Scout lore and the songs of birds, there is one creature call none of them will ever fail to recognize wherever he hears it, and that is the plaintive note of the infant kept up after his bedtime. The president of the board rapped for order, but sundry infants were unacquainted with the purpose of a gavel.

A few boy babies manifested an interest in the pounding and reached out covetous arms for the instrument, but silence failed to reign.

"If," said the president severely, "the galleries do not remain quiet I shall order the officer to clear them."

A woman's voice from the gallery replied, "Tell that policeman if he can make this baby stop crying a nursemaid's job is waiting for him at my house!"

The presiding officer mopped his brow, stared about him with an air of hopeless bewilderment, and called the aldermen to order. Routine business went forward to an infant obbligato. Aldermen whispered to each other to ask if the chamber had been let for a baby show. Matters proceeded in a perfunctory way, for every alderman knew that the dog ordinance was the chief business of the evening, casting all other matters into negligibility. Every alderman labored under a delusion upon that point.

The clerk of the board mumbled through the final reading of Alderman Middle's freak ordinance. Nobody had read it, nobody listened to it, nobody bothered to laugh at it. All of Alderman Middle's legislation was routine; that is to say, it was read the legal number of times and voted down by twenty-three to one, Alderman Middle being the only affirmative. During the reading of the long and involved legal phraseology a note was passed into the pudgy hand of Alderman Tomlet. He read it.

"If you have not enjoyed the last three weeks, listen carefully to Alderman Middle's ordinance," it said. "It is about babies."

The alderman read it again and sat bolt upright in his seat. "Baby" was a word that made him nervous. Such was his mental condition that he disliked to hear it mentioned, and would walk around a block to avoid reading it on a placard. He recalled how insidiously babies had been injected into the dog controversy—and now the rat he had been sniffing at for many days past became powerfully and distinctly odorous. He listened. He glanced sidewise into the gallery, studying its occupants until his eyes rested upon Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt. At that instant was born the suspicion which was never destined to become certainty, but which wrote down the estimable if heavy-set lady as being close to the source of his troubles.

He remembered her activities at the time of the birth of the Woman's Party. He recalled her generalship; he gave consideration to her reputation for astuteness and dexterity in intrigue.

"I believe—I actually believe," said Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt suddenly, "that stout little man is making motions to me."

She was a bit nearsighted, which probably will account for her not recognizing so important a person as Alderman Tomlet.

"I think he is," said Jerry with satisfaction. "I'll step down to see what he wants."

She arose, pointed to the anteroom. Alderman Tomlet nodded, arose and left the chamber. Jerry, guided by Marshall Tree, found the alderman awaiting her, and in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Who be you?" he demanded gruffly.

"I," said Jerry, "am Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt's private secretary."

"Seen you some'eres," said the alderman.

"Yes," said Jerry placidly, "I picked you out of a tree one night."

The alderman coughed, strangled, bit his teeth quite through a number of words it would be obviously inexpedient to utter.

"You wished to speak to Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt," Jerry prompted. "I am her representative."

"I want to talk to her—not anybody but her. I want to have this rumpus out with her, dog-gone it, face to face!"

"I'm so afraid it's impossible. Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt never discusses political matters in person. If you have anything to say to her it will have to pass through me."

The alderman scowled. A person of his importance was not habitually treated in exactly this manner. It rather bewildered him.

"Is she behind this dog agitation?" he asked.

"I thought you were," said Jerry. "It's your ordinance, isn't it?"

"You know all-fired well what I mean. Has she set this town and half the United States to tramplin' up and down on my neck?"

"She engages," said Jerry, "in many activities of which I have no knowledge. I think, however, her interest tonight is largely in Alderman Middle's social-service ordinance. I doubt if she cares greatly about dogs although she may . . . Of course," she added parenthetically, "your dog ordinance was lost as soon as it was introduced."

"Eh? Lost? My ordinance lost? Why, I kin make ——"

Jerry shook her head.

"The Democrats would vote against it on principle, you know; and besides that, nine of your Republican aldermen own dogs."

"Own dogs! How d'ye know?"

"I'm told," Jerry said cautiously, "they were given dogs on purpose—or their children were before this ordinance became important."

The alderman pondered this, and though it did not increase his peace of mind, he could not withhold a grudging admiration. It was such painstaking attention to details that made great politicians. The alderman had always been a stickler for details.

"I wisht I could git to discuss matters with the lady," he said.

"Impossible—in the present state of affairs. It may be arranged later if ——"

"If what?"

"If from your handling of the present matter it seems expedient."

"U'm!" The alderman did not know what exactly to reply to this.

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt has been studying the situation," said Jerry. "I overheard her say what she would do in your place, Alderman Tomlet; but, naturally, being a skilled politician, you're not interested in what a woman thinks."

"Let's have it anyhow. Never kin tell where somethin'll turn up."

"She said it seemed too bad you didn't jump in and back up this social-service ordinance—on political grounds. Somehow babies and health have been talked about a lot during the discussions of this dog ordinance—which is beaten, as you'll admit. It was her opinion that if a dog ordinance could kick up such a row, a baby ordinance would be likely to kick up one a lot bigger. In your place, she said, she'd save her face. She'd push through this baby ordinance in spite of anything, just to cover up the licking you get on dogs. Folks'll forget the dogs and stand up and give three cheers for you for boosting the babies—if you get to the papers first. A man as slick in the ways of politics as you can get over the story that the dog ordinance was just trumped up as a political makeshift to stir up interest in the baby thing and make certain of its passage. See? In that way you would come out all spangled over with medals."

"But it's a nut ordinance. This Middle lunatic introduced it."

"He didn't draft it," said Jerry, "and he was asked to introduce it."

"Huh!" snorted the alderman, batting his eyes. "H'm—they're readin' that ordinance now."

He turned abruptly to rush into the aldermanic chamber. As he entered the reading came to an end. Alderman Tomlet was ready on his feet.

"Mister President and feller aldermen," he said, "this here ordinance—this here progressive and high-minded measure is one that lays clost to my heart. It's one of them humanitarian measures that always finds me in back of 'em with all I got. Dogs, gentlemen—dogs hain't nothin' to me; but babies"—he paused and waved his hand toward the galleries—"babies and proper nussin' and feedin' and upbringin'—there, feller aldermen, is somethin' to rouse up a man's fightin' blood. There's been opposition to this here ordinance, bull-headed, shortsighted opposition. But the Republican Party hain't guilty of none of it. Nor be I guilty of it. And, feller aldermen, I'm here to say that a vote agin this ordinance means political suicide for the man that casts it; it means the party organization disowns him. It means me personally agin him with whatever influoence I got. And that's that. You fellers vote yes on this thing or I'll know the reason why. And when that fool dog ordinance comes up—that never was nothin' but a blinder to upset the forces workin' agin this one—why, vote no, as any self-respectin' man with a love for dumb animals natcherlly would."

And so, amid deafening applause—which frightened some scores of babies into hysterics—the Department of Social Service came into being; the dog ordinance was defeated and Alderman Tomlet stood out before the eyes of his fellow aldermen and fellow townsmen not only as an astute politician but as a tender-hearted, public-spirited, progressive citizen. It was no mean achievement.

Marshall Tree drove Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt and Jerry McKellar home in his car. The bulk of the rear seat was occupied by the older woman, necessitating that Jerry sit beside Marshall.

"Well," she said, "did you pick up any little crumbs of enlightenment?"

"Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt," he admitted, "is an exceptional woman. "Er—some of her qualities are almost masculine."

"And that," said Jerry to herself, "is the man's idea of a compliment."

Mrs. Lattimer-Pratt leaned forward.

"Please stop at a confectioner's," she said. "By the way, Jerry, what was it that alderman person was motioning to me about?"

"Nothing of importance," said Jerry, at which Marshall Tree, cast into sudden and utter bewilderment, narrowly missed climbing the curb to seek the embrace of a telegraph pole.

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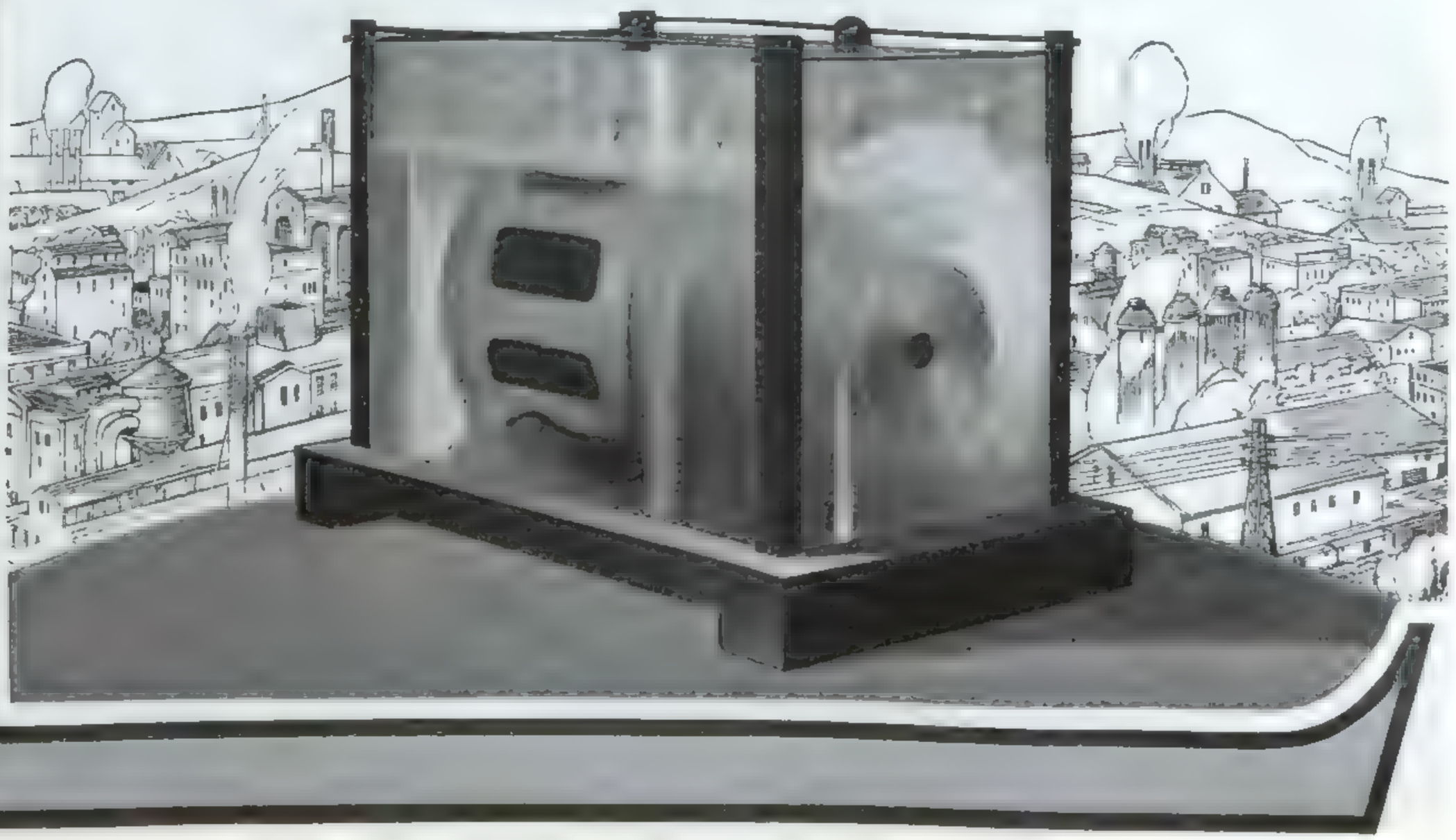

JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

(Continued from Page 31)

a gentle hand. Is it too much? Should we let them die, under the merciless law of the survival of the fittest? We answered "No" to that question long ago, and the answer is seen in the white houses of sanctuary that dot the whole green land of America, wherever a city or a county is to be found.

Then why say it is a matter of public welfare to shelter them? Because it is to the public's welfare to be spared the sight of their dying in the streets? Because it is more smugly respectable to corral them together, off by themselves where we don't have to see them? Because there is a stigma to the word "charity"? There is a good book that finds no stigma in the word "charity." Nor do those 15,000 old folks of the legion that has lost find any stigma in the word "charity." And there are still some of us who think that "charity" is a beautiful word. Yes, we all think it is a beautiful word—every one of us—when we think about it at all. For a new name I suggest the Department of Charity—just that. The name is new, but it stands for an old and kindly light.

The aldermen, however, in one of their bursts of wisdom, have spoken. Nor have they spoken by halves. They have also changed the ancient name of the East River island that houses most of these unfortunates, from Blackwell's Island to Welfare Island. Why stop there? Why not Welfare River, in the city of New Welfare, in the Welfare States of America?

As to the island, it is true that the "pen" also rests on Blackwell's Island, and if the original Blackwell were to come to life today he would find his name synonymous with the "pen" in certain circles—which is hard on the home for the aged and infirm, and hard on Blackwell too. But eventually the penitentiary is to be moved away, as it ought to be. Meanwhile the incarcerated guests of that bide-a-wee hostelry find it hard to associate the island with their own present welfare. Or even the public welfare. They can't see it.

But, to come back to dollars and cents, there was that deficit of $25,000 that hovered over the island, as we all call it for short—over Charity Island, as the city fathers might name it even now, if they are so nervous at the mention of Blackwell's. That $25,000 was an actual deficit, due to an unforeseen rise in prices and census of inmates, and, to meet it without asking for more money, the commissioner felt that he would have to forgo a pet plan. The plan was to give the old people a cup of coffee apiece at their noonday meal, together with a pat of butter for their bread. And, for breakfast, each of the old folks was to get an egg on two days of the week. None of these things did they have, and I suppose it was a small matter whether they should have them or not. They were all due to die pretty soon anyhow. Still, it seemed worth bothering about, a little, at least, and I got up a pet plan of my own for the getting of the $25,000 without going back to the taxpayer and the rent payer for it.

A Little Less Style

Then the trouble began. My plan was to induce all our high city officials to quit using engraved stationery at city expense and confine their epistolary efforts to stationery that was printed. The experts figured the annual difference in cost at $25,000. Not a bad idea!

Mayor Mitchel, characteristically, agreed at once, and thanked me for the suggestion. That was like him. And he was mayor, the highest city official of all. But he was John Purroy Mitchel.

There were others who took not so kindly to the plan. They balked when it came to giving up the fifty-seven different varieties of embossing and engraving that daily left their desks to burden the letter carriers of a great city. Official dignity was at stake! Yes, yes, proper respect for public office! Relegate the hallmark of high place to mere printing? Banish the shiny red, blue or green letters? The high letters and the low? The crests and the seals and the lozenges? Never!

"Say, looka here, Henry, have you gone crazy?" So spoke one of the aldermen. For the aldermen, too, were among the engraved, and constituents must be impressed. And it was the aldermen who had to do the deciding.

"Why don't you tackle somethin' real, instead o' makin' a nuisance o' yourself over trifles?" That was the second reproach.

"Think you can get the printers' vote that way?" The alderman who asked that last question was a living statue of scorn. It was then that a great light broke upon me. But I could not convince him that I had not figured it all out in advance, in terms of votes, as always! The printers' vote! Good heavens! But yes, of course—why not? Even the island's vote—why not? Though the island was not in my district. Or the cackling-hen vote! Or any old vote! It was all good propaganda against the plan.

In my own guilelessness I had been figuring in terms of butter, eggs, coffee and letterheads, with one eye to the comfort of the old folks and the other to the comfort of the taxpayer. It seemed like a good little game, with everybody winning. And $25,000 saved, every year, is something, whether you spend it on butter for the old people or on something else. It is the interest on more than $500,000. It would have paid for twenty new cops in the Bronx, which was underpatrolled. It would be saved, mark you, not in just one year, but in every year to come, over and over again. Many a mickle makes a muckle. And—dunce that I was—the printers' vote, if there be such a thing, had not occurred to me.

But no. That was not to be believed. There must be a motive rooted in vote getting. The aldermen had to be shown. Somewhere, somehow, there must be a bloc that would benefit. I never heard of a taxpayers' bloc. But there are other blocs. And if you are a real politician, according to some, your business is to get the blocs, one by one, line 'em up, count 'em off, and then, if there are enough present, you are reelected triumphantly, and ready to congratulate the people on their discernment. You do it gracefully, too, if you are practiced in your self-serving devotion to the peepul—gracefully and sadly.

The Fatal Gift of Humor

I said "sadly." Never let yourself be caught in a laugh, or a smile, or even a twinkle of the eye over some little quip or joke or happy thought that comes to you—never, never! Humor is fatal. You must be sad and sorrowing, full of the pity of it, if you expect to be reelected. And on the side you must be careful about the blocs. Never lose track of the blocs. That is the first and last rule—with some.

It was the first and last rule with enough aldermen to upset for a whole month my drive against the city's $25,000 rainbow of official letterheads.

"What! Let Curran get away with the printers' vote all by himself? With only a handful of engravers to be sore at him!"

I was mired for a month.

Then the papers took it up and the gates gave way. We compromised by cutting out $20,000 of the $25,000 worth of engraving. The aldermen's letterheads were left in the $5000 worth that were still to be engraved. Though I should be the very last to say that the aldermanic survival in that respect had anything to do with the aldermanic vote on the subject. The very last to say such a thing, I do assure you.

So the old folks got their coffee and butter and eggs, and still do, for all I know—those of them that are left. Also, we who pay rent or taxes have saved $20,000 a year ever since, and we don't miss the engraving. To bring the affair smack up to date, we now save $24,500 a year out of the $25,000, for, once the fashion had changed, the budget-paring mills began to grind, year on year, until now there is only a paltry $500 worth of current engraving paid for annually out of the city treasury. Every little bit helps—even $24,500 a year—in that one dollar of the last ten you earned that goes to government.

It was in the City Hall that the city fathers, long after the jail had been moved out of it, set up what was known as the marriage chapel. With unerring delicacy of feeling they picked the old jail as the most appropriate spot for weddings. Down in the deep dugout, inside a black cube of prisoner-proof masonry, with a solitary gas light in one corner and iron bars on the only door—that was where they decided to

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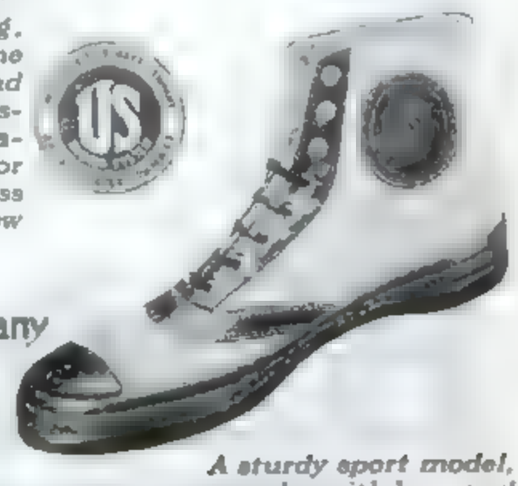

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marry couples who desired marriage at the hands of an alderman. Against one wall there was a reading desk on a small platform. Behind it stood the alderman who was performing the ceremony.

As the next couple in line shuffled up from the crowded benches below, the alderman, clasping his escaping waistline and gazing forbiddingly down upon them, would command gruffly, "Stand up closer, and look at me!"

Darby and Joan, edging a little closer, look anxiously up at the alderman.

"Forasmuch as the law of the city of New York vests in me the power to join you in matrimony ——" The words come rattling down from the desk in an unintelligible stream. Behind, the other couples shuffle nervously on the benches, awaiting their turn with growing concern.

As the newly-married couple pass out of the iron-bound dungeon door a square-jawed assistant relieves the bridegroom of five dollars. That is the usual fee. If the couple looks rich, more may be asked. If by any chance the bridegroom parts with only a two-spot there comes a howl.

Of course the point of the whole business was the five dollars. Little drops of water make a mighty ocean. And all the five-dollar bills put together, with the despised two-spots and an occasional yellow-boy added, made a mighty ocean of dollars by the time the year rolled around. The total ran into many thousands, for in New York there are many thousands of couples who, for one reason or another, desire a civil marriage. In short, the marriage chapel was a gold mine.

There were judges who could marry people, and there are still. But the alderman was handier. In fact, he was right there. For on the floor above the old jail was the city clerk, who issued the licenses to marry, and a busy line of runners stood by the license wicket, ready to whisk the licensed couple quickly down the stairs to the chapel, where the knot could be tied quick and neat by the alderman. It was a case of perfect team play—alderman, collector, runners, interpreter for the foreigners—they were as smooth a machine of rough-and-ready matchmakers as ever scuttled a ship. And they made a pile of money, with a watchful weekly divvy for all hands.

A Merry Fight

It may be that not yet do you see the connection between the chapel and the taxpayer. Neither did I, at first. All I saw was red as I registered a vow to put that chapel out of business if ever the chance came my way. The chance came sooner than anyone expected. In 1914 I was chosen majority leader of the board of aldermen, and as soon as we of the majority had gotten used to one another the fight was on, before you could say trapsticks. And a merry fight it was! That little coterie of marrying aldermen had power. They had all the power of a business proposition fighting for its life. They wrenched leaders, bosses and private citizens from their roots uptown and sent them down on me in a protesting avalanche. They lifted aldermen out of my own majority as easily as you pluck a daisy on a June morning. In less than a week they had me licked, and were laughing about it.

Majority leader? Yes, I still had the title, but on the marriage proposition it was all leading and no majority. The five-dollar bills had the majority.

But everything comes to him who waits and works if he's right and lives long enough. Once again I took to print, and by the time the papers had painted the picture of that chapel so that the public had a good view of it, there was a rumble a regular old-fashioned Rip Van Winkle rumble rolling into the City Hall from the outside with a noise that promised thunder and lightning and a lot of other things in about twenty minutes. Then the matrimonial house of cards collapsed, and we abolished the whole business, bag and baggage. It was a handsome vote at the end, a great scurrying to cover.

First we deprived the aldermen of the power to marry people. That settled that. Then we empowered the city clerk to do the marrying; and he does it as well as a city clerk can do it. We set up a modest but decent enough chapel for him over in the Municipal Building, whither we had moved the city clerk's office. Then we fixed a fee of two dollars for every marriage—that same old despised figure of a two-spot—but we said the fee should go to the city, instead of to the aldermanic marriage trust down in the old dungeon. So we combined business with pleasure. We turned out of doors a Yahoo field day of what should be a thing of beauty, and we poured into Father Knickerbocker's lap a daily stream of two-dollar orange blossoms that has made the beaming old gentleman a stout champion of universal matrimony ever since. Last year the city received $41,504 in marriage fees—20,752 couples married by the all-suffering city clerk in 1922. In the seven years since the big fight the city has received $255,000 in marriage fees. All of which has been saved to the rent payer and the taxpayer, saved out of his one dollar in ten that goes to the cost of government. And we shall continue so to save, to the end of time, at the rate of $100 a day and more, so long as the couples turn up and the city clerk's voice holds out. Worth while? But why was it not done long before?

A Study in Management

The most interesting comment on the shindy came, years later, from the man who had been the brains of the chapel.

"Well—after all—that was a good thing you did," he reflected, patting me on the shoulder in City Hall Park one day. "If you hadn't 'a' done it, someone else would sooner or later. Honest graft never lasts. I guess it's all part o' this new paternalism—ain't that it?—this takin' care o' the people. But there's one thing more you oughta do"—his eyes were serious, like those of a dog begging—"y' oughta cut out that fee altogether. It's discouragin' matrimony, that's what it is, to be chargin' 'em two dollars to get married—it ain't good politics—an' the great city o' New York doin' it—pickin' up two-dollar bills—huh!"

Oh, that shoe—when it gets on the other foot!

Then there is the new county courthouse in Manhattan. Why is it that government always blows up over a courthouse? From the days of Noah we have had arks, pyramids, temples, castles, fire houses, jails, docks, big bridges and little lamp-posts, schools, hydrants, all without much scandal and often without great waste. Yet when it comes to a courthouse—blooey! There is blue funk at every turn. In 1870 the Tweed courthouse in Manhattan robbed the city of millions, filled the jails with thieves, and made the Tweed Ring a lurid signpost in local political history for all time. Now, fifty years later, we have outgrown the Tweed building and we are riveting away like a lot of woodpeckers at a new courthouse.

First we picked the site for this new temple of justice, ten years ago. No, I was not one of the pickers. We looked all about, before we picked it. Up and down the island we traveled, peering at this tableland and that, surveying the little hills and looking out to sea from the commanding heights. Shaking our heads we passed on, still doubting. Then we discovered the bed of an old pond, down in a hollow. It was near the Tombs, whence prisoners are led from their cells across the Bridge of Sighs and into the criminals' courthouse to stand trial. Brick

(Continued on Page 112)

For eighty years-

The fact that we have been in business eighty years may mean much or little. The fact that Stanley products are to-day sold in practically every hardware store in America means everything. Buy tools and hardware which have leadership because of sustained merit.

For example, of the many thousand things we make consider butts and hinges. Doors of every conceivable kind of structure in America and in foreign lands swing on Stanley hinges. Stanley ball-bearing butts are the accepted standard with architects and builders throughout the world.

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NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

GARAGE HARDWARE—DOOR BUTTS HINGES AND BOLTS—CARPENTERS AND HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

(Continued from Page 110)

tenements covered the hollow, and Mulberry Bend and the old Five Points were hard by. The little pond had disappeared long ago. In the old days, when there were woods about its borders, the Dutch called it the Collect, and it was a great wooing place of the Dutch maidens. There was luck in the Collect. But that was long ago. There is little luck in Mulberry Bend, and the Five Points are famous only in the long list of recorded murders that sought the spot where five streets met and crossed. Nor was there outward visible sign of an inward spiritual pond. Yet there was the hollow. With the careful aim of a load of coal going down a coal hole, we settled upon the hollow as the ideal spot for a courthouse. The very place! We bought it forthwith.

But Nature has a way. The springs that fed the Collect pond of yesteryear still flow. Even today, as you sit reading this article, they are there about the basement of our new courthouse, in cheerful combat with the pump that does sentry-go over their plashings.

Of course the old hollow is the last place for a civic center. With Mulberry Bend and the Tombs behind it, we find in front only the twin back doors of the skyscraping Municipal Building and the ground-hugging Hall of Records. Like The Long and the Short of It in the old tableaux, those two architectural nondescripts gaze down upon the City Hall in front, but turn their backs on the coming courthouse behind. For fifty years to come we have lost all hope of a civic center of beauty and utility in the greatest city in the land.

But, to get back to dollars and cents again, we are paying a lot of real money for this sample of stupidity in government—in government which is the child of politics. Woolworth paid $14,000,000, for a tower the sheer beauty of which is the talk of two continents, the utility of which reaps its reward from every square inch of a business building built in a business block. Only a quarter of a mile away from this example we rent payers and taxpayers put $30,000,000 into a building set down in a shell hole behind two big back doors, with the bulk of the litigants and jurors miles away and going farther.

In footing up the bill we find we are stuck $6,000,000, to begin with, in lost interest, taxes and rent because we waited ten years to build. We bought the site, tore down the buildings in a jiffy, then sat down and wrangled for ten years It is interesting to recall the eagerness with which we tore down the buildings. Once assured of the loss in taxes and interest that resulted from quick purchase of the lot, we feverishly embraced the opportunity of losing a little rent besides by destroying the buildings without further ado. Then, with a maximum day-to-day loss guaranteed, we could sit back and take our time, while we discussed for ten years the question of whether we had picked the right place after all.

Fresh Difficulties

It was not until 1920—after seven years of leisurely debate and at the top notch of building costs—that we even attempted to build. That attempt fizzled out because in 1920 we were taking every means to build homes for people to live in. The housing shortage after the war had sent rents kiting, and distress was widespread. Yet there was a great to-do in the building of garages, movie theaters, office buildings and such, all over town, to the exclusion of the new homes we needed so much. We did all we could to switch this building activity into the construction of homes, and by partial tax exemption and other measures we have since succeeded to some extent, though we are not yet out of the woods—not by a long shot.

In the face of a plain need of that sort, it seemed monstrous that the city government itself should set such a contrary example as appeared in its anxiety to get on with a courthouse for the housing of a few judges, while from every forum the city fathers were weeping oratorial tears over the real tragedy that lay in the people's lack of homes

So there we were, at a halt once more, with the daily loss in interest, taxes and rent still piling up. If, when we had picked the pond in 1913, we had started building forthwith—before the war—that loss would have been avoided. When we finally did start, in 1920, seven years later, the war had come and gone, and overshadowing any and all financial loss we were under a pall of homelessness the dissipation of which had suddenly become the very first necessity of the city. We were too late. Either way we were caught. If we built, we did so at top prices, and at the expense of homes for the people. If we did not build, we faced further loss in interest, taxes and rent, with nothing but a hole in the ground to show for it. Stung again, Father Knickerbocker.

As to that hole in the ground, the bright red political cherry in this civic grapefruit came to light when we discovered that the city had filled the hole—as a handy dump—with ashes, at considerable expense. Naturally enough, the ashes had to be taken out of the hole, also at considerable expense, before any building could be got under way. In and out for the ashes, up and down, like the elevator boy, with the city paying for the round trip—what could be more delightful? There we had a brand-new way of wasting the one dollar in ten that you and I chip in from our earnings to pay for the cost of government—of government which is the child of politics. There was a poetic simplicity to the transaction in ashes that has already wafted our courthouse into the realm of pure lyric.

What the Baby Cost

But now the final phase is on—presumably! Let us not be too sure! Still, it looks like business, that red-and-black framework of steel that is rising up from the hollow, with the song of the riveters filling the air like the rattle of the locusts in August. Yes, we are going ahead, once more, with building costs still at top price and with our shortage of homes still unrelieved. But we are going ahead. In another year or two we shall have something to show for our land and granite and ashes and our ten years of $2000 daily loss in interest, taxes and rent. We shall at least have a courthouse, though it will cost $12,000,000 to build and finish, where, ten years ago, we could have done the same job for $6,000,000. Right there is our second $6,000,000 of loss from ten years of dillydally. Two big chunks of waste, with $6,000,000 in each chunk. One chunk in lost interest, taxes and rent, the other in doubled cost of construction Total waste, $12,000,000. Pure and unmitigated waste, of the original solid-ivory variety.

So this is our Collect Pond courthouse baby, in rough figures:

Land, and costs	$12,000,000
Building, 1913 rate	6,000,000
What might have been	$18,000,000
Loss by delay, in interest, taxes, rent (stuck)	6,000,000
Increase in building cost (stuck)	6,000,000
Invested in the pond	$30,000,000

N. B. Stuck $12,000,000.

So there are three jobs, John Citizen, in which that tenth dollar that you stayed after office hours to earn has gone glimmering out to sea and on to the never-never land of pure waste. I don't wonder that you see stars when you hear about the spring freshet of new taxes bursting its banks up at Albany. You know that it is Tax River—a big stream—that picks up your dollar at the headwaters, where you cast it in, and then carries it down its political course and into the ocean of government upkeep and government waste at its mouth. And you know now who your assemblyman is, and how much he has to say about it, just as you know a bit more about your mayor and your alderman and a few others, who have still more to say about it. Which accounts for the discomfort some of those officials find in your new acquaintance with them. Go to it, John!

A few more like you, and I see a bad day ahead for the gurgling ambition of the tax freshets. They might even dry up for one year.

Speaking of official discomfort, a fine fellow named Dick Divan came into my magistrate's room at old police headquarters in upper Mulberry Street a little while ago.

It was a bleak December day, just before I took office as borough president. The snow swirled without and the lights flickered within. I was alone.

Dick Divan opened the door, shook the snow off his collar, and advanced to my desk in the far corner. He was six feet high, silent and determined. I watched him as he approached, step by step.

"Good morning, president!" His voice rattled the windowpanes.

"Cut the president stuff, Dick."

"All right, prez."

"What's up, Dick?" Although I knew without asking.

"That inspector's job."

"Yes?"

"Well, I got it."

"You mean ——"

"I mean that job watchin' the pavin' gangs in the streets that you're goin' to give out when you're prez-zee-dent of the borough, bright an' early New Year's mornin'. I got it."

This was news, for I had given no thought at all to the appointment as yet. I must have looked my surprise.

"Yep. Got it off the county chairman last night. Just dropped in to put you wise in advance."

"Much obliged, Dick." I began to wonder if it were I or the county chairman who had been elected borough president.

"But here's the question, prez. I don't know whether I'm willin' to take the job or not. Depends on one thing, an' I don't want no misunderstandin', for you an' I are friends, Hen."

"You bet, Dick."

Dick's Idea of a Job

"Now what I wanta know is this: Do I work week days?"

"You mean holidays?"

"No, regular week days."

"Oh, yes," I replied reassuringly; "it's just like any other job—Sundays and holidays off and a vacation in summer ——"

"Aw, you don't get me. I know it's Sundays and holidays off, an' a vacation. But I need the week days off, too, an' what I wanta know is, do I have to be showin' up every day in the week, like a bank clerk warmin' a high stool or is this a regular political job? The kind I'm entitled to for all I done for the party."

Something told me to hang on to my chair. The room was going dark and seemed to be whirling around. I remembered ruefully that it was a swivel chair I was holding to.

"Yer sick, Hen?" Dick was leaning forward anxiously.

"No," I replied weakly. "No."

"Well—anyhow I'll leave yer. Think it over. Lemme know uptown sometime."

He rose suddenly. Good old Dick—he always had a quick sympathy for distress. That's why everybody likes him. A heart as big as a barre.

I lifted a detaining hand as another man came in the door.

"Aw, ferget it," boomed Dick. "An' say, Hen"—he lowered his voice—"don't take it too serious—we're a long time dead, y' know. Well, s'long."

And he went out into the snow, the whole friendly six feet of him.

No, Dick didn't get the job. Poor Dick.

Is it possible that, apart from engraved stationery, marriage chapels, courthouses and such things, there is a little waste, just here and there, in the point of view of some of the human beings who do the work of government?

I remember an old college song the refrain of which runs, "In this college life there is rest." We used to sing it with great satisfaction, over and over again, in those "happy, golden, bygone days" 'neath the elms of our beloved alma mater. I am afraid there were times when we did so even at the expense of the recovery of the lost digamma, and other essentials of a liberal education. For we believed in that song. We knew it rested on truth as well as on beauty. Of course that precious dreamy golden age left our lives long ago—and we did labor even as it passed—within reasonable limits. But somehow, when Dick Divan asked about working on week days it seemed to me that the elms whispered again, that my dream returned, if only for a flitting moment, that I could even hear the faint swipes of "in this college life there is rest," out of the past and out of the rustling boughs above the old campus. I thank Dick for that. But—I couldn't give Dick the job.

Your Employes

And yet the ranks of government are not entirely recruited from the like of Dick Divan. There are many there who really belong. Soldiers, sailors, letter carriers, school-teachers, policemen, firemen, street cleaners, for instance. No question about them, at proper pay and in proper numbers. Those workers, with many others, are men and women we want and need and are going to keep, with a slap on the back or a grateful handshake for taking care of us. We ought to be a good employer to good employes, says John Citizen, and no one is going to deny him.

But, all told, there are 2,000,000 government employes in America, and we don't need so many as all that. That much is sure.

The figures themselves are interesting. Uncle Sam hires 800,000 out of the 2,000,000, and his list stands about like this:

FEDERAL EMPLOYES

Army	125,000
Navy	75,000
Postal service	300,000
All others	300,000
Total	800,000

"All others" includes everything from accountants to zoölogists, with gardeners and governors, senators, and others sprinkled in between to the tune of 500 different varieties of Federal employes working for the U. S. A.

The other 1,200,000 employes work for the villages, towns, cities, counties and states, and they take in every walk of life there is.

Cops and carpenters, pilots, judges, sheriffs, poundkeepers, mayors, bug catchers—they're all there drawing pay out of our one dollar in ten.

Incidentally, the people of New York City have their share of the 2,000,000. The city's roster is something like this:

NEW YORK CITY EMPLOYES

Education	30,000
Police	12,000
Fire	6,500
Street cleaning	6,500
All others	35,000
Total	90,000

Quite a burg, that eucalyptus city of little old New York!

So, for the general job of all American government we have a gang of 2,000,000 people. There are 40,000,000 workers in the United States. Government hires, keeps and pays 2,000,000 of them. Some concerns hire and fire. Government is different. Government hires. In our country, government hires one worker in every twenty, takes him out of the running and charges his keep up to the other nineteen workers.

Perhaps that proportion—one in twenty—is right.

But I don't believe it. Not for one minute.

Neither does John Citizen.

Neither do you.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of five articles by Mr. Curran. The next will appear in an early issue

The Family Oil

Everybody needs 3-in-One almost every day—its uses are so many, so varied, so practical.

Consider the convenience of having, in one can or bottle, an oil that does all these things—

Lubricates perfectly all those little things about home, office or factory that frequently need oiling—and seldom get it.

Cleans and polishes finest furniture, cut glass and windows.

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Because it fills so many every-day needs, 3-in-One has justly become the most widely sold bottled oil in the world. If *you* are not utilizing *all* its excellent qualities you may have missed the one biggest thing that 3-in-One can do for you.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans. Ask for it by name and look for the Big Red One on the label.

FREE DICTIONARY OF USES—Wrapped around every bottle of 3-in-One, and sent with every sample, is an illustrated Dictionary explaining just where to use 3-in-One, and how to use it to best advantage.

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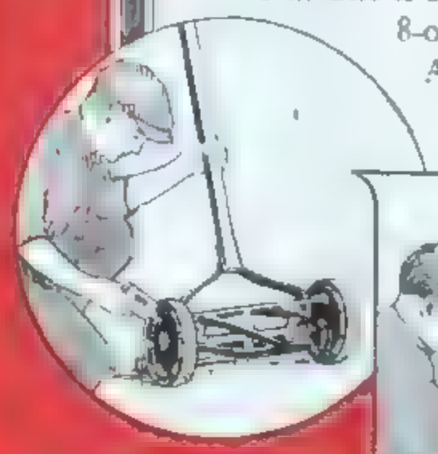

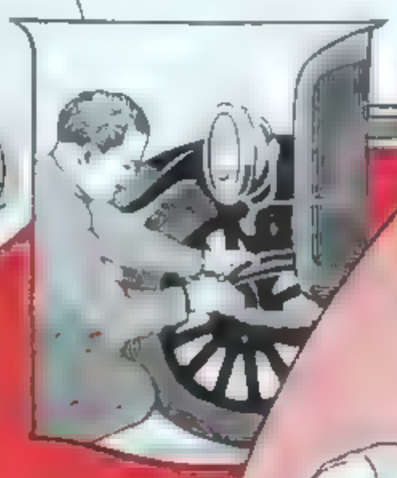

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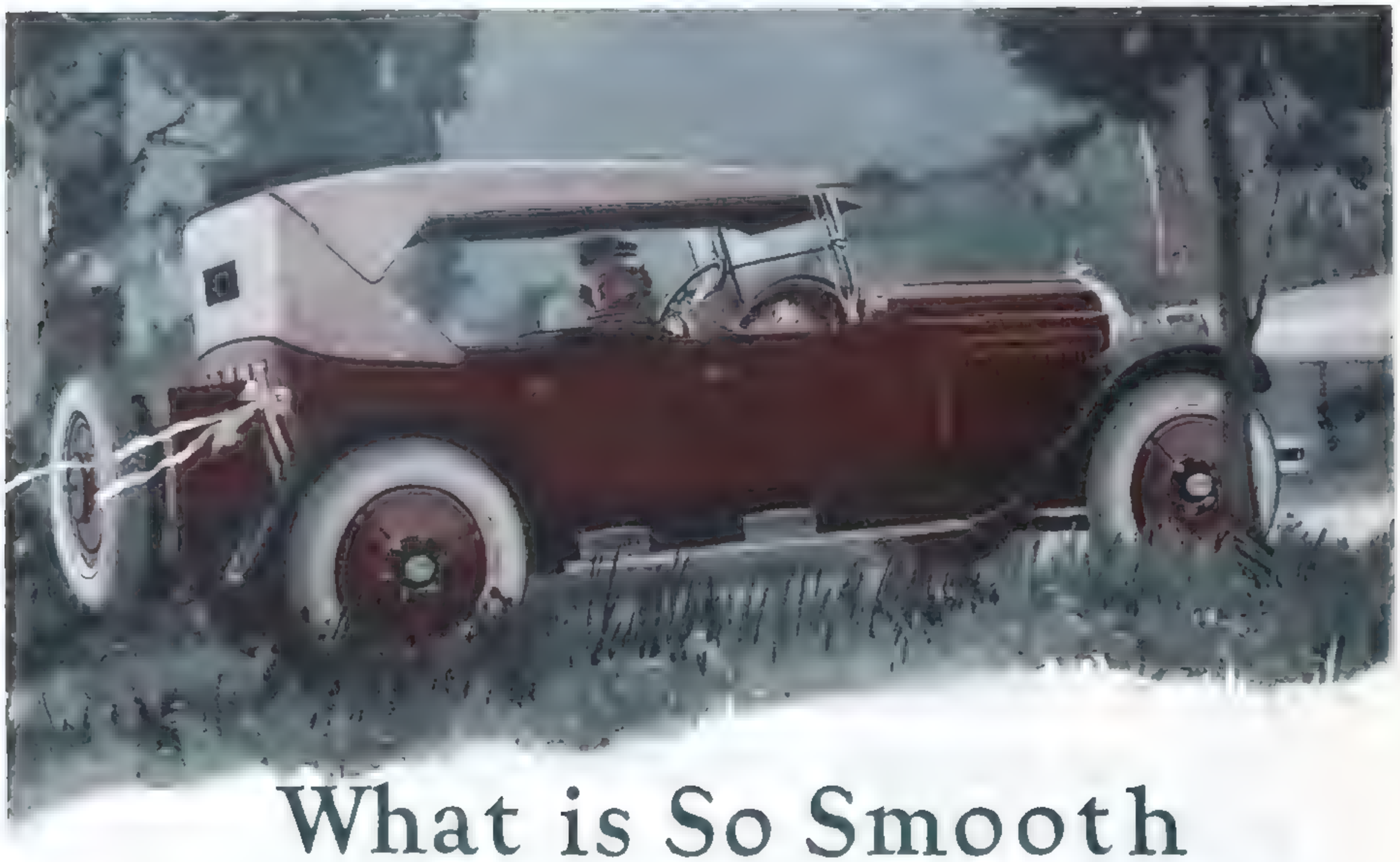

What is So Smooth *as a* KNIGHT in June?

A ricey good-bye. A friendly moon. A starry heaven. A fragrant earth. Voices growing fainter behind. A long, happy road ahead.

What is so smooth as a night in June in the new Willys-Knight Country Club?

Here is youth. Here is beauty. Here is character. Here is a motor car which carries itself proudly—a *creation* in Cavalier Maroon, with khaki top, red Spanish leather upholstery and Brussels floor carpets.

Appointments are complete, including *five* disc wheels, *five* first quality Fisk cord tires, bumper, windshield wings, automatic windshield wiper, eight-day clock and electric gasoline gauge on dash, and commodious trunk at rear.

The new Willys-Knight Country Club expresses the sports motive with a degree of taste seldom seen on American roads. Its performance is as gratifying as its appearance. The smoothness of its travel is remarkable. It steers smoothly and with amazing ease. It returns twenty miles and more to the gallon of gasoline. The famous Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine grows smoother and more powerful with use.

The Willys-Knight Country Club is one of the good things of life which you should have.

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Just a thin blue thread—

And yet men trust their lives to the rope which it identifies

JUST a thin blue thread—running through the heart of a rope!

Men who engage in the more perilous occupations have come to look upon this thin blue thread as a symbol of safety.

Structural workers, oil drillers, miners, seamen, wreckers—men who "go down to the sea in ships," men who climb and men whom the earth swallows for hours each day—for them, this thin blue thread inside the rope identifies genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope.

Whenever rope is required—for hoisting heavy loads, for lowering heavy burdens, for any service where dependable rope is needed—ask for H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope.

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When rope is handed to you for inspection, untwist the strands—*look inside*. If you find a thin blue cotton thread running through the center, you may be sure of these specific facts:

(1) That the rope is genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope—spun from a high grade of pure selected manila fibre.

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(3) That, on any job, it will deliver without fail the strength you have a right to expect.

The "Blue Heart" is our trade mark—your guarantee of strength that can only be found in high grade manila rope.

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And with this strength you get a rope that will outwear the ordinary kind. One that, throughout its long term of service, will resist water and weather. And a rope so laid that it is very pliable and easy to work with, even in very large sizes.

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H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal in yardage and exceed in tensile strength the specifications of the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced

Buy rope scientifically. *Know* what you are getting. Look for the "Blue Heart" trade mark.

Use H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope for every purpose in which the greatest strength and hardest wear are required.

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A rope for every purpose

Whatever may be your use for rope, you will find an H. & A. brand of cordage that will exactly meet your requirements. Ask for it at hardware stores, farm implement stores, builders' supply dealers, mill and mine supply concerns. Our full line of Oil Well Cordage is distributed through our regular representatives.

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We also manufacture a complete line of the following items:

Fine and coarse commercial twines of jute and hemp; hard and soft fibre balings; clothes lines; lath yarn; tarred twines; packing and oakum; H. & A. "Star Brand" Binder Twine.

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"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

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H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

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SANDOVAL

(Continued from Page 5)

of a bow, and his face rose with yellow lights in the bronze eyes. He was as tall as Christian.

"Mr. Christian Gaar is at home?"

"He—went to the city on the three o'clock."

The man was French, quickly shrugging. The voice said, "Oh! But this is his residence?"

I wanted to put in "commodious," but I answered, "Well, he has rooms at 466 Grand Street."

"Where his domestic told me to find him here," the man smiled, patting a bulge in a gray pocket with his hat. "I am not—you see—lucky."

"Well, he's goin' to a play tonight. The new show at Daly's." I wondered what was swelling out the pocket, and went on, "But he'll be back tomorrow noon."

French certainly, the man drummed his hat with tawny fingers and said in the tapping, level voice, "It would not be inconvenient if I asked to write a note and to leave the note? . . . Thank you."

He followed me and looked at me, passing through the hall's cooled depth into the library, where he sank at the desk with a violent grace of motion that made me jump.

Then he said, "César! César!" picking up a red pen.

But he did not write. Ticks of color shone in his eyes as gold frames took his stare. He looked for a breath at the Young Apollo simpering in its niche. Its white size worried mother for fear the pedestal might break through the floor. He reviewed four portraits, and the stare settled, steadied on Christian, painted as a sulky sailor beside an imagined cannon.

"From a photograph?"

"Yes."

He nodded.

"I could not imagine him having his portrait taken—no. . . . You are a relative?"

"I'm his brother."

The red length of the pen joined his lip while he considered me, and his loose coat moved.

He murmured, "César! . . . Well, there is no resemblance. Yet you are also big. But you are very dark to be his brother. My name, too, is Christian—Christian Coty de Sandoval."

I bowed because of his tone in this announcement. He must be proud of the name. A smile curled his narrow lips briefly, and then he stooped the precise parting of his dull brown hair and wrote at leisure. The name chanted itself: Christian Coty de Sandoval. De? I had read French novels patiently, pursuing vice, all summer. De? He might be a nobleman. Christian had never been in France; wouldn't go with us to the bankers' convention in Paris last July. He was some Frenchman from New York, one of Christian's odd friends who worried mother. His hair rolled in neat waves right and left from the parting. Wasn't he a vain fellow? There was a blood-colored rose in his coat and the brown nails had a polish.

I gazed, and he said, "César! . . . *Ah, gredin que tu es!*"

Something jingled at my feet. There was a brown kitten on the green carpet, staring up at me with a chain caught in its paws. It wasn't a kitten. It lifted some links on its firm tail and rubbed its paler stomach with one hand. I gulped "Hi!" and the thing walked backward.

"*Ici, César!*"

César glanced at Mr. Sandoval and then scuttled to a curtain of the north window. He went up and up, and his tail wound closely about the knob of the pole. Then he pulled his chain after him and hugged it as a bundle under his chin. I revered him.

"I am sorry! I could not leave him at the hotel. *Les garçons le taquinent!* . . . He is nervous. *Descends donc, sale brute!*"

"He ain't a monkey?"

"No," said Mr. Sandoval: "a kinkajou. . . . *Mais, descends!*"

The description calmed César. He came wriggling down the curtain and made his tail a handle. Mr. Sandoval took it and the brown fur curled around his yellow wrist. César sat on the desk like a squirrel, and smelled a rose in a vase, his tiny ears stirring and his cat's face affable when I dropped a palm on his sleek softness.

"When mature they are as big as the cat. *Mais, ne bougez plus, César!*" César examined the white rose and bit a petal cautiously. Mr. Sandoval adored him with lips drawn apart and the red pen touching a creamy tooth. He said, in a sort of purring baby talk, "*Mais tu n'aimes pas les roses! Tu es carnivore, diable!* . . . Most intelligent. He was born in Paris. *Calmez-vous, cher ami!*"

He wrote, and the kinkajou paid great attention, waving its admirable tail, sniffing an envelope when Mr. Sandoval closed his letter in it. Then, as if he knew that the business was done, César crept back into a pocket and hauled his chain briskly over the edge.

"Where could I get one?"

Mr. Sandoval said cruelly, "Oh, you may send to Ecuador," and rose from the profuse green velvet of the chair with a smile. It was as though he had sent me to the devil, and he stroked the pocket, smiling. He taunted me, somehow, civilly standing with the letter in one hand. His oval face seemed the act of a drawing master, and he stood quite still. Then his brows mounted a little and he smiled at the square room, making it vulgar with this smile. His eyes dived at the ten globes of the chandelier, insulted Christian's picture. After a time he said, "*Tiens!* It must be pleasant to be so very rich. You dance on our ruins," and tossed the letter to me, commanded me to deliver it by the mere strut of the gesture. "I thank you. Your house is very beautiful. Good day."

His whirling walk made no noise on the blue gravel, and he turned southward through the gates. I thought of César once, while my face eased from its flushed scowl. I had been insulted, lightly, for nothing. I had been likened to the carpet's border of fat acanthuses and to the white Apollo's vegetable gilded costume. I was upholstery, elegant and commodious. Vulgar! . . . And what did he mean by dancing on ruins?

My mother's satin train slushed in the hall while she asked "Who was that, Thor?" with a hand to an ear dragged down by the carnelian beetle pinned in its lobe. Her eyes were thrilled, big, and the stiffened curve of lace behind her lovely neck shook. Callers excited her.

"He's French. Left a letter for Christian."

"French? Goodness! Well, it takes all kinds to make a world, don't it? Christian does know the rowdiest people though."

She sighed and her whole train swung into the room, scarlet, flecked with yellow bows that hopped as she sank on a chair and played with the stirrups of black curl that hung from her hair, a saddle today. The beetles swayed on her ears.

"Don't those hurt, mother?"

"Kind of, dearie. Mrs. Almy said they looked kind of too heavy when I wore 'em at her house. Still, I don't know. . . . Now you just ain't to go swimmin' in the river, Thor! You're as black as a red Indian already, and that Mrs. Cutting from Tarrytown that called in July said, 'I thought I saw your boy bathing from the train the other day. Isn't he very dark?' Goodness! I thought it was a common kind of remark to pass! As good as sayin' she'd seen you with no clothes on! And her pa was ambassador to France. But you mustn't go in the river. It's vulgar."

"The river?"

She brooded and chuckled, "You do say funny things! You're really awful grown up, Thor. . . . That Mrs. Cutting is kind of peculiar."

"Looks like an old cow," I said. "Her hips stick out."

Mother straightened and cried, "Now, that's just the kind of thing that Christian says! You mustn't! You can't pass remarks like that in society. It's like when Christian said Mrs. General Watts looked like a cook. What a thing to let off in front of people! . . . It'll keep May Almy busy explaining things when they're married. I do hope she brings Captain Lassiter down tomorrow night. Christian says he's still stayin' there."

"Just who is Captain Lassiter, mother?"

"Oh, he's an awful swell," she said happily. "He's poor Mr. Almy's second cousin from Virginia. He came up last winter. He's a lawyer. He was on General Lee's staff. Mercy! The swellest thing a man can be in New York is a rebel officer! They're all poor too. I saw the captain at a dance last spring, but I didn't meet him."

"He's riding with May. They're coming in here."

"That's elegant," my mother said, and was charming, pleased by the thought of Captain Lassiter. "Now don't run off and go swimming, sweetheart. I don't think it's good taste to be so tanned, even for a man."

"It's commodious," I murmured.

Faint trouble came upon her forehead, and she puzzled. "Thor, I don't know that you call bein' tanned commodious. I don't think you call people commodious. But if they told you to at your school, why, it's all right. But you'd better ask your pa. . . . If May's bringing Captain Lassiter in, I'd better have some lemonade fixed. Your pa ain't comin' home for dinner."

The satin slushed again. Her voice towered in the hall, summoning the butler: "August!" His name was Auguste. She marched on the pantry, past three bell ropes, kindly yelling.

Mr. Sandoval had written on the envelope, "M. Chrétien Gaar," and the final insolence of the French word made me grind a thumb on its jagged, large script. What had he meant by "You dance upon our ruins"? Who was ruined? The French? Well, why wasn't he defending Paris and the prince imperial in red breeches instead of lugging kinkajous in the Hudson Valley? I strolled to a shelf and hunted K on the backs of an encyclopedia. . . . A kinkajou was a variety of lemur found in South America; yellow, with a prehensile tail. Christian had been on the Costagara to Rio in 1865, chasing a Confederate cruiser; and once he had talked about the white, immoral city for quite half an hour last year. When he wanted to talk he did. He must talk to his friends in New York during plays and games of billiards. He knew countless men. I had halted as he spoke to them, so shortly, in our tramp from tailor to tailor while he was upholstering me. But he never talked when he lounged out to dinner in this house. I sat wondering how he had asked May Almy to marry him, last fall.

May's ponies trotted in the drive and mother's satin romped past the door to meet such callers in the porch. I sighed and watched a groom come running for the horses with an ace of hearts tucked behind an ear. There were six men in our stables to worry mother with their constant gambling.

Now she told Mrs. Almy, "Servants simply haven't any morals'"

"They're dreadful," said May's mother in the hall. "Sometimes I sit and hear them go upstairs and downstairs, you know, dropping things and breaking them, and I cry and cry and cry. Poor Mr. Almy always knew what to do about it. I think May discharges the wrong ones. . . . I hope Christian's not offended because I wouldn't let him take May to the play tonight? But I've read Man and Wife, and, really, I don't think they should write about young women who don't know to which of two men they're married."

"It's terrible," my mother said. "Let's sit in the parlor. . . . Mercy, May, you always do look elegant in white. No, that's gray, ain't it?"

All the long room's light redoubled on the silver gown as May drifted past the harp's flaming angle and sank on a purple couch. There was no body in her movement. She drifted, sank and lay on the harsh cloth as if some breeze had let her kindly fall. Christian's sapphire was a blue eye on her stirring hand, and her voice came with a singular, gay impatience, calling me:

"You mustn't desert Henry among so many women. He's a shy violet. He's only thirty-two."

Mother cried, "Goodness! You always hear that gentlemen from Virginia take to the ladies too!"

"I'm sure that's Mrs. Gaar's own experience," said Lassiter from a stool of three cushions, sewed with beads. "You were at the *opéra bouffe* one night in March, ma'am. I remember that very well."

He was nicely grave, saying this, and his hazel eyes surveyed only her face. She was gorgeous, fingering the harp, smiling in a flush. She liked to be admired. The bracelets oozed their blood on her fine arms. She must be forty-two—forty-three. Christian was twenty-four. But she liked to have men stare at her.

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KEEP CONTENTS HOT 24 HOURS: COLD 3 DAYS

"People always remember Mrs. Gaar," said Mrs. Almy, letting her voice flutter slowly.

Something pinched me through the watery tone and May moved on the couch, yawning, "Here comes lemonade. *Bon jour*, Auguste. Don't try to give Henry any whisky, Mrs. Gaar. We've made four calls and everyone's tried to give him awful drinks because he's a rebel chieftain." She grinned into a green goblet filled with lemonade, and told mother "I'm preserving h.m from temptation. He's had jaundice, and alcohol's bad for him."

Mother was touched. She explained a theory of diet after jaundice, while I watched Mrs. Almy's stare review the room's new draperies. She had not called since she brought May back from the Saratoga season. Her face, pointed and gray, had no meaning at any time, and she said "Diseases are so wearing, aren't they?" in the same empty run of sounds that always tired me. Yet she was famous. She was Mrs. Almy. Last New Year's Day her parlors in Eighteenth Street had been packed when mother took me to call.

Now she said, "I really think, Henry, that you shouldn't live at the St. Nicholas. You should have an apartment somewhere."

"Why, I'm comfortable at the hotel, ma'am."

"Mercy!" mother said. "You ought to be, at the St. Nicholas! But I thought all you Virginians were so awful poor since the war?"

I blushed. May sat quite still. But Captain Lassiter cordially drawled, "Why, I can afford it, ma'am. I've some property in Baltimore, thank the Lord! And they pay me for losin' lawsuits too."

He knew that she meant to be kind, I saw. She beamed and cried, "Well, I'm glad to hear it. I think it's real sad about Virginia. I was in Richmond once before the war; and, goodness, it was fancy then! My brother tells me there's a club for Southerners in Tenth Street. I guess you go there a good deal?"

"I hear there's a club, ma'am, but I don't attend. My friends tell me it's mostly gentlemen who were too busy up here to come South while there was powder in the air. It's amazing how many loyal friends we had in New York when we were thinking we hadn't any but our secret service. And I've met a few of these sons of old Virginia families that seem to live in bars mostly. It's painful to consider how many old families in Virginia I never had heard of before I came up here. I'm truly afraid that the state will get a bad name."

He chuckled and I left the room with that bubbling sound pleasant in my cooler ears. He was nice, but I was hot, and an irritation webbed my thoughts as I trudged the stairs, slapping the walnut handrail. When that gave out I slapped the walnut crust of the upper hall and almost crashed a palm on Christian in the glazed print hung near my bedroom door. Here was Christian, his hair neatly curled, leaping over spiked flames from the Oneida's deck: "Heroism of a New York boy at New Orleans." All boys in pictures of the war had curly hair and limply graceful bodies that finished in clean boots: "Christian Gaar, a sixteen-year-old boy, jumped from the deck of the U. S. S. Oneida and succeeded in shoving off a fire raft from the vessel's side." I wondered if sometime he would talk about that leap and what clothes he had really worn and what he had felt, working the raft filled with blazing cotton free of the singed ship. He must have feelings! I walked on and kicked wide the door of my luxury.

Sun dragged up from the carpet a sharp taste of fabric, and my upholstery twinkled everywhere, red and blue. Golden pine cones of my bedstead were torches in the light, and the family's frame of beaded plush terribly sparkled beside the bathroom's arched entrance. A valet wiping the linoleum alongside the tub murmured something in Swiss French about the heat. The chamber baked and the linoleum of raw colors glistened, drying. Christian must have bathed in our common tub before quitting this commodious elegance and its smell of soap. He had spent all morning on the lower lawn, battering croquet balls, until he was driven off to lunch with May in Tarrytown. I had watched sedulously for a ball to cavort up near me, reading by the fountain. . . . Damn! If he knew that I had rolled all night in the shallow margin of sleep that wouldn't drown my thinking, why didn't he know that I wanted to talk to him? And didn't he know that everything in me trembled when May Almy smiled at me? We could talk of her.

I shed clothes and the valet picked them up from the carpet that tickled my soles, while water charged into the painted zinc of the deep tub sheathed in walnut slabs. My feet left scars on the velvet and they slung my mind back to my room at Doctor Randall's school. . . . Who had my room this fall, and slammed the white, thick door against pursuits and heard boots jar on the low panels? And did his feet make fleet stains on gray planks after a bath in the stone lavatory and a battle of sponges? He watched the moon erase cracks in that high, pale ceiling nightly, making it blue and clean. He had my bed. . . . A queer, long sound came from my throat

"*Monsieur se fâche?*"

"No—*non*. I'm just hot."

I walked past the little man's stare and dropped into the cavernous tub. The faucets thundered on and water huddled about my brown knees. A hundred and thirty mermaids on slick wall paper waved conches, smiling. Mother thought it an indecent pattern for a male bathroom. Stupid! Oh, she was stupid! Father called Uncle Patterson Cray an ass, and he was mother's twin. I stopped the fauceta with my toes and heard wheels leaving. Stupid! It hurt me so that I said wildly "Damn!" to the dull mermaids. Christian's door opened and light swam past his amber hair as he looked at me.

"Th-thought you'd gone to the city, Christian?"

"Went to sleep. Goin' on the five o'clock."

He passed a brush about his head, slowly speaking, and I stared at a single flickering stud in the white shirt that sharply fell from the width of his chest to a narrow waist, like my waist. We had bodies much alike, but he was made of some flexible rock that ran into dim color below the chilled blue eyes now studying my shoulders. Then my feet, enlarged by water, drew his gaze.

Then he asked, "What's the matter, Blacky?"

"Nothin'. . . . It's hot."

"Awful hot," said Christian. He tossed back the brush into his room and took a scarlet, plump book from under one arm to tap a mermaid with its edge. He knew that I was lying, although his square face did not change with the knowledge, nor did his voice change, asking, "What's the matter, sonny?"

"Oh, if mother's got to sing, why can't she ——"

The sentence came to death under his look. Christian slid long hands into the pages of the book and twisted paper. He said, "She does sing awful trash. But she ain't got any brains, Blacky, y'know. She's stoopid."

"Oh, you think so too?"

Christian grinned and was no more a statue. Whenever he grinned I could remember him, barelegged, fighting another boy, to my admiration, in the gutter of Bank Street. Christian had chewed his foe's ear. Now he grinned immensely and effaced with his shoulders seven blue mermaids.

"She's stoopid as a brick, Blacky."

"Christian, d'you guess stupid people know they're stupid?"

"Guess some of 'em do. But she don't. She's happy as a cabbage. Must be comfortable. . . . Where did you ride to?"

"Up to —— Oh, say, I saw 'em takin' that man they hung home!"

He sat down on the tub's edge and asked, "The feller that killed his brother 'bout that Sally Maria over in White Plains? I dropped in when they were tryin' him. Handsome hound. . . . Saw 'em hang a man in New Orleans. He had red socks on."

I saw Christian in his blue sailor clothes, watching them hang a man in the middle of New Orleans and calmly seeing his red socks dangle. Amazing! No wonder that he had made a fortune gambling in the gold foray of last September. He was calmly grinning, with his eyes jolly and his blunt lean nose lined against a mermaid's tail. He spun the book in his palms and a red spark shook on the amber round of his brushed head.

"Did you like New Orleans, Christian?"

"Not a lot. Can't talk French like you."

"I can't—awful well."

Christian said "You're a liar," and pleasure made me blush. He went on, "Hey! Look out for pa tonight, son!"

(Continued on Page 120)

Stewart Searchlights

Used throughout the world

THE majority of motorists are not acquainted with the many ways a Stewart Searchlight may be used. There are a score of occasions for using a Searchlight where it is impossible to use headlights. A few of these many uses are illustrated below.

The latest Stewart Searchlight is the Inside-Control Model, installed through the windshield glass. It is not necessary to reach outside car to adjust the searchlight's position. This model has an unusually wide light range both up and down and to either side.

The Standard and the DeLuxe Miniature Models are installed on the windshield upright of either open or closed cars. There is a rear vision mirror in the back of both models.

There is also a DeLuxe Miniature Model for installation on the front fender. It may be turned to "bright" or "dim" from switch on instrument board, as are the headlights, and has a red parking light inserted in the back.

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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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Where bright headlights would confuse drivers, a powerful Stewart Searchlight can be directed downward to throw light where it is most needed

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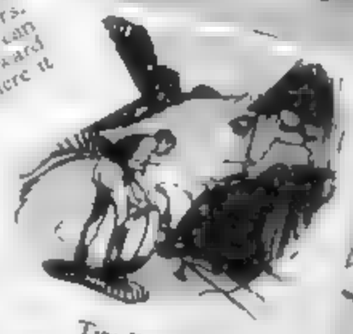

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Punctures are trouble enough without trying to apply patches or change tires in the dark. Stewart Searchlights make the task less unpleasant

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(Continued from Page 118)

"Why?"

"Uncle Pat"—Christian's grin flourished up his heavy red lips—"has opened a gamblin' hell over the gymnasium. It's in the papers."

I gulped. Uncle Patterson was always annoying father. The gymnasium was bad enough. This, anyone could see, would be worst of all his ventures. But it improved my view of mother's twin. At least, this was obviously gay.

I said, "Well, he ought to make some money, oughtn't he?"

"Dunno. When you're as big a lunkhead as Pat you could lose a gold mine down a sewer. He's callin' it a social club. It's a hell, though. . . . Here, son, have a laugh."

I wiped my hands on a mermaid, took the red book from Christian and saw on its cover: "Eminent New Yorkers. Subscription Only. Ten Dollars." Father always darkened in photographs and lost all likeness to Christian. His brief whiskers were black dabs beside his ears: "Charles Otto Gaar, Banker. Mr. Gaar was born in Copenhagen in 1817. His father, a German official of the Royal Danish Court, died in 1833, and Mr. Gaar came to this country —" I stopped to look at Christian's grin.

"Say, what kind of official was Grandfather Gaar, Christian?"

"Ask me an easy one! Mother says he was a groom."

I read again: "—— came to this country, where he soon found employment as a clerk in the bank of the late Robert Almy. Mr. Gaar's knowledge of European languages made him indispensable to his employer"—that was true, he could speak French as well as he spoke German—"and he became manager of the bank's extensive foreign business. During the late war he secured supplies of raw cotton for Mr. Almy's Liverpool clients in such quantity that he became a marked man in financial circles"—circles; everything in finance was a circle or a ring—"and in 1864 his partnership in Almy & Co. was announced." And mother got her eight carnelian bracelets and I was sent to Doctor Randall's school. "Since Mr. Almy's death in 1868, Mr. Gaar still conducts the business of the bank on the same conservative lines. He was a delegate to the International Banking Convention in Paris last year, and entertained the élite of Parisian society at his rooms in the Hotel Meurice." Oh, did he? "Mr. Gaar now lives at Dobbs Ferry, where his ——" I turned the page, expecting "elegant," but found "—— palatial residence contains many notable works of art, including the Death of Commodus, by Piloty; Monarch of the Heather, by Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.; and Hiram Powers' beautiful statue, the Young Apollo. Mr. Gaar's oldest son, C. G. Gaar, one of the heroes of New Orleans, has already won recognition as a daring speculator."

I looked up to the daring speculator and saw his face gone hard again, in tightened reserve, as he stared at a mermaid; and at once I was a moist wraith in the tub, a clumsy young fool. He was a statue now; we had no kinship.

But he spoke through the mask, not harshly, "I kind of like pa. You don't, of course. But what he gets out of that kind of job is too much for me. He ain't a fool, for a minute. But look at that, Blacky! It's like an advertisement for a new hotel or a steamboat. Palatial!"

"Well, that's better'n 'elegant and commodious,' Christian."

He laughed, and the room was burdened with slow echoes. I involved my toes in the faucets and modestly smiled.

Christian took back Eminent New Yorkers and balanced it on two long, thick fingers, saying, "Well, it is, at that! You weren't here when mother called that paintin' the Death of Commodious, were you? . . . I've got to make this train. See you tomorrow, son."

He walked into his room, and the chain of his watch jingled in just the chime of César's silver chain.

I cried, "Oh, Christian!"

"Where's the fire, Blacky?"

"I forgot somethin'. A Frenchman left a note for you. It's downstairs in the library."

Christian tipped his silk hat toward one ear and settled his coat on arrogant shoulders.

He said, "Frenchman? I don't know any but the head waiter at Del's."

"Well, his name's Sandoval, Christian."

Perhaps he knew where I could waste my fresh, startling allowance on a kinkajou. He knew everything in New York. There must be kinkajous hidden in the monstrous checkerboard of the city, brownstone and red brick, always alarming to me. I rolled out of the tub and wallowed in a towel, while Christian pursed his lips, the one line of his frown risen suddenly between brows darker than his hair.

"Sandoval?"

"Yes, Christian Co-Coty de Sandoval, I think he said. He ——"

"Well, hark from the tombs a doleful sound! What's he doin' up here?"

I burst out in "He's got a kinkajou!" and panted, I think.

A kinkajou would be company. It could sleep in the stables, so that mother, who hated cats, wouldn't be fretted by it. But Christian was still frowning, and had taken off his hat.

"Left me a letter, did he?"

"It's on the library table, Christian."

His heels drummed the stairs. I hoped, although a horse was snorting in the drive, that he'd come back to talk of Sandoval; but the horses and the wheels rattled off. I was smoothing my hair when all our clocks began to strike five times, and I wondered if Christian had missed his train, while the ten gongs made a desultory music, almost lovely. But I fought contentedly with my hair and admired my chest in a fresh case of white linen. After all, he would be back tomorrow, and we might talk again in this ambling ease. We might talk of May Almy. He must know, since my head was glass to his eyes, how my throat heated when she spoke to me. Perhaps his throat warmed too. We might be much alike inside our differing skins. We were both taller than our slim, serene father.

We were not like Gaar. I must talk to Christian about him, and if Christian truly thought that I ought to like being kissed at my height and age, why, I would like it. Everything was simple while I dragged up tight, dull trousers and wondered at my brother's raid into my loneliness. Pride folded me with a new coat, trimmed in silky braid. Why shouldn't I call him Christy now? He had been Christy before the war took him off to be a hero at New Orleans. I might try that. A groom knocked on my door.

"Mr. Christian wants you to be at Daly's Theater for the show tonight, sir. Here's the ticket. . . . Wants you to talk to a Mr. S—one of them Dutch names."

"Sandoval? All right. Give it here. And tell 'em to have a carriage for the seven o'clock train."

III

A SNAKE of carriages turned from the cool spread of Madison Square into the dull crack of Twenty-fourth Street, with my cab appropriately rattling at the tail. I was late and hot and frightened already, in this rolling cell that stopped before we reached a patch of lights ahead. We now moved in small jerks along the curb, and lounging boys peered into my confinement, their eyes smeared with cutting blackness from brims of diverse hats, gray felt, fading straw. They were a row against reddish steps and the lace of iron rails. Lamps stained the walls and women hurried on the sidewalk as golden shapes. Voices trilled in a common note of eagerness; the city was going to Mr. Daly's new play. But I hated plays! Well, here I was halted, at last, before fiery grapes in clusters on the theater, and a ragged negro opened the door as I stumbled out of prison. He had blue streamers of smudged print to sell, and I tried to read names below Man and Wife, while my driver hunted change and boys yelled "Oh, Sally Maria!" at two ladies descending from the next carriage. One of these drifted in May Almy's motion; but her face was a doll's round mask, and her red hair coarsened under a wreath of pansies as I walked behind the swagger of her frock into a mob. Talk jabbed at me from everywhere.

"—— just simply couldn't stand living in Brooklyn! Why, the stores ——"

"Nonsense! You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." A fat man roared this. "What if he was a colonel? That don't make him a politician, does it—does it?"

I skirted his waistcoat and bumped into a thin creature whose elbows poked from garnet satin. She said "You ain't seen Joe?" plaintively, and I was sorry, backing elsewhere, all confidence knocked to splinters in the mere breath of this crowd. The

(Continued on Page 123.

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"When you see du Pont Paints and Varnishes on a dealer's shelves, I know that you are in safe hands. The owner of that store is a business man who knows that his prosperity depends upon the *uniform* quality of the products he sells. And when he offers you a paint or varnish or enamel or stain that carries the du Pont Oval, he is safeguarding his greatest business asset—his reputation."

UNTIL du Pont chemical knowledge was applied to paint and varnish making, the dealer's reputation was entrusted to products which varied greatly.

The paint or varnish he sold today might not be of the same quality as it was yesterday, even if it were the same brand.

By eliminating guess, by replacing conjecture with fact, by taking the burden of judgment from human beings and putting it upon a scientific system of quality control, du Pont Chemical Engineers have established a du Pont Standard of Quality which is unvarying.

Du Pont Chemical Engineers have not "improved" quality in the manufacture of paint and varnish products—they have added *uniformity* to a quality that has been proven for years under every condition of use.

When you see a shelf of du Pont Paints and Varnishes, you are in safe hands.

There is a du Pont Paint or Varnish Product for every household and industrial need. They cost no more than other good paints and varnishes.

1793 · BORN WITH THE REPUBLIC · 1802

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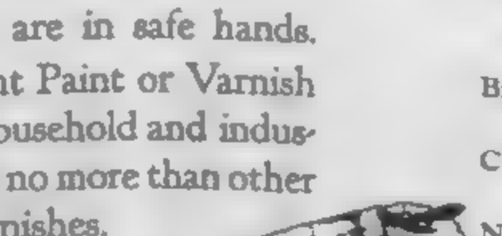

Ask your dealer for du Pont Paint and Varnish Products. If he does not carry them yet, write us for name of nearest agent.

(Continued from Page 120)

swarm attacked a door hung with rosy plush, and a man incessantly yapped, "Tickets! Tickets!" Why did Christian go to plays? No, we weren't much alike if he could care for this flood that made me twitch and wriggle. In crowds, I was always to be young and queerly small. The voices flayed my brain.

"Had Chinese lanterns all over. Everybody just looked like fairies!"

"Fill Congress up with old soldiers and you'll see what happens!"

"Just insane about her, and she's common as a Westerner! Her complexion "

"Fought two rounds, an' Morrissey hit him in the belly and ——"

"Curtain's going up!"

A powdered arm slid along my arm and a girl said, "Don't look so lonesome, Billy!" I blushed and backed again, jarring some man who swore. Then he cried "Hey!" and spun me by an elbow.

Uncle Patterson Cray was rather drunk, with his silk hat tilted gallantly close to his fine nose. A stud of his crackling shirt was loosed from its hole and the cigar bent in his curly mouth.

He was beautiful, flushed, glittering somehow, and he bawled, "Well, Thor! What y'doin' here? . . . Say, it's a shame that Gus Daly ain't ever any free seats to hand out! But the Irish ain't any gratitude. Look what I've done for him!"

"Didn't know that you'd ever worked for him, Uncle Pat."

"I've done him favors!"

Was there anyone for whom he hadn't done favors? Once when he took me walking, before the war, I had grieved with mother's twin over all these massed ingratitudes. Now he was comic, and his black curls were bright with some oily perfume. His fretfulness roamed in a scent of sugared brandy.

"And it's a fine business if your father and Grace can't bother to send me a wrote-out invitation to this ball, either! What time's dancin' start?"

"Nine o'clock."

He nodded, patting my arm, and frowned, "Well, I'll be pretty late. Got a bet on this nigger lightweight Morrissey's trainin'. Fight starts at eight. . . . So you're steppin' into s'ciety?"

My neck glowed. I muttered "Oh!" and watched a woman's head turn slowly, with three pink roses crammed above one ear. No one knew me in this hustle, but I shifted the talk with, "Hear you've got a new business, Uncle Pat."

"It's an adjunct," he said grandly. "See, I got a whole floor over the gymnasium. Dunno why I can't make that useful. Everything genteel, too. . . . Say, I just like your pa actin' as if he never threw a card! I call it hyp'critical! The solidest men in this city drop in at Fuller's. I saw Jim Fisk there last week. . . . Well, I ain't sayin' that some of these poker parlors are just what a gentleman would like to be seen in. . . . But I'm fixed up fine, Thor. Got a statue, I bet, that's better'n anything Fuller's got in his place." He rambled about this statue, and I heard him, thinking that six months ago the Latin master had lectured four of us for playing whist in my bedroom. Now my own uncle praised his gambling house and his adornment of it: "No, I'm goin' to put Fuller and Abe Feinemann and the rest of 'em back in the coal car. And ——"

"Curtain going up!"

"—— don't believe nothin' else! The solidest men in this city drop into Fuller's and spin a card. I've got a bartender straight from New Orleans too."

Music came sharply from the draped doors and there was applause as it crisply ceased. People warred in the entrance and cigars were cast to the black-and-white marble under my feet.

But my uncle chattered on: "I told your pa this was just as legit'mate a business as any. Look at life insurance now! If that ain't gamblin' I'm a stewed turkey! Charlie didn't stop Christian from gettin' in on gold last year, did he? And the boy's made a hundred thousand, ain't he? I ——"

"No, he didn't, Uncle Pat! He made just sixty-five thousand. Mother wrote me. . . . And father didn't like it."

His eyes were very bright now. He threw off his cigar and grinned, the small mouth straightening.

"I bet he didn't like it! What your pa mostly wants in this world is to boss the whole picnic! No, I bet he was pretty sick over Christian boomin' off and making his own money. Rather have him gettin' a salary at the bank. . . . Sixty-five thousand? He can get five thousand a year on that easy. This Almy girl ought to have nine or ten thousand a year. . . . Say, Christian's fixed for life! Say, money gets money, don't it? Say!"

He whistled, rocking on varnished heels. A tremulous shame explored me. There was something mean in the line of his mouth.

I said, "Christian was engaged to Ma— Miss Almy before he ——"

"Oh, sure! Sure, sonny! But it puts him on velvet, besides fixing him in s'ciety. Not, God knows, that anyone wants to be! . . . Well, better go ahead in. . . . See you soon!"

He slapped my arm and left me. The lobby was almost emptied. Some lads had sauntered in and were chatting to the limp ticket taker with coats under their arms and shirts rolled open on freckled chests. I passed the wide envy of their eyes and an usher seized me in gloom, snapped "Right stage box!" and dragged me down heat, through perfume, up steps. He smashed aside a curtain and I saw Christian's head against the footlights, purring in nets of wire, as gowns swept in some movement on the stage. People laughed, receding through painted canvas trees, and Christian reached back a hand to plant me on a creaking little chair.

"Train late?"

"Uncle Pat was outside, Chris "

He said "You ain't missed anything," and left his arm across my chair. A dark, tall lady smiled at me from a third seat, and I smiled, wondering who she was. A bouquet of white flowers covered her waist. She was one of Christian's vague friends; perhaps one of the crowd in which he was perpetually seen lunching at the St. Nicholas. I looked at her and then down into a trench filled with little gleams, as the footlights reached polished wood of violins and a conductor brushed his hair with a white glove. We were hung above this gorge, part of the show. Anybody in the slope of people could stare at us when the lights were high. It worried me.

Then a plump, fair girl stalked to the footlights, veered and told a man in gray breeches, "Geoffrey Delamayn, you are a scholar and a gentleman! Say, are you also a coward and a villain, sir?"

The audience broke into awful, visible applause. Gloves rose as froth and bracelets were colored sparks along the red gash of an aisle. A man in the next box gasped and leaned to gaze at the girl whose white gown, I wildly saw, had split under one arm.

Christian lifted his streaming program and said, "Her name's Morris—Clara Morris, Jenny," across me to the dark lady, who must be hurting her hands. He grinned for a while and then yawned, "Oh, listen to the fools! . . . Say, Blacky, I can't see Sandoval until after the show. I'm sorry I hauled you in like this; know you hate shows."

"That's all right, Christian."

He grinned and let his arm fall on my shoulders for a moment, saying, "You'd make a bully Christian martyr, son. . . . Uncle Pat drunk?"

"Well, just kind of. . . . Christian, who's Mr. Sandoval?"

"He's a Billy from New Orleans. . . . Pa home for dinner?"

"No"

The applause ebbed and stopped. The audience allowed Geoffrey Delamayn to tell the plump girl that he was not a coward and a villain, although I had read the new novel and didn't believe him. The rocking voice of Miss Clara Morris got fresh clamors and a boy in the gallery whistled. I yawned and watched a cello being tuned in the dim trench. So Christian wanted me to see Mr. Sandoval again, and Mr. Sandoval came from New Orleans. That thrilled. It was a rich city of impossible sins, where mulattoes bore iced drinks under hanging flowers. Slaves were no longer sold on blocks to Simon Legree, but New Orleans was gay. Everyone said so. It was French. César, the kinkajou, would be well at home. . . . What was I doing in this business? But Christian wanted me there. Miss Clara Morris fled from the stage, bobbed back to bow as more applause raked my hearing, and the dark lady panted, "Christian, she's wonderful!"

"She ain't so bad, Jenny "

The lady snapped, "Oh, you just simply haven't any enthusiasm in you, Christian Gaar!" and a man came to carry on the play, while Christian grinned.

(Continued on Page 125)

Two Quickly Clamped Halves—

"AMERICAN" Pulleys are "split" to accomplish an obvious saving of time and labor in installation. No stripping of a busy shaft.

However, this advantage of a "split" pulley is increased by the dowel pins in the rim and the accessibility of the clamping bolts. An "American" Pulley is clamped to its shaft with truly astounding ease and rapidity—and its grip is such that no normal strain will loosen it.

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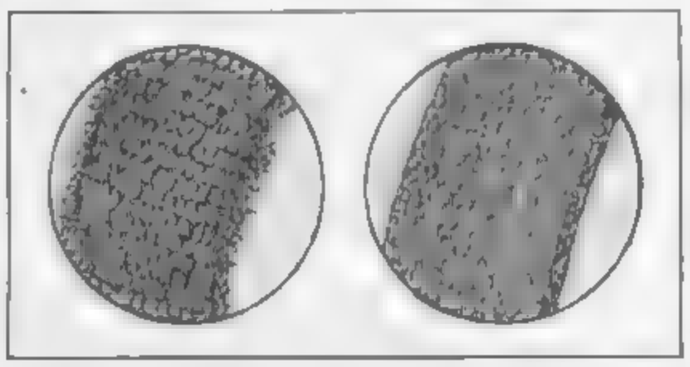

"He lumbered out, dead in front of us!"

"ROAD looked clear—we were coasting down, when out he shot from a 'blind alley.' Turned up short—smack in front of us. Couldn't get by, so—bang went my brakes!

"We buckled a bit, swerved, then ground to a stop. He cleared us by a hair. If it hadn't been for my brakes, no tellin' what might have happened!"

A veteran motorist related this incident. *He* had brakes lined with Thermoid. *He* knew the value of a lining which will *always* take hold.

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And that 2000 pounds' compression does more than eliminate all trace of further "squeeze"—it enables us to compress *40% more material* into every square inch of brake lining!

Thermoid's "40% extra" means a saving of 40% to you

This extra material—found *only* in Thermoid—means a substantial saving to you through:

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Figure your cost of brake adjustments over three years' time—then see for yourself how Thermoid will reduce it! Thermoid is so dense—so compact—that it needs practically no adjusting. Motorists have bought Thermoid for years because it is safe—it is now famous, too, for its remarkable economy.

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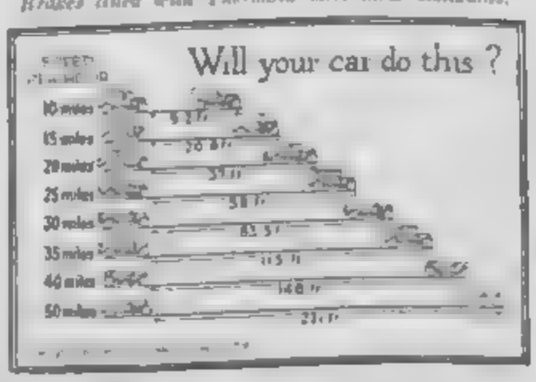

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(Continued from Page 123)

He grinned, and then he yawned and said "Oh, bosh!" at some sentiment loudly flung to the heat and the footlights. When the red curtain dropped he drawled "This is pretty blue, Blacky," and pulled my ear.

"You're getting more and more cynical every day that you live," the lady cried over a handkerchief, and a pin jerked from her curls to dance on my knees.

"Your hair's comin' down," said Christian.

"Baby's taken to hiding all my pins . . . I'm Mrs. Worth," she told me. "Christian never introduces people. But it's nice to meet you. He talks about you so much. . . . Mercy, Christian, he really does!"

"I told you he did," said my brother.

"What do I?" I gulped.

Mrs. Worth chuckled and said, "It's complimentary anyhow. But he's awful big, Chris. You always talk as if he was a baby in arms. . . . I've got to get to work." She smote two pins into chestnut hair and lifted a yellow pad to the mussed black lace of a knee. She had brown, deep eyes, and these worked on the audience as she began to write in a large, quick hand. Men were streaking in the aisle and ladies bowed. The slope, under raised light, was a tissue of mobile shoulders, black or bare, and Mrs. Worth murmured, "Golly! How naked everybody is this year! . . . Julian Vaneen's the red-headed one, isn't he? They always make a fuss at the office if you mix 'em."

She must be a reporter! I looked at her in suspicion and awe. Reporters were known to be shabby, hungry and venomous. Uncle Pat had been one in 1861, and his complaints of the pay made a heavy topic in Bank Street until Christian enlisted. Mrs. Worth, though, had an amiable mouth, and her white arms were full, lovely under the gas, while her hands made a list of names.

She smiled at me and said, "I do hope it'll be cool tomorrow night! Christian says your house has big windows, and that's a blessing. Dances in the country are nicer, this time of year. I'm awful excited over seeing your house too. Of course, Christian runs it down and says it's as bad as a barroom."

"And not half as interestin'," Christian yawned. "Hey, Jenny, there's the king of wooden Injuns! Saw him at Del's before dinner. Says Newport's gettin' rowdy. The coachmen all drink champagne and the gamblin's terrific. He's gettin' fat."

It was a high-shouldered man, not tall, flourishing a handkerchief before his trim beard while he talked to a gross woman, a blue pyramid, in the aisle. He nodded and smiled nicely, and his white gloves were chaste. I respected his gloves and his smile.

Mrs. Worth chuckled, "You do make up good names for people!"

"When do these dances for June bugs he's got up start? November, ain't it?"

"Christian, I won't have you calling young girls June bugs! Your mother," said Mrs. Worth, "was a young girl once!"

"So were Lola Montez and Queen Cleopatra. What's that got to do with it? Ward McAllister was a young boy once, but I can call him king of the wooden Injuns without you breakin' your pencil. Be logical," said Christian.

I looked at Mr. McAllister, who strolled up the aisle and let another woman hold his glove. He had come to call on mother last March, and I had been obliged to read a six-page report of the conversation in her passionate script. Even at school, boys spoke of him with an exasperated curiosity.

I asked Christian, "Just what does he do?"

"He just leads society. Watch close, Blacky, and you'll see him do it."

It seemed the simplest process. Mr. McAllister walked up the aisle and let seven ladies hold his right glove, on the left side. Then he walked down the aisle and gave three more women the same pleasure. Christian grinned and pulled my ear.

"Is he nice, Christian?"

"Why, he ain't got half as many brains as you have, son. But he's got nice manners and he's brave."

"Christian Gaar," said Mrs. Worth, "I think you admire him!"

"I do. This is a pretty sick city when the only man in it that has sand enough to refuse to shake hands with Boss Tweed is a Southerner who ain't any money. McAllister's brave enough to do that, and I've seen pew holders come clear across Wall Street to talk to that damn hog because they're scared of him. It's a fine town," Christian yawned, "when the only man that'll go against the boss in politics is an Irish Paddy and the only gentleman that'll cut him is a swell from Carolina! Tweed must laugh his jaw sore!"

A man stared around the gilded pillar from the next box, and Christian glanced at him, then grinned as the pale face withdrew. Mrs. Worth bit her pencil and a chuckle raised her shoulders so that black straps tightened at the crest of each arm.

She said softly, "No one can say that you don't speak your mind, Chris."

"Nobody'll bash my head in, Jenny. I ain't big enough to count. . . . Blacky, I'll take you to the prize fight, Saturday."

"Chris Gaar, that's perfectly immoral! He's too young!"

"I wish you'd tell me what's immoral and what ain't some day, Jenny. A thing's honorable or it ain't. If Blacky thinks it's honorable to come to a prize fight it ain't immoral for him to come."

"That's putting law to one side, Christian," she said.

"You've got to, if you want to be honorable. We always fight about this. What d you think, Blacky? I tell Jenny that anything a sane man thinks is honorable is right for him to do. She says morals are something different. . . . Here's the curtain. Let the best dog win!"

I hunted an opinion while Man and Wife started another scene and Mr. Ward McAllister plainly drowned in a seat close to the orchestra's prison. But the violins supported long, dreary speeches and the second fiddle pained me. I tried to balance honor with the maxims of Doctor Randall's Sunday-afternoon Scripture lessons, while the loose C of the erring violin pummeled my eardrum and a prickly feeling came into my left nostril. The worst happened as Mrs. Worth dragged a fresh handkerchief from her breast and Christian discharged his tenth red yawn at the ceiling; my nose began to bleed.

But Christian knew it at once. He said, "Here, son! Too hot for you. Bust along down to my place. Here's the key. Scoot along!"

"But you wanted me to see Mr. San— "

"It's all right. Bust!" he ordered.

Twenty-fourth Street was cool, after hot perfume, and my nose stopped bleeding while I looked for a cab. But Christian had released me from refined torment and I didn't think of going back. An Irishman in stockings of some nameless color stood blinking at the clustered lamps.

He had an air of shy consideration, and asked me, "Is it a church, now?"

"It's a theater."

"God be above us all! With wimmen into it?"

"Lots."

He said "It's a shame forever!" and clattered toward Broadway.

Immoral to him, dull to me, I glanced at the theater again and then walked around the corner, shaken by an excitement that doubled, tripled as I felt Christian's key clank on my purse. I hadn't been alone in the city at night for five years, and now no policeman would ask where I lived! I could stroll, beholding the habits of men. And anything that I thought it honorable to do I could do! That was Christian's doctrine. It seemed immediately honorable to go bathe at his rooms in Grand Street. I had a curiosity about the rooms, hired last autumn after his foray in the gold market, before Black Friday had ruined Uncle Pat and brought him hunting a check from father. But to do nothing more savage than to take a bath with all New York around me under a pulsing hood of stars!

"Cab, sir?"

An open cab had floated from the shadows. Ride up and down Broadway?

I said, "Well ——" Then iridescent wings lifted my mind. I ordered, "Le Cray's gymnasium. Y'know? It's East Fourteenth Street ——"

"Sure!"

The cab sank with me through monstrous hollows trimmed with lights, and houses seemed to recede from my portentous movement toward vice. Men gambled. Our guests at dinners in Dobbs Ferry heavily talked of faro and some subtler game played on a wheel. It was immoral to gamble in Doctor Randall's school, but it was honorable for me to go and see Uncle Pat's new venture, surely! All through the city were hells. Men came some blocks from Wall Street; and there was Feinemann's, where

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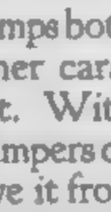

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no one paid for drinks; and somewhere Cassius Brown had eight dizzy paintings in one room above his poker table. Didn't father play faro at Fuller's, near Astor Place? Christian had curtly said "There's Fuller's" while he upholstered me in August. Then thought suffered on the paving of Fourteenth Street, where tar stunk, and nice people must dislike these shops next door to their trees. More saloons had cropped gloriously, and a drunkard mourned by a pole before the colored globes of the Academy of Music.

My driver said, with melancholy, "Horses fell down here las' winter on the ice. I was drivin' a friend of Bill Tweed's too."

This was the great Tweed's border, and I wondered if he was somewhere close, behind a flaring set of windows, planning some new way to plunder the town. Was father afraid of him? We had a pew in St Mark's Church. Was father one of the pew holders who crossed Wall Street to shake hands with the hog? The cab stopped and I looked up through maple leaves at darkness. Well, bells showed no lights, but a globe was a green pearl in Uncle Pat's doorway. I crossed the flagstones and heard noise in the gymnasium that opened into a hall.

The gas burned about the gymnasium's red walls in battered globes of netting, and some lads were watching a naked fellow blandly walk on his hands along a rail through smoke. He fell off suddenly and they laughed in a lazy way, their chairs tilted against the red paint crawling with rude art. Uncle Pat managed this haunt for some German name, and father raged because prize fighters were trained here. It smelled prodigiously of sweat and raw tobacco. I blinked and watched the naked youth climb a rope badly, and his friends said "Aw, you'll die of it!" and were otherwise rude while he scrambled. Upstairs another blue pearl was pretty, making a white door gray. This opened as I knocked, and I tramped straight at a statue that seemed to move, darkly, whirling back its club against more smoke, lights, heat.

It was a Hercules, and it truly towered, larger than any man, on a square base of duller metal. It was a glittering blackness imposed on the green fury of the chamber's depth, and I frowned at the posture of the inhuman limbs. The muscles rose too sheerly, and his thighs were cords glued together. The thing repelled. I frowned and passed around the pedestal so nervously that my sleeve touched the god's welted calf and something mumbled. I stopped and touched a ring upon his foot and the echo came once more. Funny! We had no bronzes at Dobbs Ferry. Were they always hollow?

A man asked "Ain't you Thorold Gaar?" and I turned from art to look at his shaven mouth between red whiskers. "Thought I knew you. Used to see you over in Bank Street."

He was someone who came to make plans for wealth when Uncle Pat lodged with us in the war. I shook his hand solemnly, and solemnly looked at the room's precise likeness to the gambling hell in Harry's High Times on Broadway, an informative work popular last year at school. Here were the tables and the men drinking at a bright counter against one wall. Dancing girls in gold frames separated the half-clad truculence of prize fighters in black frames on a paper of green and gold. The scene lacked ladies in trailing satin. Otherwise it was what a hell should be, and I wanted to run from the thick tone of wedded voices and the sight of Uncle Pat magnificently striding up. His friend said "Pretty dished," uncomfortably shifting, and I was straightway morally obsessed. He was too drunk, not funny, grown scarlet below the eyes. His voice ripped the air.

"Glad to see you! Gla't' see yeh! Why, it's Thor!" He stopped his professional welcome and was still, looking at me emptily, one hand raised. Then he brayed, "Well, if yer father—? Charlie —— None o' his business. . . . Bill Tweed sai' he'd drop in. . . . Pretty tony, eh?"

"Pat," said his friend, "you bust along to bed, ol' feller. I'll look after things."

My uncle frantically stated, pounding the air, "Won't do anything contra'y to hon'ble chairman's last s'gestion. . . . Most c'modious club of metrop-op-opolis. Ladies excluded — 'triction — brother-'n-law—gratitude!"

The red whipped from his face and he went wabbling in an easy way until the beautiful head crept against the thigh of black Hercules. Two young negroes came quickly, and without noise he was carried through a curtained door.

His friend said kindly, trimming a cigar, "Just as good. Bill Tweed was in, and champagne ain't Pat's drink, to speak of. The chief opened ten bottles. . . . I hear your father ain't favorable to this investment."

I must have nodded. The man nodded, too, and leaned on Hercules. He sighed, "Well, I says to Pat, 'Your brother-in-law won't like it, ol' feller.' I says, 'A man that's in s'ciety ain't goin' to be partial to havin' a hell in the fam'ly.' But Pat—this is between us—Pat's vain, y'know. Of course, we're all vain in some kind of way, and that's the fact. We want to be took notice of. That's Pat's trouble. He'd like a swell house in Eighteenth Street and marble statuary and a yacht, mebbe. I guess—this is between us—that his watchin' your pa go up like a skyrocket, kind of, has got Pat crazy to be famous too. Pat's vain; that's the trouble with him. This here statue, now, it didn't cost him a cent. He got it out of old man Hoffheimer's warehouse and just wiped the dust off. Then he has to swell around and tell everybody he paid four thousan' dollars for it. And it's hollow, too! Vain, Pat is. I tell you—this is between us—most men are nothin' but children when it comes to makin' a show. Yes, sir!"

A man at a table bent back his head and cried, "Damn! Damn! Damn!" in a squeal beyond profanity. The smoke was a leaden cope above each table, and long cherry curtains choked the windows so that no air moved across the groups.

"I've got to go."

"Well, tell your swell friends we run a straight game. B'-by."

The lads were loudly talking in the stale gymnasium as I blundered down the steps.

One said, "A man's just got to have a silk hat for Sundays an' fun'rals. He's got to!"

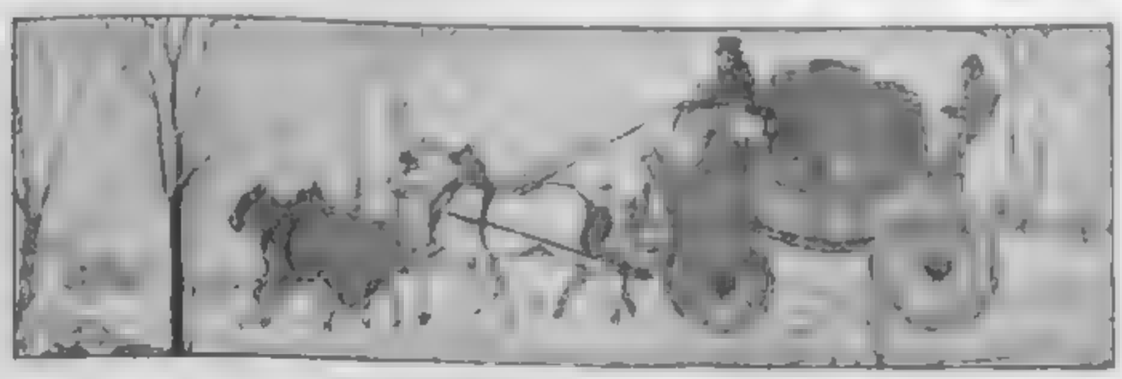
Must he have a silk hat to tilt above his freckles on Sunday, and when people died? There was no law about it. Just to make a show? My wisdom progressed in a terrific jump and my nose bled again as if the jolt of landing freed it. The blood on my handkerchief was carnelian, and I squirmed with the evocation of mother's bracelets while my mind produced them on white arms too visible.

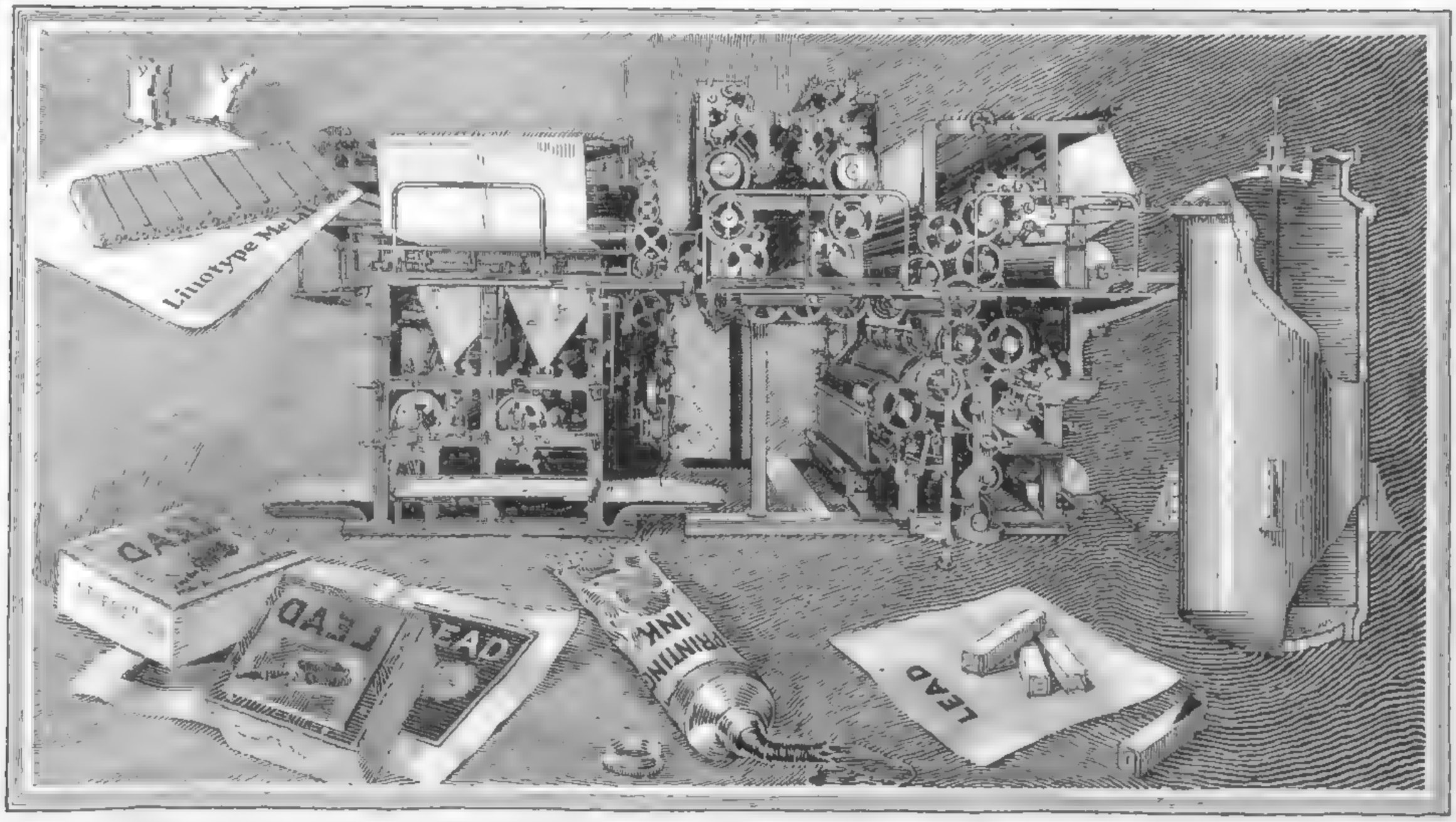
"Lost yer money soon as that?" the cabman wanted to know.

I said, "Didn't play any. . . . Four-sixty-six Grand Street."

We sank again and I was left alone by questions. They took their claws away in the run of lamps and deadened houses east of my old world. Someone had made No. 5 Bank Street into a set of lodgings. Nice people were moving up town. Mrs. Almy was thinking of Madison Square. . . . A spotted dog ran busily beside my eyes as if deep matters took him to the Battery, and then, spinning, he ran back uptown to be near nicer people. The Irish had broken out in a rash, Christian said, in Grand Street, and sailors boarded in fine houses gone to seed. I knew that his rooms were in a house not far from the East River, and so sat up while the cab met a rousing smell, a wind. The bay sent salt to meet me and the widening street showed a green lantern as a sailing star above the unguessed width of that cool water.

(TO BE CONTINUED)





Lead makes its mark on every printed page

THESE very words that you are now reading were set with type made of lead alloy. The pictures on this page were printed from plates backed with lead.

Deprive the printer of lead, and his presses would be costly, useless junk. Not a newspaper, not a book, not a magazine would appear until some substitute could be found. And it might take some time to discover such a substitute. Lead has been used for making type since Gutenberg's invention of movable types in the fifteenth century.

Making modern type

Type-casting machines used in printing shops everywhere have done more to expand the printing industry than any other invention. And lead is directly responsible for the type these machines produce. In them a molten alloy, mostly lead, is forced against matrices, or type molds, to form the printing type, or slug.

Large editions are not printed directly from the type face, but from plates cast from the type. Magazines and books are usually printed from electrotypes, newspapers from stereotypes. Stereotypes are made from lead alloys, and electrotypes are thin shells of copper filled or backed with lead.

Lead in paper making

Lead even has a part in manufacturing the printing paper from wood pulp. The cut-up wood is acted upon, or digested, by a solution containing sulphurous acid. The steel tanks and boilers, in which the wood and solution are placed, are lined with a special brick, set in a cement made partly of litharge, an oxide of lead. Ordinary mortar or cement would be attacked by the acid.

It is fitting that this wonder metal which helps to give type and make the paper, should be present in the bearings of the printing presses to aid in reducing friction and in keeping the presses running smoothly.

Lead is even used in yellow and green printing inks, in making the collapsible tubes which contain the ink, and in coloring much of the paper on which the printing is done.

Where you know lead best

Despite the importance, however, of lead in the printing industry, the use of lead you are most familiar with is as paint. White-lead paint is known and used the world over to protect property from the ravages of weather.

"Save the surface and you save all"

Never has this idea, "Save the surface and you save all," been so firmly established as now. As a result many more property owners are saving the surfaces of their houses by painting them with white-lead paint. It is the best, the safest, and the most economical way to preserve wood and similar materials from decay and destruction. And white-lead-paint is becoming increasingly popular for interior walls and woodwork.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trade-mark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

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More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write us for specific information.

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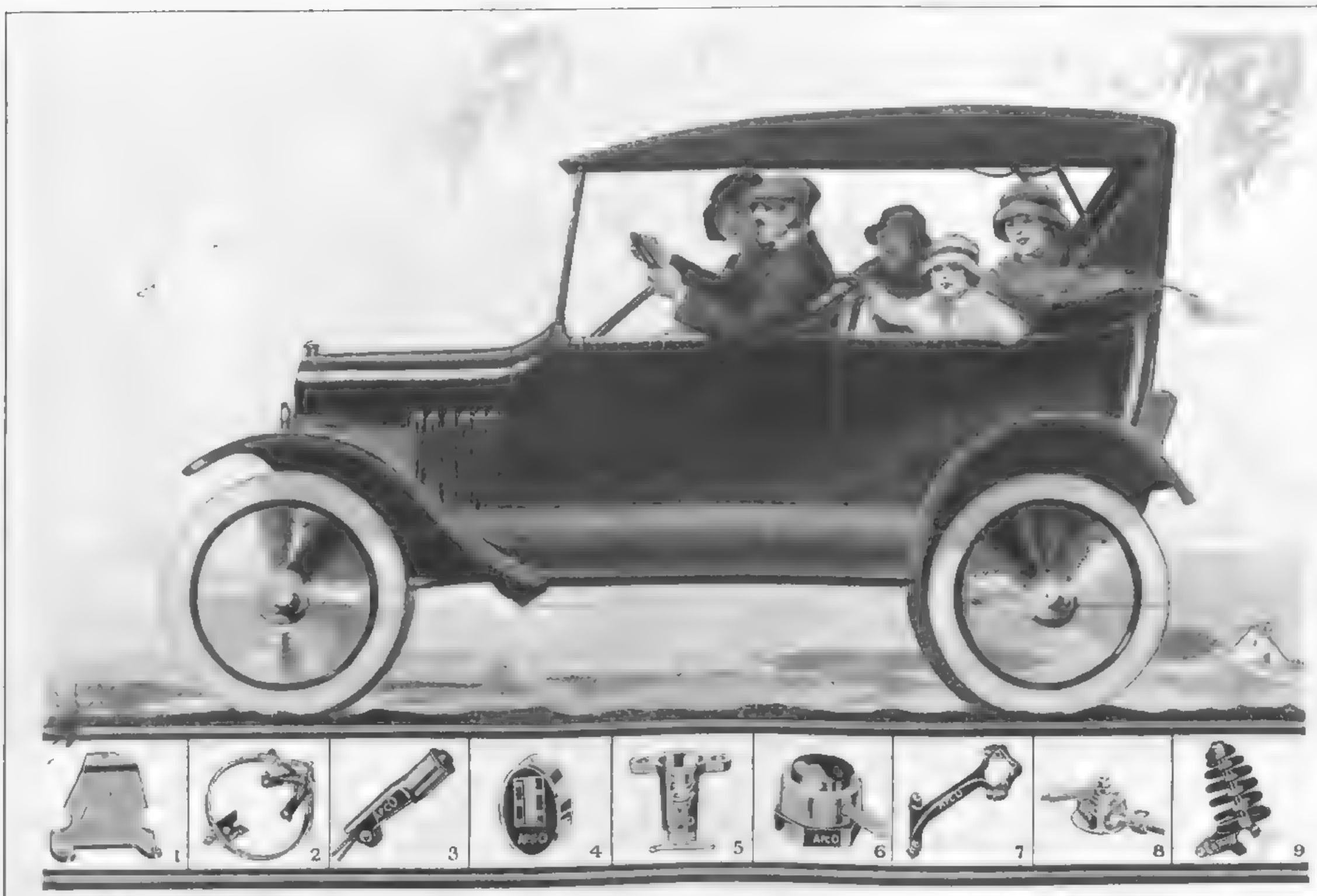
New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.



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8. Oiling System	–	$3.00
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The Hudson River Vehicular Tunnel

By C. M. HOLLAND, Chief Engineer

THE vehicular tunnel which is now being constructed under the Hudson River jointly by the states of New York and New Jersey is the result of many years of investigation to determine the best means of providing a physical connection between the island of Manhattan and the New Jersey shore. Up to the present time all traffic across the Hudson River has been carried by ferries from points extending along a water front eleven miles in length. These ferries have long since reached their capacity, and the consequent delays in ferrying 24,000 vehicles every twenty-four hours across this river have become a serious handicap to the business of the metropolitan area. This traffic has grown very rapidly with the development of the motor truck, which today is handling a very large amount of the short-haul traffic.

It is anticipated by many interested in the problem that on the date of opening the tunnel the growth in traffic during the period of construction alone will tax the capacity of the tunnel. The volume of traffic the tunnel can handle will be 46,000 vehicles per day, or nearly twice the total traffic across the Hudson River at the present time.

For many years studies were made with a view to constructing a great bridge across this river, but the enormous expenditure required for such a structure made its cost prohibitive. The past twenty years has been a great era of tunnel construction and, with the success attending the operation of vehicular tunnels abroad in mind, studies were made for a tunnel crossing. It was determined that such a tunnel could be successfully built at a cost of about $80,000,000—far less than would be the cost of a bridge.

The Location Favorable

The location of the tunnel was fixed at Canal Street, Manhattan, which investigation showed to be the center of cross-river traffic. This location lends itself peculiarly to a tunnel crossing. Low-lying lands on river banks are especially favorable to tunnel construction, because they permit of an easy grade and a short approach, whereas in the case of a bridge having a long clear span, high banks on the river are necessary to obviate the great length of approach and consequent necessity for acquiring large areas of land. The zone of which Canal Street is the center is a low flat terrain having an average elevation of not over ten feet above the surface of the river, which makes it especially adaptable to the construction of a tunnel at this point. Another point of interest distinguishing the advantage of a tunnel as compared with a bridge across such a wide area of water as the Hudson River is that the depth of the tunnel below the surface of the water required by the United States War Department would have to be only about one-half the height of a bridge above the surface of the water. The vertical distance to be traveled in the case of a tunnel would be one-half that of a bridge.

The construction of a bridge causes enormous property damages, and, as shown by experience in bridge construction across the East River, where the approach passes over the land, property values are seriously diminished, while in the case of tunnels the value of property in their vicinity has been increased. The War Department will permit no structure that it deems an obstruction to navigation in the Hudson River. If it had been decided that a bridge should be constructed, in order to meet the requirements of the War Department a design calling for a clear span of at least 3200 feet would be required. This would be nearly twice as long as the clear span of any bridge in the world. This in itself is not an insuperable difficulty, but it calls for not only the greatest engineering skill, but a type of structure of such magnitude as has heretofore been unapproached in bridge construction.

The Hudson River Vehicular Tunnel is really two tunnels, as there are two circular tubes, each twenty-nine feet six inches in diameter, providing roadways each twenty feet in width for two lines of traffic in each direction; in other words, the vehicular tunnel will provide a forty-foot highway between New York and New Jersey, with a capacity equal to that of the Williamsburg Bridge across the East River between Manhattan and Brooklyn.

Tunneling is being carried on by the use of shields and compressed air. The shield is advanced by means of hydraulic rams exerting a total thrust of 12,000,000 pounds. These rams push against the completed tunnel ring, which is built as the shield advances. The compressed air is used to transform the mud under the Hudson River into a stable material—that is, the compressed air drives the water out of the ground and leaves it in such condition that it can be excavated by the workmen; otherwise it would flow into the tunnel, making work impossible. Tunneling of this character has been made possible only through the use of compressed air.

Ventilation Problems

The most difficult problem that the engineers had to meet in planning the vehicular tunnel was that of ventilation. Everyone knows that automobiles give off poisonous fumes, which are technically known as carbon-monoxide gas. To remove this poisonous gas and make the tunnel atmosphere pure, electrically operated fans will be used to force fresh air into the tunnel and remove the vitiated air. Ventilation is accomplished by forcing fresh air into the tunnel through a chamber underneath the roadway. From this chamber there is a series of openings which distribute the fresh air throughout the entire length of the tunnel. Similarly above the roadway there is another chamber through which the vitiated air is withdrawn at numerous openings and expelled into the outside atmosphere through shafts provided at either end of the tunnel. The volume of fresh air that must be forced into the tunnel is estimated to be 3,600,000 cubic feet per minute.

The method heretofore generally used in ventilating tunnels has been to blow the air from one end to the other, but it was found that if this method were adopted it would cause a gale of wind with an intensity of seventy-five miles per hour, which, of course, would be prohibitive. The method adopted eliminates entirely the longitudinal movement of air, so there will be no discomfort from this source.

The solution of this problem required research work of a most exhaustive character, and to assist in its solution the aid of the United States Bureau of Mines was obtained by the states of New York and New Jersey. These investigations were carried out at the experimental station of the bureau, located in Pittsburgh, and at Yale University and the University of Illinois. The conclusion of these investigations has developed many scientific facts of the greatest value to tunnel engineers.

It is of interest to note that there are already a number of vehicular tunnels in use both abroad and in this country—the most noteworthy being those under the Thames River, London, and in Hamburg, Germany. However, these tunnels do not compare with the Hudson River Vehicular Tunnel either in magnitude or in the volume of traffic to be handled, so that this new tunnel has offered very difficult engineering problems.

The work of the tunnel is progressing rapidly, and it will be completed and ready for traffic sometime in the early part of 1926.

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Make the home ties stronger

WHEN the Straube Artronome comes, joy comes with it. The life of the home centers about it; days are made richer by its music, evenings filled with happiness and comradeship in wholesome pleasures. For the Artronome gives to all the family the kind of music each likes best.

First there is the Straube piano with its glorious tone. For the children's music lessons it is such an instrument that encourages and inspires. Its touch is a delight to musicianly fingers, the beauty of its tone a source of constant joy.

Then there is the Artronome, an easily operated, dependable action for roll playing, which enables anyone to play *expressively* selections from the whole range of music—popular songs, the latest dance tune, or the more stately measures of the classics.

As the years pass the Straube Artronome becomes more and more one of the family. The memories of happy hours cling to it, fuse with its voice and give an added meaning to the beauty of its tone. It remains ever ready to provide music to suit the mood or the occasion, proving by its staunch dependability the high quality which it embodies.

The Artronome is designed, patented and built by Straube and installed only in Straube-made pianos. There are models for electrical operation, or foot power, as you prefer.

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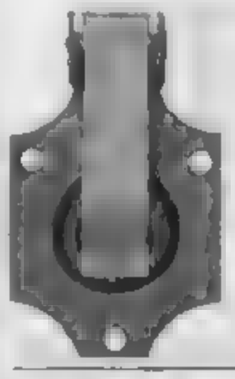

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THE BOY WONDER

(Continued from Page 10)

"We'll have to hand 'em to the kid." Barney laid his hand affectionately on his young friend Tenny's shoulder. His hard fingers had a wild impulse to crunch down on the fragile bones, but he repressed them. "He certainly is a wiz when it comes to picking 'em."

David Schusshel looked at his watch.

"Well, I'm glad Meyer's son is coming on so fine," he benevolently observed, and shook hands heartily all around.

Thereupon he went straight down to the bank and sought and obtained an interview with the president himself, a pleasant, mild-mannered gentleman by the name of Catherwood, who shook hands affably with Mr. Schusshel in a nice little room that was paneled to the ceiling with curly maple. Full face, Mr. Catherwood was like a well-domesticated tabby cat, with wide, innocent eyes and a spiky white mustache; but in profile he was more like a lynx as he examined David's inventory; and when he turned back to the prospective borrower he almost purred, the statement of the M. P. C.'s financial condition was so pleasant to contemplate.

"It seems to me, Mr. Schusshel, that the best thing in your case would be a slight reorganization, with an extension of capitalization and a bond issue to cover your present needs."

"Good-by," said David promptly; and taking the inventory from Mr. Catherwood's hand he stuck it into his pocket and rose. "Maybe when I die somebody else gets control of my business, but not until."

With these words he hurried out of the blighting shadow of the bank and went back to his old friend Meyer Guldengeld.

It was almost closing time when he returned to the M. P. C., and with him was young Tennyson, in a fancy top coat and a queer little hat with a fashionably indented crown. In the general manager's office they found the pro tem finishing Gifford Lane Jones' original, and strangely thrilled by it.

"Well, Izzy, I want you to meet Mr. Tennyson Guldengeld." An unusual amount of oily unction in the introduction. "He's the young man who picked The Proud Lady for the Climax, and you know what a hit that was."

"Sure!"

The two young men shook hands; then Izzy's eyes widened, as Tennyson, glancing around the room with an air of grasping proprietorship, spied the hatrack, jerked off his coat with great vigor, hung hat and coat on the rack, and walking over to the desk, which was piled high with manuscripts and papers, sat down and pushed everything to the floor except the inkwell.

"Now we can start clean," announced the picker of The Proud Lady, and with a gleeful laugh he stretched out both his arms full length and clenched his fists. "I'll show some action around here!"

Izzy put his hand on the back of a chair for support, and his face paled as he turned to Schusshel inquiringly.

"Mr. Guldengeld, Izzy," explained the old man, "is our new general manager."

The boy gulped. He was young enough yet for tears, but he stopped them on the way. He looked at David Schusshel earnestly for a moment, the corners of his mouth twitching.

"Well, he's got youth," he managed to say; moreover, as he turned to the new G. M. he wore a smile of wonderful cheerfulness. "Anything I can help you, Mr. Guldengeld, I'm glad to do it."

"Thanks. Send for the script editor to cart this stuff away, and bring back only those things that require immediate attention. I want to take them with me tonight."

"Mr. Simmons has gone home," lied Izzy promptly. He knew that Simmons had a dinner engagement of drastic domestic importance, and it was time for him to be off the lot. "But I know everything that's here. I'll fix you up."

Tennyson Guldengeld smiled a smile of intense superciliousness as Izzy bent his back to sort the scattered manuscripts and pick out the most important. David Schusshel waited in the door until the job was done, and as Izzy came out the old man put his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder. "You got good guts, my boy!"

III

THE boy wonder was a virile man, a vigorous man, a man of tireless energy. Already he had discharged at least one person in each department, to inspire discipline among the others, had stopped the purchase of all stories O.K.'d by his predecessor, had shifted all the furniture in his office, and had picked a fight with the business manager; and it was only 10:30 of his first morning. He was the Bosco of the business. He ate 'em alive and used the bones to pick his teeth!

He'd show them who was general manager around here; and the way to nip things right in the bud was as thus:

"You're not going to start shooting The Blood-Red Mask tomorrow, Mr. Sapp. I read the script last night."

The M. P. C.'s lean and lanky star director and his leading lady, Prudence Joy, both under long-term contracts with this company, exchanged a glance of consternation; then Ernest Sapp protested:

"Why, Mr. Guldengeld, the script is a peach and the picture will be a knock-out! We're all set! Some of my most expensive players start on salary tomorrow. I——"

"I can't help it," interrupted the young Napoleon of the business, his voice rising and his lips pouting in a nervous grimace. It was to be some time before anyone learned that this pouting grimace was intended to express firm resolution. "This is a big, important picture. It is to go out under my régime, and I shall not permit it to proceed until it has the sanction of my judgment."

Sapp's brows darkened, but he unbent them immediately and laughed.

"All right, you're the boss; but I'd suggest that you speed it up, old friend, for the delay is going to cost thousands of dollars."

"A few days of delay may also make the picture worth thousands more." Napoleon was curt, and took a step towards the door to show Sapp that his end of the interview was over. "Miss Joy, you will please remain."

Again Sapp and Prue glanced at each other; and Sapp, with no attempt at concealment, grinned.

"You'll find me in Izzy's office, Prue. I want to watch that cost hound turn a separate flip-flap for each dollar of this spree." He felt rather than saw the malevolent eye that followed him out of the room, for the sensitive soul of Tennyson Guldengeld was particularly alive to contempt, could detect it from afar, and had had plenty of practice in detecting.

As soon as they were alone the newly made sheik of the tribe of Schusshel placed a chair for Miss Joy close to the inside corner of his desk, and stood silently looking down at her. She was a very pretty girl, indeed; a slender, graceful neck, a beautifully poised head, clean-cut, decisive features, deep-blue eyes, hair like spun gold, and a distinctive air of refinement. Also, she was a very clever dresser. Prue stood that silent scrutiny calmly. She was used to this sort of thing. At last the G. M. spoke:

"I've been watching your work, Miss Joy, although this is the first time I have had the pleasure of meeting you; and I always said, 'If I had that girl under contract to me—oh, boy!'"

To finish, he cast on her a smile that was, to say the least, friendly.

Oh, well, facial expression was a part of Prue's profession; and it is a long, long road to stardom; and a general manager can make or break; and every little lift on the way shortens the distance. Prue's smile was also friendly, to say the least, and her eyes, as she turned them toward her new sovereign, had a luring quality.

Quite encouraged, the young Napoleon of the pictures went on: "Have you any engagement for tonight? If you have, break it, and we'll run over to the Ambassador for a little dance."

"I'm sorry I have no engagement, for I'd be so happy to break it," she laughed.

She rose and extended her hand. He held the hand and examined it with the eye of a budding connoisseur. It was a slender, delicately formed hand; but he was not keen enough to perceive that there was a slight resistance in it.

And just then Izzy burst into the room on his second flip-flap. He stopped as he saw the tableau, and there was a slight compression at the corners of his lips. Girls had not been in his ambitious scheme of life when, as a boy of seventeen looking for a job, he had stumbled on a chance for

(Continued on Page 133)

One Dollar

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"Dollar Topkis is made of better material than most underwear I've paid a lot more for. It wears at least as long. And it fits more comfortably than any union suit I ever saw at any price."

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Utilities—Not EXCESSories

(Continued from Page 130)

Prue and sent her on her upward way; but he was twenty-one now, and the instincts of twenty-one were stirring in him; and Prue was more than just herself—she was an ideal.

"Look here, Izzy!" snapped Tennyson, petulant anger springing darkly on his cheeks. "Hereafter you're to knock before you come into this room!"

A glint in Izzy's eyes, a narrowing, then he said, "You know how long you're gonna delay The Blood-Red Mask?"

"No!"

And under cover of Tennyson's vehement wrath Prue escaped.

"Well, I gotta hold off some contracts, and if the castin' director can't tell 'em just when they can come to work we lose some good people."

"Let them go! I haven't O.K.'d the cast. Send Simmons to me."

"You gotta boy to do that," Izzy informed him briskly, the glint returning to his dark-brown eye. "Y'understand, Mr. Guldengeld, I ain't too proud to do it, but my time's too valuable. You gotta button there on your desk. All you gotta do is to push it. This is the one." He indicated, but he did not push. Never again, until he could push it for himself—and not as pro tem, either!

Simmons came in, on the defensive. Already the methods of the boy wonder were noised about the lot.

"Who O.K.'d Hillary Wells' script for The Blood-Red Mask?" demanded the new G. M. with scornful emphasis.

"I did. And Zimmerman indorsed my O.K. without change."

"There'll be changes," and the short laugh of the young G. M. was more like a sneer. "The picture begins with the reading of a will, on the conditions of which the story is worked out. And there'll have to be a prologue showing why those conditions were written into the will."

Simmons stared at him, stupor on his flat face, and distress grew where comfort longed to linger.

"You must have read the script hastily, Mr. Guldengeld. The reasons for those conditions are worked out so nicely, so naturally, so picturesquely, and Mr. Wells has put such fine dramatic construction into it, that ——"

"I say I don't like a picture that starts that way!" shrilled the man in power, with the sudden fury of a child who has been crossed, and he smacked his undersized fist on his desk. "I don't like it, and I won't have it! And when I say I won't have a thing, that settles it!"

Simmons bit his lip. Only his wife knew that he had a temper, and she admired his control of it.

"We seem to be about to have a prologue for The Blood-Red Mask," he dryly observed. "Suppose we dig into it and I'll take it up with Wells."

"No; send him to me right away. I'll tell him at first hand what I want."

Simmons did not even blink as he saw his control of his department destroyed. He had been through, and he read his future very well out of the pages of his experience. There was no use to fight this infant Jove, who would have no discretion with his thunderbolts, nor care where they struck.

"Very well. By the way, Mr. Schusshel has just added Gifford Lane Jones to my staff, and I'd like to suggest that we pick out some special work for him."

"I'm not much in favor of authors," and Tennyson pouted his lips several times. "They're uncontrollable, always have ideas of their own, and it's almost impossible to get them to carry out anyone else's. Send him up and I'll see what I can do with him."

Hillary Wells had to wait about three hours when he came, for the reception room was packed with wind-instrument performers eager for a seat in the Guldengeld band wagon, and the shriveled soul of young Tennyson was expanding under their flattery like a dried prune in hot water. Nevertheless, when at last Hillary was admitted, Guldengeld accepted the famous dramatist quite as an equal, shook hands with him heartily, made him feel right at home, and then said he:

"Wells, I read your Blood-Red Mask last night, and it's pretty good in spots; but you don't seem to understand dramatic construction."

"Great news from the front," smiled Wells, refusing to be insulted. "It is the nature of a goose to hiss. "You know, I've often suspected, Mr. Guldengeld, that I didn't understand dramatic construction, so it's some satisfaction to have my suspicions set at rest by a master."

Tennyson glanced at him sharply, but the countenance of Mr. Wells was so agreeable, and the twinkles around his eyes were so guileless, that the young Napoleon suspended judgment on that speech.

"Oh, I don't say it's all bad, you know; but it needs fixing. I want a prologue, to begin with. I want you to start with the boy, before he's grown up, incurring the displeasure of his grandfather. And we should connect that with a spectacle of some sort, to startle them; say, the house catches on fire. That's it! The house catches on fire. The boy is playing with matches."

Thus started, young Mr. Guldengeld warmed with inspiration, and in the space of an hour completely rebuilt the drama that had been painstakingly constructed by an experienced dramatist.

As he breathlessly finished gilding the lily with brass, he leaned back in his chair and triumphantly exclaimed, "Well, how about it? How about it, eh?"

"Wonderful!" said Wells with vast enthusiasm. "It is the most complete job I have witnessed since we blew up the old water tower. I'll do the work with a curious sort of pleasure, Mr. Guldengeld; but in the meantime let us all be frank together. I think it's putrid. You have totally ruined The Blood-Red Mask, and I wish to go clearly on record as having said so."

With this he nonchalantly sauntered out, and an unholy joy seized him as he found Gifford Lane Jones waiting his turn.

"Go right in, Jonesy, and learn the fundamental principles of your art."

"As bad as that?" husked Gifford, and went in.

Half an hour later the author sat stupefied amidst the dishonored tatters of his once-pet story, The Blinding Vision, which Izzy had thoughtfully slipped in with the immediate work; but when the unhampered amateur, with fervid self-applause, began to force those tortured tatters into a new fabric of weird and wondrous pattern, Gifford, whose desperate financial condition should have made him a better diplomat than he was, stopped the desecration.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Guldengeld, but are you adapting my story into a picture, or are you remodeling my story as a story?"

"Both!" declared young Tennyson, impatient to continue. "Your story is wrong as a story. This gentle-hearted man you have drawn would never, under any circumstances, have killed his wife. He would have considered, 'Anyhow, she is the mother of my children,' and he would have taken her to his bosom, with tears streaming down his cheeks, and forgiven her all."

"Like—hell—he—would! Boy, do you know what you are doing? I spent years as a successful writer, and nobody ever told me how to write the stories with which I made my hit; yet you have the presumption to dispute me on every point of story construction, on character drawing, on motivation, on plot. What did you ever do to earn the right to pose as an authority on authorship?"

"I got this job for myself!" yelled young Guldengeld, leaning forward in such sudden neurotic fury that Gifford was startled. "That's how I earned the right to be an authority on authorship, and I'm going to make it stick! I don't want your story, Mr. Jones! I wouldn't have it the way it is, and I can see you'd never carry out my ideas for its improvement."

"Oh, yes I will!" Jones realized his mistake by now, and was sorry for it. He couldn't afford to take the stand he had. His wife, in the East, needed money. "You buy the story and I'll fix it any way you want it."

"All right," and Tennyson laughed in triumph. "I've told you what I want. You go ahead and try to fix it, and if I like it when you're through I'll buy it. But you must do the work on your own time."

"What am I to do for the company?" inquired Gifford, reading in the cruel little eyes of his boss that he could spend all his spare time on the remodeling of this story and could never make it satisfactory.

"I don't know yet what I'll have you do."

"Why can't I adapt one of the big classics for you? Some of them have been put over lately, to good money; but they've overlooked the best one for a he-man character lead—The Toilers of the Sea." Silent contempt greeted that suggestion. Tennyson pouted and mouthed and grimaced; he shrugged his shoulders; he snapped

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his fingers; he wagged his head from side to side and he laughed. He had unutterable contempt for The Toilers of the Sea—but he made a mental note to look the thing up and find out what it was about. He glanced at his schedule.

"For the present, I'm going to put you on program features. You'll take over the Dixie Day unit."

Gifford groaned inwardly. He'd seen a Dixie Day picture. She was an unbelievably stupid little thing with big eyes and pretty legs, and played poor shopgirls who married up out of their class because they had virtue and hearts of gold. She'd done eleven of these, all alike. He'd have a fine chance to show that he could do no better than any ordinary hack writer, and with the depressing certainty that he had accomplished for himself the worst that could possibly be accomplished under the circumstances, the world-famous writer, gallant soldier and courageous spirit went out of that room at the mercy of this neurotic weakling who had positively no gift for his position except his colossal egotism. How long, O Lord, how long?

Not long for Tennyson Guldengeld, if you left it to Izzy Iskovitch. He was in David Schusshel's private office at this very moment, saying, "Mr. Schusshel, you know there's gonna be trouble between me'n this cheap little bum you got in here for G. M."

"I don't want trouble, Izzy," protested the mild voice of David, who was poking papers into a well-used manuscript case. "That's no way to run a business."

"I say so also," agreed Izzy, his brows puckering in painful thought. "But I'm here to save money, and this bird's made it plain already that he ain't gonna let me do it. Now if I won't O.K. the cost of something, and he goes ahead and makes it anyhow, then I'm a joke as a production-cost boss. I ain't any. Now what are we gonna do about it?"

David Schusshel locked the drawers of his desk. He hung up the slouch hat he always wore in California and took down his New York derby.

"Izzy," said he, "you stay strictly in your capacity and let Mr. Guldengeld stay strictly in his. He's the general manager, and I have to sustain him in it. You're my personal representative about keepin' inside the estimate on a picture, and I'll sustain you in it. Be a good boy, Izzy. I'm going to New York in the morning."

"Hot dog!" mumbled Izzy miserably. "This plant ain't got no head to it, and I don't think much of a business that's all tails."

IV

A GREAT event came into the life of young Isidor Iskovitch—he donned his first dress suit! Not full dress, y'understand; that would be too foolish, but a dinner suit. The first effect of that awe-inspiring contrivance was to make him aware of his hands. He hadn't particularly noticed his hands before; but now they were suddenly long and bony and black, dangling out from his stiff white cuffs at such awkward angles. Then his collar! It was so high and so stiff and held his long neck so cramped that it gave him a headache at the base of his skull. Then the coat! It hunched up in the back, riding his collar until it brushed the nape of his neck. Then his vest! It crawled in spite of the elastic that was supposed to hold it down, and betrayed a puff of white between the bottom of the vest and the top of the trousers. The shirt front, too! It would bulge when he sat down. Also, when he sat his trousers seemed to be so tight that he was afraid they would burst, while the trouser legs hiked, revealing an interminable length of bony shank, even to the bare brown flesh where the top of the socks sagged down around the new bright-blue garters.

Altogether, it was such a tremendous thing to manage, far more intricate than any business, that Izzy, trying the thing out in his little narrow bedroom up over Uncle Moche Iskovitch's pressing-and-cleaning shop, had a notion to take it off and put on his comfortable office suit and stay away from the party. Yet when he stood in front of the mirror and pulled down his coat and his vest and his shirt front, and held his head at a good poise of pride becoming to one who had reached that station in life by his own exertions where he was entitled to own a Tuxedo, he did feel that he looked sort of distinguished. If he could only put his hands in his pockets! But the little brown book that lay on the bed distinctly said it was bad form to put the hands in the pockets!

Izzy was suddenly hot and sick, and moist with perspiration; but there was no escape from the party. If he intended to become a magnate he'd have to learn to doll up and mix into these social functions, for they were a part of the business. This being the case, there was no better place to get experience than at the housewarming of Hartley Danforth, the M. P. C.'s rugged flannel-shirt hero, who was as naïve and hearty off the set as on. Besides, Prue would be there—with Tennyson Guldengeld. She'd been running around with the new little G. M. for six weeks now—ever since he took her out of The Blood-Red Mask to make a star of her. Only he hadn't started to do it yet. He was still looking for a vehicle.

Prudence Joy had begun to occupy quite a bit of Izzy's thoughts these days. It had dawned on him that her beauty and charm and ability were more than mere commercial assets. They were things that could keep a fellow looking when he ought to be thinking of something else; things that set up a queer stirring, even in a mind devoted passionately to the great objective of becoming the foremost motion-picture producer in the world, even in a body the only created purpose of which was to carry that mind around from place to place while it worked.

So to the party Izzy went, Tuxedo and hands and all. The big new house was ablaze with lights when he drove up in a taxi, and out blared jazz music and chatter—and laughter, the most terrifying of all sounds to the socially timid, since it suggests ridicule. Very slowly Izzy went up the steps toward the high, ornate entry; but when nearly at the top he stopped. He could see in through the big windows. Craning far over the balustrade, he eagerly began to get his experience, from the outside.

Except for the maze of dancers, that interior was rather reassuring to a motion-picture person, for Danforth had furnished his house in the taste of the most *recherché* movie mansions, and there were endless riches of glitter and gloss.

Beyond the big dance-room set the dining room was visible, its long table covered with bottles and glasses and bowls of cracked ice; and Izzy suddenly stiffened, for amid the throng at the punch bowl was Tennyson Guldengeld, entirely surrounded by goo-goo-eyed girls. He wore his Tuxedo like he was used to it, the bum, and his shirt front stayed flat as a pancake. Izzy's foot nearly slipped off the step. Guldengeld thought he was mighty popular, didn't he?—the way he was grinning and wagging his head. Why, any G. M. could crook his finger, and a flock o' women'd come, all kinds, to string him for jobs!

Just then a brisk couple came up the steps, the man laughing, the woman flaunting with filmy draperies and redolent of three perfumes. They hurried straight to the door and rang the bell. The door opened. They walked in, and Izzy after them.

A Jap took Izzy's hat and new yellow top coat, and whisked them away out of sight somewhere, leaving the boy naked to the world and lost amid a seethe of careless humanity. Danforth and his wife rescued him for a moment, greeted him heartily, and rushing to greet other newcomers dropped him at the doors of the big dance set. Grateful to be unobserved, he stood half in the shadow of the hangings and looked on as through a mist, while he considered his hands!

Those hands were hanging straight down. It might be better if he held one up against his vest. He tried it. The position seemed awkward and uncomfortable. He put his hands behind him and clasped them together. Somebody in the hall back of him laughed. Common sense told him that they were not laughing at his hands, yet he dropped them hastily to his sides, while a hot flush crept up his long neck, and he felt his cheeks burning. Mad panic seized him. Well, he'd kept his word! He'd been to the party! He could sneak out now, and nobody would notice; and a mighty sigh of relief came to him.

Suddenly he started as if he had received a galvanic shock, for a soft hand was laid on his shoulder from behind, and a voice that he knew very well indeed said, "Why, here you are, Izzy! I've been looking everywhere for you!" It was Prue, a particularly entrancing vision tonight in

(Continued on Page 137)

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(Continued from Page 134)

pale lavender and pink, and altogether she was a wonderful haven of refuge. "And you have on the new dinner suit! Turn around, Izzy, and let me see you."

Obediently he turned, and instantly his vest crawled up, revealing a puff of white between vest and trousers; his coat collar climbed his neck, his shirt front bulged; and the scarlet swept up his face again to the roots of his curly hair.

"Howdy do, Prue," he stammered. "It's a wonderful big party, ain't it?"

Then his hands wandered aimlessly to the front of his vest, and the edge of his pockets and behind him and straight down. He was sinking fast; and Prue, with a kindly sparkle in her eye, saw that she'd have to devote a few minutes to missionary work. Promptly she led the way to a near-by couch and sat down; and Izzy, whose knees were wabbling, sank beside her. Instantly the bulge of his shirt front rolled up against his chin, his trouser legs hiked up to his calves and his active imagination made him feel his tight trousers spreading their seams! Panic-stricken, he rose, and, awkward as he felt, determined to stand from then on.

"Ready for that dance, Miss Joy?"

A tall, handsome chap with a fussy little mustache and dazzling white teeth. It was Rodney Adams, the great director, chiefly famous in professional circles because girls who played hits in his pictures were made. They became big stars, not only on the screen but socially. Prue sparkled her sparklingest as Rodney hurried her away to dance, and at the corners of Izzy's still boyishly curved lips there came a sharp little down tug. Well, he had been to the party; he could sneak out now.

And then three men came in nonchalantly; three men without ladies; they were Simmons, Hillary Wells and Gifford Lane Jones; and a thrill permeated Izzy as he recognized that the elegant Hillary Wells' shirt front was bulging. Also, noticing the thing, Hillary let it bulge, and glancing with his twinkling-eyed insolence around the room, he thrust his hands comfortably in his coat pockets!

Immediately, Izzy, letting his shirt front bulge as it would, thrust his hands in his coat pockets, and with that action the world was his. He sauntered up to the newcomers, the light of confidence in his eager dark-brown eyes as he observed, with his cheerful grin, "Hello, fellows! You got late to the party."

"As we live and breathe, it is our dear old boyhood chum Isidor Iskovitch Presents!" said Wells, putting a friendly hand in the crook of the boy's elbow; and with Simmons on the other side of him, Isidor proudly and boldly marched across the dance-room floor in the wake of Gifford Lane Jones, who had an unerring instinct about where to find the drinks.

Just back of the dining room they discovered a quiet alcove, and there heaven began; a man's heaven, such as Conan Doyle has not yet perfected, consisting of a fine, retired place to talk shop, with drinks and food within easy reach if they should happen to desire those articles of subsidiary comfort.

"Well, gentlemen, there is no use in trying to avoid our natural instincts," suggested Wells, stretching his long legs satisfactorily before him. "Let's get out our heaviest hammers and go after the most contemptible little shrimp in the motion-picture industry. What's your testimony, Simmons?"

"That he's a contemptible little shrimp. But why not discuss something pleasant?"

"Hear, hear!" Gifford Lane Jones was more like his old self, with two highballs in him. "What more pleasant, however, say I, than to hammer the contemptible little shrimp?"

"I know who you mean," grinned Izzy. "But we got 'im, and we gotta make the best of 'im. I'm tryin' to."

"Oh, listen to our sweet little glad friend Izzyanna!" and Wells cast on him a reproachful eye before he winked at the others. "Now, boys, watch me turn this warbling canary into a scorpion. How much did it cost, Izzy, to delay The Blood-Red Mask for a month, while the gifted Guldengeld and myself made an imbecile out of the script?"

"He's a bum!" husked Izzy with sudden savageness. "He's been six weeks on the job, an' production has slowed down 50 per cent, an' the overhead has jumped up about a hundred. That's because everything's gotta wait while he tells everybody how to do what they know how to do better'n he does."

Out of the howl that followed that they came up with a fresh topic; but for the time being they had lost Izzy, for he was silently busy with the guilt of Guldengeld as expressed by Izzy's nine Muses—Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Interest, Compound Interest, Usury, Profit and Loss. When he snapped out of it, with young Tennyson comfortably nailed to the star, he found them in an idealistic flight, discussing pictures they thought would please the public, planning them as happily as if they were to be allowed to make them. He listened quietly, and began to be aware that there was a commercial value as yet unexploited in these creative minds. Here were three experienced men, all of dignified standing in their respective lines, and all three with something in them that the picture business needed, which they were anxious to give and for which they were already being paid, but which the picture business would not take. Their altruism impressed him seriously and stirred him to emulation.

"Say, Mr. Simmons," he said abruptly during a pause, "what's the best ten stories for big specials that you know about?"

"The first ten that Guldengeld turned down," answered the editor promptly; "and in the list is Giff's pet, The Toilers of the Sea."

"I read it," and the others stared at Izzy. "I heard you fellows talkin' about it, an' I ain't overlookin' any bets. It's a swell! It's got sympathy, an' that's what sells. Why, say, you wanta get right up an' help that fella lift that ship out o' the rocks! An' looky! Three o' these big French authors' books has gone over strong in the pictures lately. When can you give me that list, Simmons?"

"I'll give it to you right now." Taking a pencil from Wells and an old envelope from Jones, Simmons started to write the titles from a very acute memory. "I don't want to pry into your professional secrets, son, but what is about to happen?"

"I'm gonna try to sell 'em to Guldengeld."

It was a laugh, a laugh derisive, scornful and scathing; but Izzy was serious.

"I'm gonna! He can't make up his mind about stories, y'understand. If he says yes, he's got a flop, maybe; but he can't pick a bad one if he says no. Of course, if I went in to 'im an' said, 'Here's ten good ones' he'd break his rattle. But there's one thing you can always tell this Tenny bird an' not getta argument; an' that's that he's a great man. You tell him that twice an' you can borrow a dollar, an' you tell it to 'im ten times, an' you get his fancy silk shirt that he's got on. I ain't tried it yet, but I watched others, an' tomorrow I'm gonna get a bucket o' salve an' go to 'im, the bum."

"By my sacred debts, I believe the kid will get away with it!" chuckled Wells, and that seeming to demand a drink, it broke up the shop fest.

The party was growing more animated now, for the uninvited guests were drifting in; hearty people of the profession who had heard that Danforth was giving a party and dropped in to get a drink, whether they knew Danforth or not. No invitations were necessary. They merely rang at the door, and were let in and they mixed. This was one of the wild Hollywood parties of which one reads. But the sober facts of this mad orgy, divested of its newspaper batik, were as follows: A large crowd of people, from the most incongruous walks of life, and with the most incongruous breeding, gathered in gayly assorted and sometimes ill-fitting clothes, separated themselves into many small groups of intimates, danced, drank, loafed around, and went home or wherever. There was animation but little excitement, laughter but little gayety, gratification but little pleasure; and there was not even vice to relieve the perfunctory character of the doings. It was a house of public entertainment with nothing to pay, and some of the unbidden guests, having drunk their fill, carried away whole bottles of the refreshments under their coats!

Izzy moved amid the high life of Hollywood with well-earned zest, his satisfaction warmed by his virtuous inner glow of altruism. He had decided to help Tennyson Guldengeld in order to help David Schusshel and he was all nice and comfortable when he found what had insensibly drawn him through all these rooms—Prue, in a cozy corner with Rodney Adams. Their acquaintanceship had progressed very

When June Comes

With its strawberries, remember Puffed Rice

Mix your berries with Puffed Rice—flimsy, flavory, crisp. It will add what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

These are toasted rice grains puffed to 8 times normal size. They fairly melt away. And they add to berries a delicious blend.

Float Puffed Wheat in milk

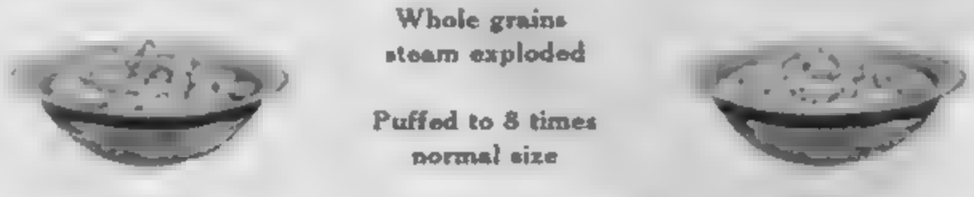
The finest morsels in a bowl of milk are globules of Puffed Wheat.

These are whole grains steam exploded, airy, toasted, crisp. Four times as porous as bread.

The food cells are blasted to make digestion easy. Thus the whole-grain elements feed.

Whole wheat supplies 12 minerals which growing children need. Millions suffer malnutrition for lack of some of them. It also supplies bran.

This form makes whole wheat delightful. It makes the milk dish tempting. Every child should get it every day in summer.



Puffed Rice

For mornings

The finest breakfast dainty that children ever get. And all food cells are broken.

Puffed Wheat

In milk at night

This forms a supreme food—whole wheat and whole milk. And this process makes wheat easy to digest.

Ladies! Here is a beautiful stocking of pure silk for $1.50. This is real value. It has a seam up the back but no seams to hurt the feet. And they're guaranteed. Ask for Notaseme style 1601.

NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

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rapidly through this evening, and those professionals who were in the know had already observed Rod's new case and were laughing about it. Something uneasy stirred in the depths of Izzy; but Prue, seeing him, brightly motioned him over; and Rodney, after a moment or so of chat, strolled away.

"I see you made a hit with Rodney Adams," Izzy suggested.

"He wants to borrow me from the M. P. C. for a picture!" exulted Prue; but as she turned to Izzy she read in his eyes such dumb misery that she was startled into a knowledge that she had kept from herself for some time. There was silence between them, while Izzy slowly revolved matters in his mind.

"Well, Prue, we're both after big things," he said at last with a sigh. "If we're goin' on up to the top, I guess we gotta, each one of us, put our foot on whatever rock or mud we find, ain't we?"

Certain little tired lines flashed at the corners of Prue's eyes, and in her ears rang the reckless remark of a very young girl in her teens who had passed by a few minutes before: "This is a hell of a business!" Suddenly Prue became aware of those gathering lines in her brow and at the corners of her eyes and down the sides of her nostrils, and she brushed them swiftly away. She couldn't afford them.

"You can't stop halfway anywhere, can you, Izzy? You have either to go on up or come back down."

Just then Tennyson Guldengeld came, half drunk, and ignoring Izzy as if the boy had not been he said to Prue, "I'm nearly all in. I'm going to take you home."

His air of crass proprietorship was almost unendurable, yet Prue, who had done her best to entertain him and make a favorable impression on him in these six weeks, controlled her revulsion and looked up at him with a smile.

"Suppose I'm not ready to go?"

He laughed at her.

"You'll go when I tell you to go, and you'll come when I tell you to come, like the rest of them. You know on which side your bread is buttered."

He laughed again, his voice thick, and putting his hands on her shoulders he attempted to draw her up. She shrank back from his touch with a sudden disgust that she could not suppress.

"Let me alone!" she told him intensely, but keeping her voice low. "If you put your hands on me again I'll scream!"

"I want to hear you."

Still laughing, he lurched forward to replace his hands on her shoulders; but Izzy, pale, jumped up and pushed him back and stood between. Young Guldengeld glared, astounded. The world was so much his oyster that he could not imagine anyone, least of all an Izzy Iskovitch, thwarting him in any whim.

"Get out of this!" he shrilled, and almost at the same instant Izzy's bony hand flew out and his palm landed on Tennyson Guldengeld's girlish cheek with a resounding slap.

"I was afraid I'd do that sometime," he said, pulling down his vest with a jerk; but the altruism was out of Izzy. He took Prue home, then hurried to the telegraph office, where he sent a three-hundred-word night letter to David Schusshel, including Simmons' list of specials.

▼

FOUR months jounced heedlessly by, as months do in the film business. The antechamber of King Tennyson, monarch of the movies, was filled with waiting courtiers, for the levee started early in these Napoleonic days, and it lasted sometimes far into the night. The Guldengeld régime had existed long enough now to become firmly established. Familiar faces were weeded out and were replanted by faces more agreeable for his majesty to look upon. He loved that crowded waiting room, where men told to come at eleven were held awaiting audience until after dark. It gave him importance; but Izzy Iskovitch, watchdog of expenses, barked wildly and ran around in circles as if he had fleas every time he estimated the cost of that waiting list. A thousand dollars a day in salaries of high-priced men was frittered away in that little twelve-by-twelve space. And all for such a scene as this:

The door of the throne room would open, a subject would come out, pleased or displeased as he had secured a kingly favor or been refused it; then would emerge His Majesty Tennyson Guldengeld, G. M., in his shirt sleeves, a hundred-pound weakling with his arms akimbo trying to look virile, and he would glance around the room. A score of the sycophants hired by himself, or those of the old régime who had turned to quick sycophancy, would spring forward, smiling eagerly, trying to catch the royal eye. King Tennyson would be gracious, if he were not peeved, and he would nod to Tom and smile to Dick and speak to Harry; then he would frown intensely and pout his lips and wag his head and snap out suddenly: You, Greenwald, I'll see you." Inside with the favored Greenwald, and the rest would lapse again into awaiting the royal pleasure.

There were men compelled to wait in that levee who liked to hold their jobs by delivering the goods, and these were marked for ultimate decapitation, every man; and they knew it. One such was Simmons, who sat this morning with a manuscript in his hand and a frown on his face ugly to see on a flat countenance so made for comfort. Another such was Director Sapp, who, having acquired in the back lot a long, flexible weed, was tapping his putties with monotonous regularity but with increasing tempo, so that at last the blows stung.

A stir in the antechamber! A craning of necks toward the two windows of the dingy room! A putting of smiles on faces that had been vacuous! Out of a garishly upholstered and shining limousine stepped the exalted one in his little top coat and his little hat. Hooray! Make way! Make way! His secretary ran out to bring in his heavy script case. Sycophants lined his pathway to the door, trying to get a word or even a glance; but he was briskly in a hurry this morning, for he was a person of business. Doing a thousand men's work was Tennyson Guldengeld! Not a story was selected that he did not throw into it his genius at adaptation. Not a script was written that he did not have radically altered according to his own hectic inspiration. Not a picture was shot that he did not tell the director, no matter how experienced, how to direct it, the actor how to act it, the cutter how to cut it and the title writer how to title it. The task was telling on him, too, for there were dark circles around his eyes and the pink was out of his cheeks; and there was nervous decrepitude in his walk and in all his movements, though these symptoms may have been helped by the fact that his chauffeur put him to bed, drunk, four nights out of the week.

He scarcely paused at the door of the antechamber, and his smiles were perfunctory and few as he swung on through with his swift, jerky tread; but Simmons caught him before he got to the door.

"Just a minute, Mr. Guldengeld."

"Well, what is it?"

The voice was high-pitched, querulous. Things were not running so smoothly these days. The trade journals were harsh in their reviews of the Guldengeld productions in spite of the M. P. C.'s increased advertising.

"I've a great deal of work to do today," said Simmons quietly, "and I can't loaf around waiting to see you. I merely wish to hand you this manuscript, which you wanted to consider as soon as it should be finished."

"What is it?" Almost a snarl.

"Wells' play, made from Giff Jones' story."

Tennyson already had it in his hand, but now he thrust it back so hastily that it fell to the floor; and, being in loose sheets, it scattered. He had not intended this, but he was not displeased that it had happened, for Simmons had to stoop before him to pick it up.

"Too bad," he rasped. "But there's no use my reading it. I've decided that the M. P. C. can't go into piker-play producing to get picture material, so that's out. I'm only going to buy the most expensive known hits I can find, and produce them regardless of cost. I'm going either to make or break this company."

With this conservative slogan he slammed into the inner office, and Simmons rose, red-faced. He muttered something under his breath and, livid with passion, was turning to go when the door swung open again and the boy wonder stood there in a livid rage of his own, so nearly in an apoplectic fit that the levee was startled.

"Simmons, come in here! You, too, Sapp! I want to see you! Where's Hillary Wells? Get him quick, somebody!"

Good-natured Simmons turned slowly, and from his place in the outer door he

(Continued on Page 141)

Air wants to get OUT!

Air fights confinement. Puff out your cheeks as far as you can. In a few seconds those strong cheek muscles, with which you can chew gum for hours, will be tired from retaining the extra air pressure.

Air under pressure is an active, elusive prisoner, hard to hold. It is ever on the alert to escape, to rush out. Under too great pressure it will literally burst the walls that seek to retain it.

Keeping air confined

TO confine air involves the same principles as to confine anything else. You need a room and a door. The most common example of confined air is in the automobile tire. The inner tube is the container; the tire valve is the door. If either the inner tube or tire valve gives this vigorous prisoner a chance to escape—

P- - f- ff! It is gone!

Tube and tire valve hold air

All the skill and experience of the tire manufacturer has gone into making inner tubes to retain air. And not until he demonstrated his ability to make tubes that held air did the rapid development of the motor car begin.

With the pneumatic tire came the tire valve, whose little bits of metal, rubber washers, and a spring must do all that the rubber inner tube does and much more. For, no matter how perfectly the inner tube is made, its usefulness depends upon the ability of the tire valve to prevent the restless air from rushing out.

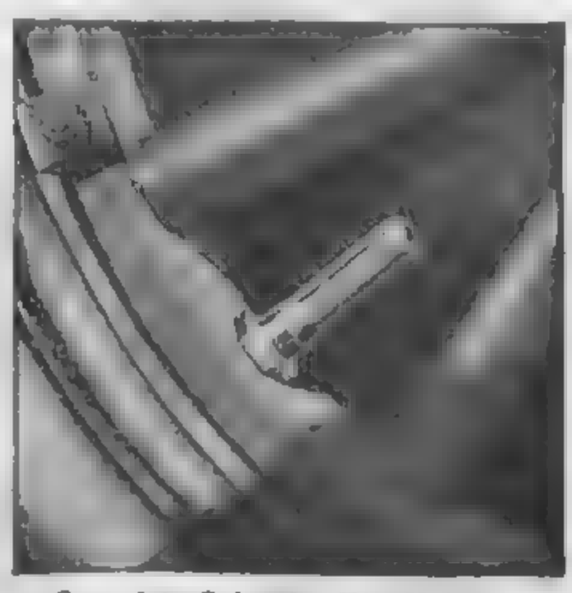
What Schrader Valves mean

For more than thirty years Schrader Tire Valves have given this protection to tires. They retained air in the first pneumatic tires made in this country. They are standard equipment on all pneumatic tires today.

Throughout transcontinental trips, over hard roads and soft, over hot sandy desert and chill mountain pass—in every part of the world where motor cars are used—Schrader Universal Tire Valves are keeping air confined in tires.

Parts of the Schrader Tire Valve

Only the use of the Schrader Tire Valve complete enables you to get the most effective service from it. Care in manufacture and inspection of Schrader Tire Valve parts insures absolute interchangeability, whether these parts are bought in India, Argentina, Canada, Great Britain, France or any State in the Union.



Complete Schrader Tire Valve as it appears on tire in actual service, and the way your car was fitted when you bought it.

What these valve parts do

The valve inside with its spring at the bottom is the main defense against loss of air. The valve cap protects the valve from the entrance of dirt and forms an absolutely air-tight secondary seal over the mouth of the valve. Under actual test this little valve cap unassisted has resisted air pressure as high as 1000 lbs. per square inch.

The rim nut bushing is essential for holding the valve stem rigidly in place and preventing it from rubbing against the rim. It also prevents creeping of the tube and holds on the dust cap, which keeps the valve stem clean and protects its threads against injury.

Help keep air in

Give your inner tubes and tire valves the protection they need. Always use a valve cap to keep mud and dirt out of the mouth of the valve. Tighten the hexagon nut at the base of the valve before inserting a new tube so that the air cannot escape at this point.

Do not rely too much on an old, worn-out tube or one that has been too frequently patched to hold in air. If you are in doubt about your old tube, a new tube equipped with a Schrader Valve is always worth the money in the convenience and security it gives and the trouble it saves.

Be sure to have extra Schrader Valve Insides and Valve Caps always in your tool kit, and also a Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge. Motor accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores carry them.

This is the Schrader Dust Cap that goes over the valve and protects it and the valve stem threads. It is always screwed on by hand. Under the dust cap and on top of the valve is the

Schrader Valve Cap. Through this cap, when screwed on by hand, no dirt can enter the valve and no air can escape from the tube. Protected by the valve cap is the

Schrader Valve Inside, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube. The valve stem into which the valve inside goes is centered in the valve hole by the

Schrader Rim Nut Bushing, which also holds on the dust cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench.

This is the Schrader Universal Tire Valve with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

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"This is the engine of a fountain pen." Insist that yours bears the name "LIFETIME"

Unconditionally Guaranteed Forever —the cause of damage matters not.

SHEAFFER'S "Lifetime"

(TRADE MARK)

The Pen Distinctive—Our new special "Lifetime" with its beautiful straight line chasing effect, illustrated in this advertisement, and artistically trimmed with gold filled clip, lever and band is a Sheaffer origination and the most beautiful, well balanced pen ever produced. You are judged by your signature which should be unchangeable—only with the *"Lifetime"* Pen is this possible.

The Gold Pen Point is to the fountain pen what the engine is to the automobile —the most Important and Expensive necessary feature.

"Lifetime" being everlasting and suitable for all occasions is made only in distinctive black.

"Lifetime" purchased at $8.75 eliminates continuous buying and assures you of always having the best.

Specially Constructed "LIFETIME" Band eliminates breaking of caps.

Sheaffer Patented Bell Shaped Cap

"Propel-Repel-Expel" Pencil companion to "LIFETIME"

We have a few good positions for exceptional and experienced fountain pen and pencil salesmen.

There are one million Sheaffer "Propel-Repel-Expel" Pencils in daily use. Only nineteen returned in thirty days—absolutely Guaranteed against defects.

"Approximately twenty million dollars were paid out for 700,000,000 wood pencils the past year. By the use of the Sheaffer guaranteed pencil, which does not require sharpening or whittling, a great percentage of this expense could have been avoided. The Sheaffer instantly and positively responds to every writing requirement."

Every obsolete mechanical pencil effects quite a saving. Sheaffer's pencil entirely eliminates lead wasting by its perfect Waspalumin Carrier—positively prevents jamming and firmly holds lead that becomes loose in obsolete one-way and ordinary Propel-Repel pencils—making possible the use of every particle of lead and assuring *utmost economy* in every Sheaffer "Propel-Repel-Expel"

Sheaffer's Leads World's Best. Package of one dozen—10c.

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(Continued from Page 138)

called, "Say, you contemptible little shrimp, just what do you want with me in that tone of voice?"

"I'll talk to you later about your language!" shrilled Tennyson, his tone almost rising to a scream as he noticed the gasping stillness in the room. "But first I'll show you what I want with you."

"Hold it a minute, Tenny, my boy," interrupted Sapp. "I'd like to know just what you want with me in that tone of voice, you contemptible little shrimp!"

"All right, you'll get yours in the open, both of you!" yelled Tennyson, and holding up a telegram in his trembling fingers he read: "'The Blood-Red Mask goes on the shelf as the worst flop that ever came into this office, and director, continuity writer and the whole staff ought to be fired. Also your scenario department needs a shake-up, for all the stories we are getting in our pictures are rotten."

Wells came in at the door, and at the sight of him Tennyson found the first real outlet for his nerve-wrought condition:

"Wells, you're fired! Your Blood-Red Mask is the worst flop they ever had in the New York office! I won't have men who make flops!"

The eminent dramatist stared at him with a quick primeval instinct of savagery; then, slowly, the twinkles came back.

"You contemptible little shrimp!" was all he said, and turned on his heel; and even the sycophants laughed.

Sapp, lounging over close to the boy who was firing and insulting, suddenly snatched the telegram from his hand and snickered.

"I'll read you the rest of it: 'Stop. You are killing Prudence Joy's sales value by keeping her off screen, so we are loaning her to the Luna Studios for one picture. Sending you a list of stories to make a beginning with Toilers of the Sea. Are you sober when you turn down stories? If so do it when drunk.'" Sapp was the only man in the room who dared to laugh. "No wonder you quit when it said stop. I suppose I'll direct The Toilers of the Sea, Mr. Guldengeld?"

"A fat chance you have after what this telegram says about your Blood-Red Mask!" sneered Tennyson, jerking the telegram from Sapp. "Simmons ——"

"You're not going to fire me!" yelled Simmons. "I have my resignation in my pocket, dated yesterday, and here it is. I date it fresh every night. And now I'm going to tell you exactly what I think of you!"

He sprang to close the door, for the monarch was darting back toward his office. Then Simmons let loose for fifteen minutes, his voice rising and falling like the cadences of a steam calliope, and the things he said to Tennyson Guldengeld are still regarded as classics at the M. P. C., where, when anybody flies into a rage, they tell him:

"Oh, that's nothing. You should have heard Harry Simmons resign!"

Sapp tried to tell Tennyson a few things that he considered Simmons had overlooked, but Guldengeld had slammed the door behind him. The irate director was for following; but Izzy, who had heard it all from the hall, plucked Sapp by the sleeve.

"Come into my office. I got somethin' to show you."

Without a word Sapp followed, for here was one whom he could trust. In the cost hound's tiny office next to the business manager's, Hillary Wells was already waiting, having been caught and sent there as he came out.

"Looky!" said Izzy. "Y'understand, I don't butt into any private quarrels; but when I got my own organization sometime I want every man in it to feel that he's workin' for my company, and that I'm gonna make it worth his while, and that's what I'm doin' for Mr. Schusshel. Now I been sendin' the old man telegrams ever since the night I slapped this bum Guldengeld's dirty face; but it takes about four months to get a answer from New York in the picture business, an' today's the first action I got. An' all this time I been savin' things up. Looky here!" He threw open the deep lower drawer of his decrepit old imitation-oak desk. The drawer was filled with manuscripts and notes, and on every one of them was scrawled the familiar crabbed hand of Tennyson Guldengeld. "Here's the original script of The Blood-Red Mask. You see it's got on it all of this here Guldengeld's notes how to change it. And here's a schedule of changes in his own handwriting that he figured out overnight, and threw in the wastebasket after he got through tellin' Mr. Wells here how to make 'em. I pay a dollar a week to have that wastebasket brought to me, and I got a separate expense account for it I'm savin' up to hand in to Mr. Schusshel some day. Now you fellows has both been done dirt, and now's the time to begin goin' after this bird."

"The truth is mighty and must prevail," chuckled Wells, to whom even his own disasters were a joke; but Sapp looked at his watch.

"Izzy, if you will loan me this sweet evidence, I'll catch the next train for New York."

"Hot dog!" And Izzy clapped him on the back. "Snitch everything you know on him!"

"I think I'll go with Sapp," drawled Wells. "I haven't seen the dear old island of joy for some summers."

"No, you don't, Mr. Wells!" grinned Izzy. "You always said you wanted to direct your own play an' nobody'd let you. Well, your play would sell strong for a picture, or may I never be a producer. So I'm gonna put up six thousand dollars myself to put on The Blinding Vision. Like this: I get the profits of the play, and you get your regular playwright royalties and Mr. Jones gets his author's royalties; then we three split the motion-picture rights. Maybe I could screw better terms out o' you fellows, but I don't think it's smart business. If you're comers, I want us to do some more together. Where's Gifford?"

But they were too late to catch Gifford. That young man, doomed by fate to continuous misfortune, arrived late this morning, and going through the hall caught the, to him, magic name The Toilers of the Sea. They were discussing who would make the production, and the probabilities, he gathered, lay with the gay director who had been drunk with Tennyson the most. Waiting for no more, Gifford hurried in with happy expectancy, passed straight through to the inner office, since the door was open, and almost shouted, "Well, Tennyson, I hear you're going to do The Toilers of the Sea!"

"Yes," admitted Tennyson, pretending to examine some memoranda while he looked up out of the tops of his little eyes at Gifford Lane Jones.

"Great stuff! I've always loved that story, and I've never hoped for anything as I've hoped for this since the day I suggested it to you."

"Oh, did you?" said Tennyson carelessly. "I have a note on my calendar pad of the day I marked it down for consideration, but I don't remember any one suggesting it."

"Oh, well, we'll let that go," returned Gifford, concealing his secret indignation. "Of course, I'm going to do the continuity?"

"I should say not!" laughed Tennyson. "You haven't shown anything since you've been here, Mr. Jones, that proves you to be of the caliber to handle so big a production as The Toilers of the Sea."

Gifford stared at him.

"I haven't had a chance," he protested. "These program pictures for Miss Day are made to measure, on a formula laid down strictly by the M. P. C.'s sales experiences, and one writer can do them as rottenly as another. Moreover, Mr. Guldengeld, I must say, in my own defense, that you've never given me any leeway. You have dictated, yourself, the development of every one of those scripts, and have forced me to accept elements that I would not have chosen; and ——"

"That's just it!" interrupted Tennyson, his voice rising in a crescendo of petulance, as it always did when he was being cornered. "You don't follow instructions with cleverness. I want men around me who can carry out my ideas. It seems to me, Mr. Jones, that you don't get the right slant on these program pictures, anyhow. You are condescending to them, and you try to write down to them."

What blood there was in Gifford Lane Jones' emaciated body suddenly pumped into its old rhythm, and he made a fatal remark characteristic of him:

"In heaven's name, I couldn't write up to them, could I?"

Young Guldengeld's petulance dropped from him instantly, and it was a dangerous sign, for now he looked at Gifford with open animosity and an open sneer.

"No, you couldn't. And since you must write down, I'm going to put you on serials. For The Toilers of the Sea I am going to

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More TRANSPORTATION *and* less Regulation

THAT excessive regulation of railroads is making it increasingly difficult for them to give a full measure of public service is coming to be generally recognized throughout the country. The following excerpts from recent public reports are pertinent:

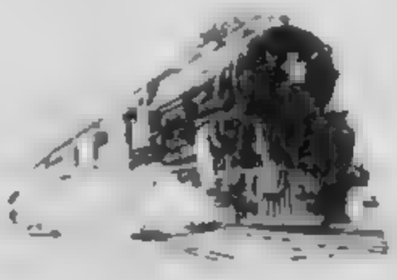
> The transportation system must be continually improved to keep pace with industrial progress. This country has enjoyed railroad transportation on a cheaper basis than practically any other civilized country in the world, but we cannot continue to do so by restricting initiative or by undue limitation of railroad profits earned under uniform and reasonable rates.—*Report of the Congressional Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry.*

> I have talked with some of the delegates here, and many of them are coming to the conclusion that we have too much railroad regulation.—*Report of Director C. B. Hutchings of the Transportation Department, American Farm Bureau Federation.*

> We must have increased transportation if we are to maintain our growing productivity. We must therefore find a way out of the cycle of systematic starvation of a large part of our mileage and the denudation of our railway managers of their responsibilities and initiative.—*Report of Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.*

The only regulation of railroads *in the public interest* is regulation that promotes the growth of transportation facilities to keep pace with national development.

Under such constructive regulation, new capital will be attracted from investors for the development of our railroads—and adequate service at fair rates will be insured.



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AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

get in a man who has proved his cleverness as an adapter."

The tumult of passion that came up in Gifford was too sudden and too strong for expression. It choked his heart action and left him cold, left him so licked that he turned to pleading, where his impulse had been to fight.

"Just a minute, Mr. Guldengeld. I think you're not giving me fair consideration. I lived three summers on the coast where this story is laid. I know the character of the people around there as I know the people in the town where I was born. I've been an earnest student of Victor Hugo all my life. I think I unconsciously founded my style on his. My big-hit stories, moreover, were woven around these very people and this same locale. Add to this the fact that I've had actual, practical picture experience, that I've made good pictures with at least one big hit among them, and that I have a name sufficiently familiar throughout the world to be worth exploitation, and I think you'll find big reasons, commercial reasons, if you please, for my handling the adaptation of The Toilers of the Sea."

Guldengeld listened unmoved.

"All those reasons, Mr. Jones, might be better if you weren't a has-been. I don't like to say things that sound harsh, but your exploitation value has been destroyed by your being out of print. You made a mistake in going to the war. We might as well be frank, for this is a business, Mr. Jones; it isn't a charitable institution."

A brave man, Gifford Lane Jones, a man who had stood knee deep in reddened water in the trenches by the hour, with shrapnel flying over his head, falling all about him, and joking with his elbow buddy while he waited for the word to go over and be killed. An ordinary insult he would have resented yet; but as he looked at the decadent in front of him, there was nothing to fight. He squared his shoulders, he lifted his chin and he remembered that he had a wife back East who needed his salary.

He bowed stiffly to his boss. It was almost a salute, and wheeling with something of the military clinging about him still he marched out.

Izzy, hunting him everywhere, found him just after that interview, and took him joyously into the office where Hillary Wells still waited; but there was little joy in Gifford. He signed the agreements that Izzy had drawn up, then suddenly he bent his head on his folded arms on the edge of the desk and one big sob came up in him.

VI

A SERIAL is the lowest known form of human stupefaction. It consists of an average of fifteen episodes, of two reels each, and must contain a minor thrill in the middle of each reel, a major thrill at the end of each reel and a suspensive situation combined with the major thrill at the end of each two-reel episode. One of these episodes is shown weekly. The hero is left senseless, bound hand and foot, say, on a box filled with high explosives, and a lighted fuse is creeping nearer and nearer, with no possible help within a hundred miles across the burning desert. There is no escape for that man or fair young heroine, as the case may be. But at the beginning of next week's episode a rattlesnake bites the man on the leg and rouses him with such a reflex jerk that his foot accidentally kicks out the fuse.

A little mathematics will disclose that since a serial of fifteen episodes requires thirty minor and thirty major thrills and fourteen suspended miracles, and since there cannot possibly be more than thirty basic minor thrills and thirty basic major thrills, therefore, it stands to reason that all serials must be exactly alike. Q. E. D. You may change the clothing on the actors, you may put the locale in China, India or the American Wild West; you may race your horses up the hill instead of down, or rescue the heroine from a burning hotel in place of a burning barn, but the basic thrills remain the same. As does the plot, which in brief is this: In the first episode the dastardly villains steal the girl and the papers, and for fourteen more weeks the hero chases them; in the fifteenth virtue triumphs.

Gifford Lane Jones tackled the job of writing serials with what saving sense of humor he could muster, and, being put on his mettle to make good, sternly resisted all impulse to put intelligence into the thing, succeeding so well that Tennyson Guldengeld was pleased to drop the internationally famous author a little note complimenting him on his work, and stating that he was glad that Mr. Jones had at last found something that seemed to turn out well for the M. P. C.; but added that, since this work was standardized, it was not fair to the other serial writers to pay him his present salary, so he would be forced to cut Mr. Jones to fifty dollars a week.

Gifford Lane Jones, reading that note, laughed grimly, and the effect was startling with those empty gums and his shrill, high-pitched voice. He started up from his desk in his little six-by-eight uncarpeted concrete room, in that low-lying hovel of disillusionment known as the scenario department, to show the note to Simmons; then suddenly remembered that Simmons was not there. He had been gone two weeks, his place being occupied by a natty young gentleman with a florid face and a curled mustache, who confined his labors to conferences with Tennyson Guldengeld, and had assistants to do his work.

Gifford stood in the center of his little room a long time, gaunt, emaciated, hollow-eyed and hollow-cheeked. He looked out over the greensward, lying smilingly under the yellow sunlight, and across to the mist-shrouded purple hills. Huh! He had tasted fame and it had been sweet. He had made big money. He had lunched and dined with great people all over the world; people of refinement, class, intelligence, achievement. He had seen his name in big and little type, and he had known this pleasure—that wherever he was introduced, at home and abroad, to reading people, they would say, "Oh, yes, Gifford Lane Jones! You wrote this or that or the other. Bully stuff!" His days had been very full, indeed, when he had been a whole man in place of this husk that ached with its myriad wounds; and here he was, forced by a puny-souled intellectual nonentity to do mental labor that was a constant degradation of the gifts God had given him, to all the artistic impulses with which he was filled, to everything in him that aspired and idealized and made beautiful. He laughed again, and taking his hat put a cigarette between his flaccid lips, lit it and walked out, his shoulders squared and his chin well up, and his gaze fixed on those distant hills with their tops shrouded in mist. And the mellow golden sunlight lay between.

There is no doubt whatsoever that fate is specific in her intentions, and that she meant misfortune to pursue Gifford Lane Jones unrelentingly, for he had not been gone from his office five minutes before Ernest Sapp arrived from New York with David Schusshel; and Sapp's first exultant inquiry was for Jones. He had come back triumphant, with Schusshel's agreement for him to shoot The Toilers of the Sea, and for Giff to make the adaptation. He was as eager as a schoolboy to get with Giff and begin talking over the treatment, for the old man had promised a fine, artistic production, such as would give class to the M. P. C.

Meanwhile, David Schusshel, worried and yellow, was in Izzy's little cubbyhole of an office, going over the evidence. He quit before he was half through the pile.

"I saw enough," he said. "That boy's going to ruin me. I thought maybe he might turn out to be a genius. I hoped so, anyhow."

"Well, that ain't doin' anything about it!" snapped Izzy, impatient that the old man had shown no more fire, angry that he was taking refuge in dejection rather than in temper. "The question is, are you gonna fire that bum or are you gonna let me do it?" and there was quivering in the boy a vicious eagerness such as the old man had never seen in him.

"Keep still, Izzy. I have to think."

"You gotta think! It looks to me like it your thinkin's all done for you. All you gotta do is show a little action!"

He stopped and glowered down at Schusshel, as he saw that he was not being heard. The old man was stroking the bridge of his nose, over and over. Izzy, full of nervous impatience, was about to blaze away at him again when there rose a commotion in the hall, voices that vibrated with unmistakable tragedy, and he ran out to see what it was. Gifford Lane Jones was dead! He had walked up on the pleasant knoll, back of the clump of elms, in the best view he could find of those beautiful hills, and had shot himself.

Horror-stricken, Izzy ran back to his room to tell David Schusshel, but the old man was not there. So concentrated that he had not noticed the commotion, David

(Continued on Page 145)

BUNTING
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ON HINGES OF BUNTING BRONZE

SLOWLY, ponderously, the great sections of the bascule bridge rise and rise until they tower majestically, far above the swirling waters and the freighted ship.

The colossal leaves are opened and closed by the application of power to giant gears buried in the massive abutments. Huge shafts of steel carry the load. Massy housings of steel support this mighty shafting.

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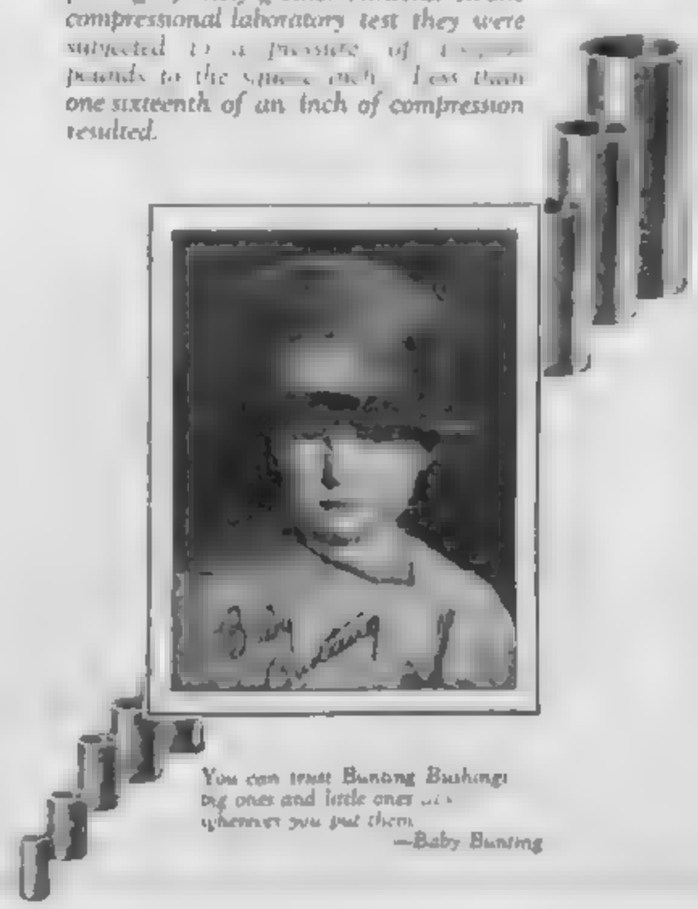

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announced by

United States Rubber Company

Pioneering along lines entirely new in the rubber industry—and after five years of scientific development both in America and on the Company's plantations in the Far East—the United States Rubber Company now presents three new major and basic contributions to the art of rubber manufacture:

1- The new Sprayed Rubber

For use in the manufacture of all rubber products

2- The new Web Cord

Of specific application to the art of cord tire making

3- The new Flat Band Process of building a Cord Tire

Ensuring a uniform tire, equalized through and through in resiliency and resistance to puncture and wear.

AT this time, the far-reaching scope and benefit of these three basic discoveries are perhaps most appreciated by the rubber technician.

They date a chapter in rubber manufacture so new as to be almost revolutionary.

* * *

Sprayed Rubber is the result of a new method of obtaining crude rubber from latex, the milky liquid which flows from a rubber tree when it is tapped.

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It is believed that this development means more to the rubber industry than anything that has been accomplished since the discovery of vulcanization in 1839.

The new *Web Cord* is the result of a basic discovery—that rubber latex has a strong natural affinity for cotton cord. The new Web Cord produces the first true rubber-webbed cord tire.

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* * *

The *Flat-Band Process* of building a cord tire ensures scientific precision.

Each cord of the 19,000 individual cords in a 35x5 Royal Cord for instance, is now uniform in length, uniform in angle, uniform in tension. This means a *balanced tire*—in which every part does its proportionate share of the work. There are no weak spots. Wear is uniform and gradual—with a high resistance to puncture.

* * * *

In short—these three basic discoveries present what amounts to a new and finer art in rubber manufacture. They are the exclusive property of the United States Rubber Company—fully protected by patents in the United States and foreign countries.

Trade Mark

United States Rubber Company

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 142)

had walked out of the side door, climbed in his limousine and was on his way to Meyer Guldengeld's.

He found his old friend rather stern and uncompromising, and Meyer's complaint came before David's.

"My boy tells me he doesn't have a fair chance out at your place. He says you interfere with him from New York, and that you have people here who spoil the things he is trying to do."

"Maybe he wants to quit, Meyer?" said David hopefully. "I'm willing."

"No, he don't quit. You have him for a two-year contract, and there he stays until the two years is up."

"Listen, Meyer, I made arrangements to pay off my note on that money you loaned me."

"I don't want it," returned Meyer soothingly. "I have the money in a good safe place with you, where it pays me better interest than where I took it from. Why should I lose my interest, just because you find it convenient to pay off the loan before my two-year investment is up?"

"All right then. You fix it any way you want to, just so you let me get rid of that boy of yours. He's no good. He ruins my business. If you happen to be unfortunate in the kind of a son you got, I don't see why I have to pay for it."

Meyer Guldengeld struck his two fists on the two arms of his padded chair.

"Let that alone, David! He is the brightest boy I have. He has wonderful ideas about the picture business. He comes home and tells them to me, and I can judge for myself what big ideas he has."

"Maybe he's got them," admitted David, "but I haven't seen any I can make any money on. And I tell you this, Meyer—no, I don't. I ask you once more, Meyer, as an old friend, to let me get rid of that boy. I don't even say he's no good. I take that back. All I say is this: Him and me can't stay in the same business together or I go broke."

"He has a year and four months yet," answered Meyer firmly, "so he stays there a year and four months."

"I bet you he don't!" shouted David, rising. "He don't stay another day in my place if I have to pay him his salary for nothing to the end of his contract!"

"Yes, he does, David Schusshel!" shouted Meyer Guldengeld, rising. "That boy has a contract to general manage your plant, and he's going to be general manager if you go broke a hundred times and I have to foreclose on your plant to get my money!"

Thus it was that David Schusshel drove back to the plant no better off than when he had driven away. As he stepped into the hall, a grave-faced group was getting up a subscription list for something or other, and as David came forward Tennyson Guldengeld, walking out of his office, stopped by the group and listened.

"Oh," said he, "a subscription for poor Jones' funeral expenses? You may put me down for twenty-five dollars."

"No, you don't!" Izzy jumped before Tennyson, quivering with passion. "You don't put a cent on this subscription list! I wouldn't insult Gifford that much—because you killed 'im!"

A dead silence followed that, for Izzy had voiced the thought in them all; then rose the shrill voice of Tennyson:

"I didn't! I didn't! I didn't!" He fell into a passion of childish negation, and the men there looked at him, suddenly aware of the fact that the boy was sick, that he wasn't normal, that he had no right to hold a man's place among men. "You try to blame me for what he did because I'm not running a charity place out here! If every man's going to kill himself because I won't pay him more salary than he earns - -"

"That'll be about all out of you!" interrupted Sapp, deadly in his anger. "Get back in your office! Get back quick or I'll bat you back!" And Tennyson, cringing, went back.

The old man waited for no more, but, sick at heart, went into his private office. Izzy saw him go, and followed.

"I guess you heard what happened."

"It's terrible," said the old man. "It's terrible! I wouldn't have had that happen for any money!"

"Well, it did," retorted Izzy sternly. "What are we gonna do about this rotten little G. M. you got here? Do you go in there to fire 'im, or do you want me to send 'im here? I'll drag him, if you say so."

"Wait a minute, Izzy. I got to tell you something. I can't fire him."

"You ——" Izzy stopped, astounded. "What's the matter with you, Mr. Schusshel? I knew you was gettin' old, but I didn't think you'd lost your nerve. All right, I tell you this much: If you won't fire him, you got to fire me! I won't stay in a place where they keep such bums as him! You always had my respect, Mr. Schusshel, but you ain't got it any more! And listen: when I get my own business I'm gonna be your competitor, and I'm gonna run you out o' business! It'll be easy by that time!"

"Oh, hush up!" ordered David; then he struggled with himself, and the red came up in his yellowed cheeks. "Izzy, I got to tell you something else: Eight months ago I had to borrow a half of a million dollars, and I got it from Meyer Guldengeld, and I got this Tenny with it. For two years, Izzy!"

"Oh!" The boy sat down. "Why didn't you tell me that? So that contemptible little shrimp was bought into this place!"

"Yes; like he was at the Climax. I just found it out that Tim Barney got him with a two-hundred-thousand-dollar loan, and Barney's got the goods on me. He laughs every time he sees me. Say, Izzy, this Tennyson Guldengeld didn't pick The Proud Lady! He just brought home the book from the bookstore along with a dozen others, and when it was a hit he claimed it, and that's how Barney sawed him off on me."

"It looks to me like Barney put it over you all around," grinned Izzy. "You're payin' a lot more for your money than he did for his. But get this, Mr. Schusshel: I take it back. I ain't gonna quit. But, believe me, Tenny is!"

"Attaboy!" said the old man feebly.

VII

IT IS strange how quickly one becomes accustomed to a dinner suit. Izzy was scarcely aware that he had hands at all, after the first act of the opening of The Blinding Vision; except that those hands were hot from applause, for Hillary Wells' great play based upon Gifford Lane Jones' great story, and produced by Isidor Iskovitch, was an assured hit. By the end of the second act it was a smashing hit, and at the great third-act curtain, while the audience roared and the applause continued and continued and continued until long after Hillary Wells had made his speech—affectionately dedicating the play to that gallant soldier and famous author, Gifford Lane Jones—Izzy was delirious with joy. Breaking away from the congratulations of his elderly friend David Schusshel, he ran around to the box where Prue sat with Rodney Adams and George B. Luna. Prue and Rodney came out and met him in the aisle, and Rodney shook hands with him warmly.

"I want your play, Mr. Iskovitch," he said with his usual pleasant directness. "That is, if I can get Mr. Luna to buy it for me. I think it will make a great picture."

"It'll cost you a lotta money," returned Izzy promptly, "and the longer it stays on the more it'll cost you. And when we send it into New York, if it makes a hit there - I got to stop an' figure before I put a price on it."

There was a trace of pained speculation in Rodney Adams. He was a man of very decisive action, and knew precisely what he wanted, and he wanted The Blinding Vision; but he wasn't the man who was to pay!

"Well, it takes money to buy hits," he admitted, almost with a sigh, and turned to speak with some passing friends.

"I don't need to tell you how I feel about your success, Izzy," said Prue, putting both her hands in his, and for a moment she looked him soberly in the eye.

But if there was in Izzy any sad sentiment about her it was not uppermost now, for he drew her swiftly into the shelter of an open exit, and sinking his voice whispered hastily, "Say, Prue, how do they stand for finances over at the Luna? Not so good?"

She looked around cautiously, then smiled and shook her head.

"Not so good."

"I thought so, the way that Rodney Adams pulled back a little about the price. Say, tell me quick, what do you know?"

"He's hunting a partner, with money."

"Hot dog!" It was the boy who grinned his exultant grin at Prue, and the boy whose

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THE tub is filling with rusty water—enough to make anyone start the day in a bad humor—yet next door, in the very same type of house, there are none of these vexations—the plumbing pipe is rustless brass.

Rusting pipes are responsible for most plumbing troubles. Not only does rust reduce the flow to a thin trickle but the water is discolored and uninviting. The final results are leaks, damage to property and frequent repair bills.

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"Marquisette"—an original Whiting & Davis creation, given a striking jeweled effect by its artistically hand wrought frame; styled to the daintiness and dash of youth.

"The Princess Mary Dansant Bracelet"—a conception entirely Parisian. The little bag for the tiny things every woman wants at her fingers' tips, joined by a silver cord to another a bit larger. Worn pendant from the wrist, adding a final touch of luxury to the evening costume.

Both—like all Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags—spun from the finest mesh, gleaming and iridescent with a rare beauty which defies time. A June gift to delight her through the Junes to follow.

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eager eyes sparkled with glee. "Say, I been makin' gumshoe inquiries all week for some responsible motion-picture company that needs a lotta money. Introduce me to Mr. Luna right away."

Prue looked around for Rodney. He was still busy with the group of friends. She took Izzy into the box and introduced him and left him there.

Mr. Luna was a large-featured man with the black mustache of a pirate, the eyes of a hawk and a neck that rolled comfortably outside his collar all around; but his voice was smooth and polished as he congratulated Izzy.

"I'll tell the world it's a great play!" the young producer asserted with justifiable pride. "Hillary Wells is a great dramatist, and Gifford Lane Jones was a great story writer; but there's one other little fellow whose name ought to be on the bills but ain't. And that's Meyer Guldengeld's son, Tennyson!"

"Indeed?" and Mr. Luna evinced a properly polite interest. "What did he have to do with it?"

"Picked it!" replied Izzy promptly and emphatically. "Why, nobody could see this for a picture, but Tennyson Guldengeld did! You know, he's our G. M. out at the M. P. C. Well, sir, that boy he just hung at Mr. Schusshel to buy that picture 'n' put it on, even if it was an original, and Mr. Schusshel wouldn't do it. Well, sir, believe me, you can't lick that boy! He got Mr. Wells to write it into a play so it wouldn't be an original any more. And then he tried to get Mr. Schusshel to put on the play so we could have it as a picture. Well, I listened around, and I got so much respect for Tennyson Guldengeld's judgment as a picker that the minute I found Mr. Schusshel wouldn't produce the play I hurried right to Mr. Wells and Mr. Jones and snapped it up before anybody else could get it."

"It seems to me you're a pretty good business man yourself," smiled Mr. Luna.

"Oh, I got a few dollars I made myself," returned Izzy modestly. "Mr. Schusshel wouldn't have anybody around him that didn't have some ability. That's how he came to get Tennyson Guldengeld from the Climax. You know, Tenny picked The Proud Lady for them over there."

"Did he?" and Mr. Luna began to take more than a polite interest.

"Sure! Say, when that boy gets a business of his own he's gonna turn 'em all over! And I guess he'll get it pretty soon, because his father Meyer Guldengeld's got all kinds o' money, and I guess he'd put up a million dollars, or maybe more, to see young Tennyson Guldengeld at the head of his own good business."

Hot dog! That shot hit home! He could see in Mr. Luna's hawklike eyes the glitter of instant keen speculation.

"And say, he picked The Toilers of the Sea for us. It's gonna be the classiest production we ever made! He's all class, that boy Tennyson is!"

But Mr. Luna wasn't listening.

Two days later, David Schusshel, from his private office, kept a keen watch on the road; and the old man's face was cleanshaven and pink, and he beamed benevolently. Presently his own limousine rolled into the yard, and out popped Izzy, back from a three-hour errand to the city on which the old man had slyly sent him. David listened. He heard a bustling at the side door, then he went over to the cost hound's office and stuck in his head.

"Say, Izzy, come along. I want to show you something."

He led the way into the hall and around to the general manager's office and opened the door, Izzy following curiously. The room was vacant and the desk was cleaned of everything but the inkwell

"Here's the key, my boy. It's your job."

For a minute Izzy stood with a gulp in his throat; then he grabbed the old man's hand and wrung it vigorously, and David Schusshel wiped a tear out of his eye. Then the new G. M. went straight over to the desk, and behind it, and sat in the general manager's chair and pressed a button; and an ecstatic thrill ran through his finger at the touch! A flashy young woman came in, left over from the Guldengeld administration, and she bestowed on her new boss a smile that won her instant dismissal in Izzy's constructive mind.

"Get Mr. Simmons on the phone and tell 'im I want to see 'im right away, and tell the same thing to Hillary Wells down at the box office at the theater," he ordered. "Then get Prudence Joy over at the Luna Studio, and Mr. Sapp—and Mr. Guldengeld's editor down at the scenario department."

The old man came closer to the desk as the girl went out.

"Say, Izzy, you know the George B. Luna Studios won't buy your play now, since Tennyson's vice president over there. What's the best other offer you got for the picture rights?"

"Oh, I ain't so worried about offers. I'm holdin' it for thirty thousand."

"I guess you'd shave the price a little to keep it in the family, wouldn't you?"

"Sure," grinned Izzy as he pressed another button. "I'll throw off a nickel."

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Camera Study, Riverside County, California

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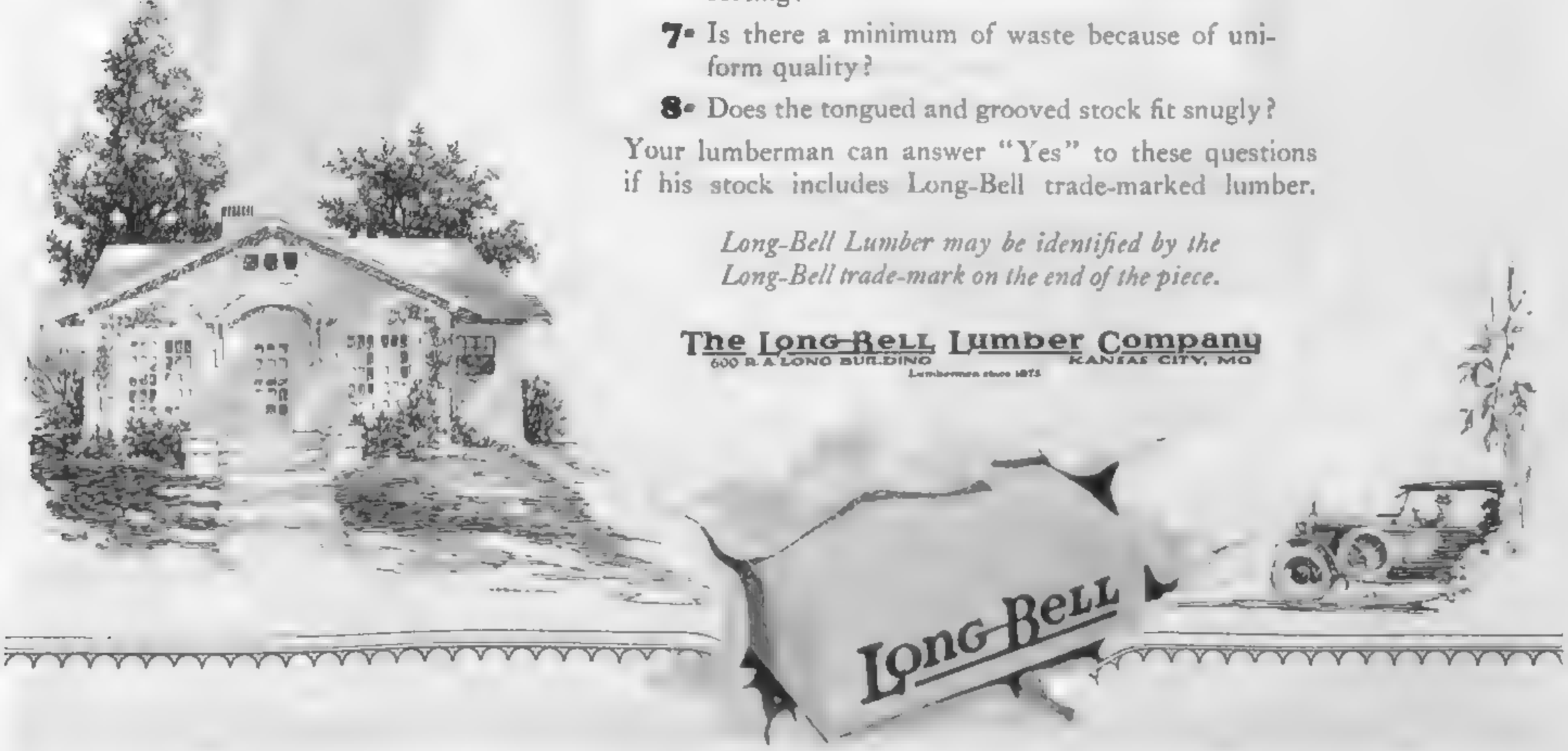

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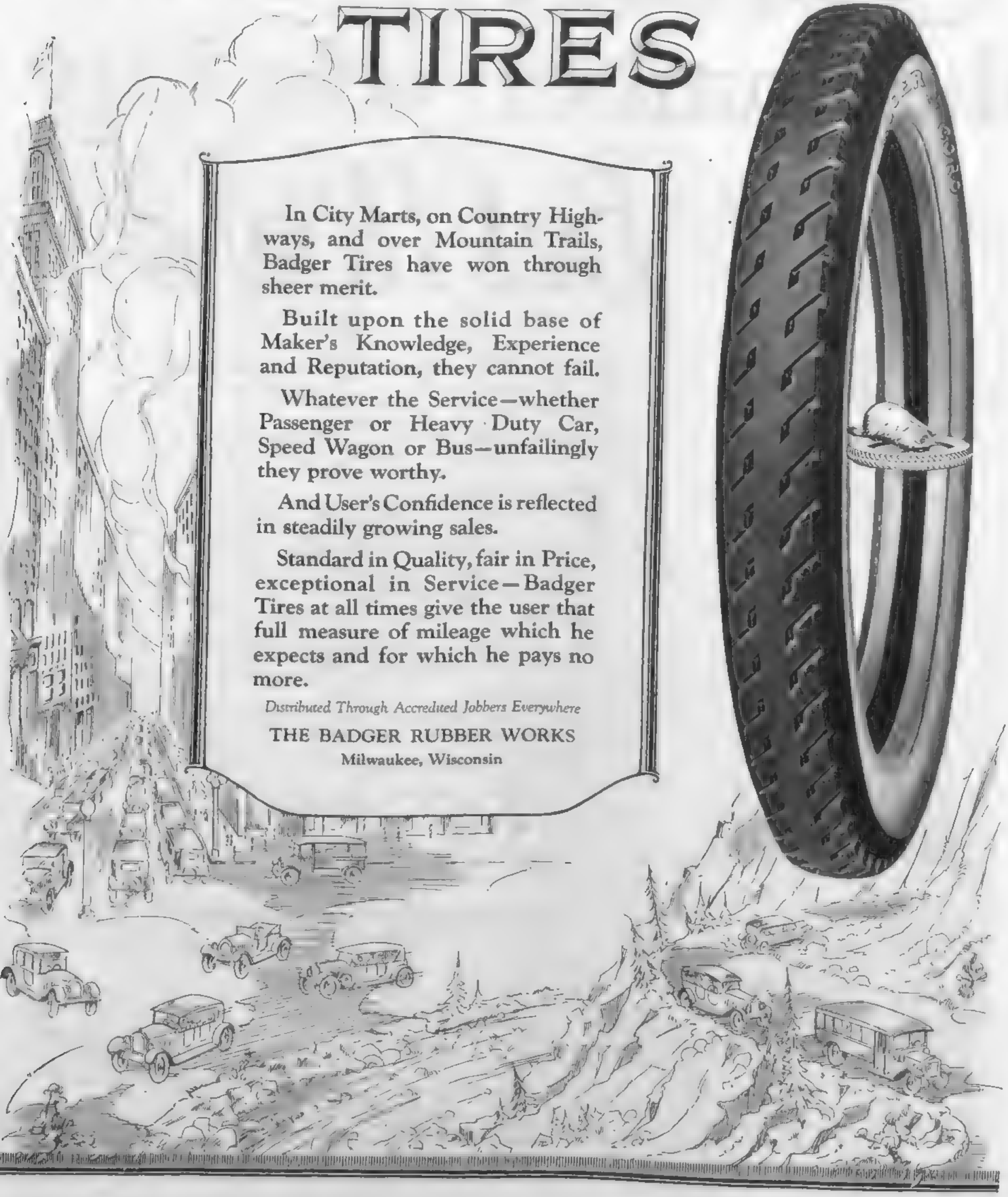

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BARBRY

(Continued from Page 25)

"Ye-ah," drawled Mr. Grele, without conviction. He was a tall man, whose gray eyes glittered, not like the mare's but steady. "Handsome is." He looked down askance at Barbara and motioned her away with a jerk of the head. "You stand clear, little girl. We do' know all this lady's whims yit. Run play."

Banished thus, and forgotten at once by the deacon, Barbara drifted off to sit under mountain-ash leaves. The noon was hot. Beyond the stubble, along the green grove and round the unmown edges of the field, air went boiling upward in a general flaw. She felt tired, sad, remembering The Devil's Dream and how she had yielded to temptation. Like part of her memory came slow and quiet music.

It was not gay this time, but melancholy, the sound of a lone fiddle regretting absence and years. In a smoky cabin where her eyes had smarted, and rain driven into snow past the open door, she once had heard her father play that.

"A Basque piece," he had called it.

"No, *mon vieux*," had answered a little, dark, hatchet-faced fellow with white hair and gold earrings. "No; it is the Bogle's Lament. 'Far from me is bonny Ben Hederinn, far from me the Pass of the Murmurs.'"

They had wrangled, much as these men were wrangling now about a mare who flipped her ears like swallow's wings. Barbara woke to the present, and bending, peeped round the tree into a hollow of leaves to see who played her father's air.

It was her father. He sat on a rock, looking down, his bow just moving. How little he was, pitiful, shrunken. She ran to him.

"Eh? Marianne!" he cried. Laying fiddle and bow on young goldenrod stalks, he swept out his arms to catch her. "Ma li'l' girl! Ah, Marianne, *la petite!*"

He shed tears. He smelled of something fiery, as always, and his cheeks prickled her in the old way.

"I am going with you," she sobbed. "Take me now. I will not stay with them."

"What? Dey are cruel?" Her father's voice became a lion's. "Ba gosh, I keel dem!"

"No, no!" she cried into his clothes. "They are kind. I am the bad one—me. I cannot hold my feet from kicking on a chair——"

She heard a stream of endearment; yet this, after the first outpour, seemed to grow cooler, like his embrace.

"Ah, but," said he, "how? Take you? Impossible! You was not belong to me, *toi*. It is *légalisé*. Not to me, no. No more."

Another voice broke in upon them.

"Look ahere!" it called. "You ain't kep' our agreement."

Barbara saw through tears the figure of Mr. Mowle, beckoning.

"*Attends*," said her father, and put her aside.

"Git up and come play," ordered Mowle. "They're waitin'." Other words passed. "Not now; not a drop!" he exclaimed. "Not a drop till you've worked out your dollar's worth."

Her father kissed her and dodged away. She ran after, in among men's trousers, and clutched Bion by a pocket.

"Let me go! Let me go with my father!"

He stood looking down at her, bewildered, when the brown mare's legs flew and lashed. There was a horrid pain on the ground. A hoof pressed Barbara's left foot as though to cut it in shreds. Teeth nipped her shoulder, from which a rag tore and sailed high. The hoof stayed planted in torture.

"Back—all!" advised someone calmly. "Room!"

She saw above her Captain Barzillai's head towering in the blue. He held her wrist. His free arm rose, not far, and dropped, the edge of his hand smiting the mare's neck like an ax behind the ear. Barbara felt him toss her out of danger. The mare fell, kicked, quivered and lay as dead.

"I told ye," said Mr. Grele, "the critter's whimsical, deacon. Time co'ts ain't all."

Captain Barzy was kneeling before her, pouring stuff from a bottle and bandaging her foot.

"How's that feel, my child?" he asked. "I doctored lots worse'n you, to sea. There! Can't fester in Friar's Balsam."

What with pain and excitement, she knew no more till Bion had her in the wagon and was driving from the field.

"Time we started home," said he. "Foot hurt ye?"

They passed a huge gray thing that swayed, a puffball higher than a house. Under it smoked fire in a trench, and hot young men were dealing with ropes.

"Balloon 'scension. Want to stay for it?" asked Bion.

She could neither understand nor care.

"No use," bawled one on a rope. "The airyonaut ain't a-comin'. He's quit us."

Another answered him.

"Let go, anyhow. We can do it amongst ourselves without waitin' on a stranger."

The speaker jumped among the web of ropes and took a wooden bar in his hands.

"Let her rip, boys! We'll try her, home-made."

It was young Pagan. She saw him hanging in air as the great puffball rushed aloft like smoke from a gun. He became a speck, a black dot swinging through long arcs under a black pear in the sky. Against white midsummer clouds the pear burst into smoke, trailed sidewise, and lengthened into an old stocking which flapped, and from which something like a leaden ball fell behind a spire of hemlocks.

"Is he killed?"

Savory lost all the ground he had gained that day.

"Do' know. Prob'ly." The deacon gaped at heaven. "Reckless dare-devil, wan't he? Maybe not. His parasol opened. Serve him right a'most. My gracious!"

XII

A LAME foot reminded her, at almost every step for the next fortnight, of that great and notable day which covered so vast an area in her life. An area luminous, crowded, yet perplexed with happiness and sorrow, it remained the time when or the space where she might have dwelt in music but was jerked hither and yon by a nagging spite.

If the mare had not crushed her instep she would have run away with her father. Or was this true? Would she have run away? Barbara limped about her work, pondering the question and finding no answer.

If that greater and lovelier son of a great sire, the fairest of ten thousand to her soul, the archangel who had come and talked with her before daring to scale heaven—if only he were spared, all had gone well. He must be dead; but was he? Again she failed of an answer. As time passed, and Bion, staying close at work to expiate his holiday, brought no news into the house, doubt ruled her world, the conflict of good and bad went on, the issue hung suspended. Meanwhile, Jen Savory, whatever she knew or thought, said nothing to a pair of truants and evildoers.

At last one morning Barbara saw, below in the road, the head and shoulders of a man pass under maple leaves toward the bridge. It was a white head that moved high.

She ran to the edge of the bank, and shouting down hill, "Oh, stop!" she called. "Wait!"

The passer-by halted.

"Mornin'." It was, indeed, Captain Barzy. "Where are ye?" He looked about him, then up, and saw her. "Oh, mornin', young lady."

"Is he alive?"

"What?" asked the captain.

"Is he alive?"

She held the crab-apple tree in both hands while waiting, until its warm, scaly bark seemed part of her. Captain Pagan carved a large hand, cup fashion, behind one ear and seemed in the distance to look puzzled.

"Who?"

Ah, stupid old giant! How long?

"Him! Andrew! Your son!"

"Oh!" The head and shoulders of fate, down among the maple leaves, were in no hurry. "Oh, now, yes, I rec'lect. Yes, he's all right. Gone to sea again."

She felt quite sure that the old apple tree rocked and swung, that the hills beyond the river skipped like lambs.

"Good thing he was gone, too," bellowed the voice from the road. "Ashore, the cuss he's wilder than a hawk. I ought to have larruped him harder while young and pliable. How's your hurt, Barbry? Healin' up? Did the old foo—Mr. Savory didn't go buy him that mare, did he?"

What she replied, how escaped [illegible] course the kitchen for refuge, Barbara never

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tried to guess; but there at the sink she was the next moment, out of breath, a little blind after the change from sunlight to dusk, and busy. Whatever interrupted thing was in hand she continued without knowing its name or nature. He lived; all right and gone to sea. Their day at the high grove was whole and perfect, ending not in disaster but in the rush as of a fiery chariot that caught him to the skies, and then somehow by an unseen change left him far out aboard his great ship. Very likely, she thought, it was one of those three white-pointed specks on the blue rim which, from Beulah, she had seen floating beyond the dark fir hills and islands. A fart suddenly destroyed the picture.

"Why, it means more than your own father!"

She woke. There was a pie, probably burnt by now, in the brick oven.

"For shame!" She ran to get the peel. "Woolgathering! Idle-minded!"

Work filled the rest of the summer, work and school the autumn, which was declining toward the winter before anything like an event broke in again on the Savory household. It came like the other, without warning.

They sat in the high wagon, Barbara pinched between man and wife, the wheels now rattling, now churning puddles on the way toward Boxberry Hill and church. Drizzling rain fell, but a huge yellow cotton umbrella which bore in black print the mystic tidings, "Old Micmac Liniment, King of Pain," covered all three like a tent. Jen spoke her mind about this impropriety.

"On the Sabbath! Luggin' such a gre't hoss bumbershoot to meetin'! Disgrace, we be! Like a travelin' circus!"

Bion had no such feeling or compunction.

"Sheds the rain," he answered. "Didn't cost nothin', either. A man give 'em out free. Handier than a couple of small torments a-bangin' and bobbin' your bunnit every which way." With that he changed the subject. "Today is child'en's Sunday. Exchange o' pulpits too. We'll hear a pow'ful speaker, they tell me."

Jen gave an impatient bulky hitch that made the springs jounce up and down.

"Hope," she declared with force, "'twill profit someb'dy."

A little clear jewel formed on each rib point of the umbrella, grew round, stretched and was joggled off to let another grow. The morning, what could be seen of it under their yellow royal canopy, was a dark mist; naked trees dripped along the road; margins of field or pasture lay bare, faded, sopping; and everywhere clung a heavy discouraged smell as of black frostbitten leaves melting to decay in the wet.

"Duller'n a green Christmas," Bion averred.

The church, when they had entered and sat down, seemed full of the same damp twilight. Behind the pulpit, in an arched recess, gloom thickened so that at first Barbara could hardly tell if the three high brown plush chairs were standing there or not. Later, she saw them; two empty, the middle one covered with black, or filled with some darkness upholding a blur of gray. This last, when a hand rose to support it, became a face which daunted her, for it remained a blur, did not move and had no eyes. What was coming?

After a while she saw more clearly. The middle chair held nothing but a man; a thick-set man in black, with a massive, hard, pale countenance, who kept his eyelids closed wearily and thought or leaned away at rest. Barbara, watching him, nevertheless doubted. He opened his eyes. Big, black, sofety ardent, they looked out beholding no one, as if the church had been empty. He was not a shrouded thing ready to leap from a dark corner; he was only a man, yet he had raised an alarm in her which settled to foreboding.

At last he got up, came forward, took the pulpit at arm's length rigidly in both hands and spoke, praying or giving out a hymn; Barbara knew not which. The roll and pour of his voice beat her down like a rainstorm lodging hay.

"He has come all for violence," thought Barbara. "Maybe he's a Chaldean." If others in the congregation knew the words of the prophet Habakkuk, they were not frightened. Everyone else remained quite calm. "By his face, he's a Chaldean," Barbara knew. "It aups up like an east wind. It nips."

The Reverend Mr. Belden had exchanged with a good, stalwart bachelor; an eager man, pale, black-haired, earnest of eye, who, having to preach on children's Sunday, would do his best from duty, but not as a father pitying.

She Was Inside, Holding the Knob of the Hall Door, Gathering Strength to Close That in Its Turn. All Her Body Trembled, Weak as Water

"Our text is taken," said he, "from Mark, Chapter Ten, Verse Fourteen."

No man could have taken better. He laid into it and wrought with all his soul. He was truly, as Bion had promised, a mighty speaker, whose deep voice and burning glance never failed to sweep the room, drive doubt before him and dash it to pieces. Visibly and audibly he yearned. It was his misfortune, however, to know little of children, being perhaps a good sheep dog who could raise wolves at bay rather than a shepherd who led his gentle waters. At any rate, he badly frightened one lamb in his flock.

"Terrible and dreadful!" she thought. "A Chaldean! That hasty and bitter nation! A Chaldean come for violence!"

The sermon mounted on wings and rose to an end like the sound of a trumpet. Silence followed. The drip of the eaves crept round the building, without. Until his effect went home, the stranger waited; then, relaxing, employed a week-day manner and a gentle tone.

"Now all you children," said he, persuading, "all my dear little friends ——"

In her confusion and dread she lost the greater part of his words. He stood aloft, smiling, beckoning. Every child there, it appeared, was now to stand up and come forward.

"You have heard the summons. Accept it! Rise, children!"

Jen's elbow gave a stealthy poke. Jen's voice whispered, "Git up!"

At that moment, unluckily, he spoke again. Barbara caught no more than fragments, but they overwhelmed her—things crimson, turning white as wool, whiter than snow.

At once a horror of great darkness fell, she saw her friends murdered in the barnyard, old Grumps floundering and dying with his poor foolish look for help, the dingy lamb, the red knife, all in a drizzle of rain just as now.

"Up!" Jen's elbow gave another dig. "Git up and go with 'em!"

She heard them rising, the little flock of her own age. It could not be done. She gripped the cushion of the pew with both fists under her knees and held on.

"What," said the Chaldean, in kindly surprise—"what, is there one who refuses to hear the call? Oh, no! Come, little girl! Don't hang back! All the rest have come."

She looked up and saw it was true, for the other children were gone, huddled underneath his pulpit, standing aimless and dejected. She alone sat, viewed by a multitude of eyes. The dizzy, dreamlike sickness which had enveloped her when she fought Ransom Hill in public now made all the twilight swim; twilight heavy with the odor of wet cloth, wet umbrellas, of a man's barn boots and of old Rigger Lapthorn's chewing tobacco like a warm breath of molasses from the next pew.

"Come, little girl! Do not delay!"

Below, Bion's hard but not unfriendly hand was prying her loose. Above, the man in black smiled and wagged his forefinger, beckoning.

"Go along," whispered Bion. "They're all waitin' for you. Don't put us to shame."

He broke her last hold on the ribbed cloth of the cushion.

"Go 'long!" said Jen, out loud.

With a gasp or a squeak, Barbara dropped behind the hassock, crawled over it, scrambled on all fours into the aisle, jumped up, shut her eyes hard and ran for the door. By chance it was open. The stove in the entry hit her a passing blow.

She saw nothing more until halfway home, when splashing through a puddle. She looked back. Gray land fog smothered Boxberry Hill, bare branches of elm and hornbeam spattered an empty road where no man gave chase, but on she ran all the faster.

"Why did you do it?" she sobbed. "Was it? they make you?"

Tears and rain streamed down together while she fled, knowing herself to be driven out, one of the lost.

XIII

TO HER surprise, that day of wrath brought no final punishment. When drawn from behind the grain box late in the afternoon, and carried to the kitchen, she was only told to brush the cobwebs off her clothes. Jen began something bitter, but never ended it.

"Let be! Let her alon'!" said Bion roughly. "Not another word!"

Lighting a candle, he placed it beside the blue jug on the mantelshelf and turned. His wife shrank, open-mouthed, as if from a blow. The anger of this mild man seemed dangerous.

"Are we goin' to stand garpin' here all night," he asked, "or git us our supper? Barbry, you turn to. No, sir, not another word! I don't take no stock in it, myself. Draggin' fo'ks to heaven by the hair o' their heads, belly-bump, with a six-hoss team. Child'en too. Blartin' how much they love 'em, like Jed Kehoe's fresh-fish horn in a Janwary cold snap. Now that's all! Now let be!"

He went outdoors, muttering. That was, indeed, all. Barbara tried to understand such a deliverance, but failed. Perhaps her iniquity had been too great for words.

A long time passed. The four seasons went round, bringing many lesser changes, before she lost her dread of Sunday; but as the Chaldean never came again, she forgot him except at the first on a rainy morning.

Another round of seasons altered the world yet more. Something had gone, slipped away. There was no longer any good in the making of flower ladies; their castle of green velvet carpets turned one day to a plain rock with disenchanted moss, and their wedding banquet to cinnamon rose leaves and hard-tack crumbs, a wet paste, lukewarm, very insipid. Other favorite doings, when alone, gradually shed their brightness, their color, whatever it had been that was now withdrawing. She had grown too busy, too old, the oldest girl in school, a champion at spelling matches, a monitor in the back row.

One frosty October night, returning from the barn where she had covered old Bose Four-Eyes warmly in his bed—the dog was rheumatic now, and depended on her—she blew out her lantern, then paused with her hand on the latch of the back door. A great stillness ruled everywhere, the wind which had blown strong and cold all day having just fallen, so that the dead calm called her like a new voice to hearken. Nothing moved or breathed, yet the air tingled with manifold vitality, sharp, restless, a potential stir; and the silence overlying the whole countryside felt brittle. Hosts of autumn stars in number beyond belief crowded a heaven swept clean by the wind and, as it were, enlarged. Putting down her lantern, Barbara moved out from the loom of the house and gazed aloft. She had no presentiment; what happened was neither gradual nor sudden; a few steps on familiar ground, a few moments of looking upward, carried her from the world. Starlight engulfed her. There was no such person; there was no time or measure, no thought, no feeling; near and far became as one, deep and high the same, earth a shadow that floated away into vastness where nothing remained but the stars.

Out of this a pin point, a dizzy mote shrank together and returned. It was leaning on the well sweep. In a whisper it repeated her own name, which had at first no meaning. Then a fox barked in some high pasture. The mote heard. The whisper and the name, joining, became herself, who woke and shivered with a crick in the neck.

"A soul and a body," thought Barbara. "They parted." She went slowly to the house, wondering. After that voyage was anyone ever happy again? Even the cold iron of the latch, a homely thing, as well known as her hand, seemed foreign. What had been lost, what found? "Was it all you, then? Or wasn't there any you any more?"

Snow came in November to stay, bringing a long winter. Before Christmas the road lay deep under curving drifts, the wiry lines of rail fence vanished from the hills, and only strips of channel water, ragged black ponds, marked where the river went leaking through a waste of snow and gray-green shell ice. On each fine morning after another storm neighbors turned out with sleds and horses to break the road, their slow procession bringing a welcome sight to be viewed from a window, their shouts and little medley of bells a welcome noise, a gap in the continuity of stillness. Bion came home from this work, his mouth beaded round with icicles, and often unwrapped a bit of news. It seemed to Barbara a pity, sometimes, that Jen never asked him questions, or they might have had more talk in the house.

(Continued on Page 155)

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(Continued from Page 150)

Once, to be sure, they enjoyed an alarm of visitors. After dark, while clearing supper from table, Barbara heard the front steps crunch and groan, then a drumlike bang at the storm door.

"This time o' night!" cried Mrs. Savory. "Who on earth?"

She bustled about, yanking furniture fretfully here and there, although the room was neat enough.

"Doorstep ain't been shoveled off, I s'pose, nor the path."

"Yes'm, they both are," said Barbara.

"It rained last night and froze this mornin'. They'll break their necks."

"No'm; I put ashes down."

Bion meanwhile took the candle, went to answer the knock, and presently returned, laughing, followed by something that clashed.

"Come in, git warm," he called. "Only a few of Tom Grele's young ones, mother."

"Sho, then I no need to bothered!" said Jen.

With a breath of cold air, three small bundled shapes entered the kitchen and stood on the defensive in a row, two very little girls, one tiny boy. They wore gray hoods and mittens, carried each a pair of skates, and had eyes nearly as round as their flaming cheeks. Outgrown coats made their arms bulge stiffly aslant, as though muscle-bound.

"Now," said Bion, "you can state your arrand comfortable. Onbutton, else you won't feel the good of your wraps."

None moved to obey. All three held hands, like a string of paper dolls, while the eldest gathered courage to deliver a set speech:

"The boys flooded Lapthorn's Pond, and the's goin' to be a moon, and, Mis' Savory, mother said if Barbry could take care of us we could go skatin' till ha' past eight o'clock."

Jen, poking the fire, made no reply, but grumbled of ashes tracked all over the house. It was Bion who asked how the Grele family might be getting on, who hefted the youngest babe in air, praised him for a solid chunk, and at last declared, "Why, Barbry's got her work done! If she wants to, no reason why she can't go with ye and hev some fun."

Soon afterward, accordingly, four shadows crept from the Savory house and downhill, silent but for the clatter of skates. They did not talk until across the hollow where brook and bridge lay smothered, until past the white mounds and black caverns of the alders. Then, letting his burden roll away, the youngest infant made known a solemn truth:

"She did not take my head off at all!"

They laughed and went forward chirping together, at liberty. It was bitter cold, but windless, the snow gave them light while in the road, and when, climbing upon the crust, they descended fields that glimmered without boundary, the eastern sky turned blue and shone. Far away a bright curved line, the ridge of some low hill, spread, warmed, and glowed with orange fire. Under it as though to bar its advance all the faint hiding shadows in the valley sprang to life, ran together and formed a dark wall. Then the full moon rose, yellow as tansy, and drove these pouring back across the river, across the ice flats, up the hill, dividing, to lie stretched from the foot of every tree, curled in every hollow while streaming moonshine went abroad. On hillocks the gloss of the crust had a golden rim; white birch trunks caught a pale edge or thread of splendor; the moon, a lamp set on a floor, lighted all the snow from beneath, with unequal patches colored like ripe grain.

Barbara's young charges capered round her, so many black rabbits.

"Come on! Le's hurry!" they shrilled. "I can hear 'em! Some's playin' polo! I smell the bonfire smoke!"

A cedar grove yawned below them, black as midnight. Out from it sounded the frail rumble of skates on new ice, hurrying voices, and a whack of sticks. Through the cedar boughs a cow path led winding to the pond within.

"Put 'em on for us, Barbry. Quick! Me first! No, him! It's awful cold!"

Inside the ring of trees, on ice near its margin, a fire burned, and a few late comers, crouching, tugged at their straps. A current of skaters flowed by, quickly, half seen. Barbara knelt, removed her mittens, and for a while was busy digging out holes in heel plates, fumbling with keys and buckles. When the three children darted away like tadpoles her fingers ached. She rose and stood alone, with hands outspread to the fire. Its redness under the cedar branches made one forget there was a moon, and rather obscured than lighted the passing eddy of legs near by.

She did not own a pair of skates. To make believe, and go slipping about in moccasins, had once been fun, but now seemed hardly worth a trial. She mended the fire, waited, kept warm.

Among the smaller fry who dashed past, bending double, grinding the bark in an aimless race, and whooping, there labored a man's figure. Awkward, heavy-bodied, thin-legged, it moved in jerks, Barbara thought, like a hen scratching. Once, across the pond, it brought discord among the polo players.

"Aw, git out!" they raged. "Quit spoilin' everything! Leave us alone, ye great big lummox, you!"

They drove the man away as angry sparrows chase a crow. He fled before their hockey sticks, cackling out the laugh of the trouble-maker. Some time afterward he left the skaters' ring, came gliding to the fire and brought up with clumping steps in the snow.

"All alone?" said he.

Barbara eyed him over the flame. A young man, clad in rich garments, he grinned at her too freely, somehow. She did not reply.

"What, is that you, Barbry?" cried the stranger. "My gosh, I never'd 'a' known ye!"

He wore a black lamb's-wool hat of Canadian pattern, which made his face look small, pinched, like a fist half drawn into a muff. This headgear, a short thick reefer trimmed with great needless rolls of fur, spindleshanks below, and bent ankles, gave him a top-heavy air. Yet there was no denying the grandeur of his clothes, his tall white collar, his cravat of plaid silk tightly knotted underneath a golden button and puffing down luxuriant.

"Guess you forgot me, Barbry; I been livin' to town so long."

The swagger was new, but not the voice, nor the forward thrust of teeth from his lips when he cackled.

"Why, Ransom Hill! You've grown up!"

She had not seen him in a long time. They laughed. Meeting here suddenly in warm red light, they were old friends, not old enemies.

"You hev, too," said Ransom. "My gosh, but you hev! Say, you don't look so devilish homely as you use' to."

He moved toward her round the fire, sidewise, on wabbling ankles, and talked as he came.

"I hear all kind o' things about you," he began slyly. "Why ain't ye skatin' with us? Come on, le's go round together."

Barbara felt a queer misgiving, as of shame.

"I haven't—I never learnt."

The strange young man who was yet Ransom confused her by edging alongside.

"All kind o' things," he repeated, "I hear about you."

It came as a relief when a drove of youngsters cut him short, bumping round her, pulling her skirts, clamoring.

"Fox and geese! Barbry, come play fox and geese for us. They all fight so! 'Tain't no fun without you."

They were neighbors' children, too little, a few like herself too poor, for skaters. When they dragged her away she was glad to go out from the firelight under the cold moon, glad of their company; but could not have told why.

In the afternoon a flurry of dry snow, coming before the wind fell at sunset, had been swept clean off the crust, all but a thin layer or two among the cradle knolls. Her noisy pack romped through the cedars, down over the bright slope, to a hollow. Here, drawn in gray shadow on drift that sparkled like salt, lay a wide wheel they had trodden, their fox-and-geese board. Barbara took charge of the game and soon had them running about with squeals of joy.

A top-heavy silhouette above might have been Ransom. It stuck up like a young tree, did not move and, if watching, gave no sign. Afterward she looked again, but found it gone.

An hour later, having caught her three tired Greles and herded them home, she came down their lane, singing. Fox and geese had warmed her. The moon rode high. The snow hills undulating down to the river wore a marvelous light, paler than day, mystical, unconfined. To go alone through so much of it, and be the only moving thing, was freedom.

Her song ended at the foot of the lane, because there in the road, black, like a barrel on a post, waited Ransom.

"I heard ye comin'," he called. "I'll walk home with ye."

Barbara stopped.

"It's out of your way," she answered. "You don't need, thank you."

She walked past quickly, but he overtook her. For a time they said nothing. The road ran in three furrows, a deep beaten horse track between the glassy ribbons left by sleigh runners. Barbara chose the right-hand furrow, so that he plodded in the rut below her.

"Honest, I didn't know ye, there to the pond," he broke out suddenly. "You've growed like a weed. I live up to town these days, ye know. Jest git home now 'n' again to keep the old man quiet. He's always a-twittin' of me to come back and work for him."

Ransom gave a chuckle, which went against the grain with her.

"I should think," she returned, "your father might need you."

It was a matter not of doubtful opinion but of fact. Mr. Hill, never a strong man, was both sick and overworked in his old age.

"Shoofly! Father's all right." Ransom laughed. His nickeled skates, hanging round his neck below the swollen fur collar, glittered in the moonlight. "Ketch me, 't any rate. I hain't goin' to plow a rock pile and live on potato peelin' all my days. I'm studyin' for a lawyer, Barbry. They're the boys to rake in money, hand over fist, don't you fergit it. My old man, if he lives long enough, will come round to see I was right, himself."

He sang the praises of town life. Barbara heard him at first with something of her old dislike, then with grudging admiration, then with surprise and pleasure. He talked fast, recounting wonders offhand. By the time they mounted Savory's lane toward the house he had changed the subject, and was gabbling in a wild fashion which made her laugh.

"You've got a silly streak now," she told him.

Two lighted panes, one at each side of the storm door, watched them like dull eyes as they climbed the path.

"No," said Ransom. "No, I mean it." He seemed to have lost his breath. "You've growed awful handsome, Barbry. Know that? They tell me all kinds o' things; how you run away from church, and so on."

The path was not bad; she had coated it with wood ashes from a broken sieve that morning. Ransom found it slippery, she thought, for he crowded and leaned close.

"What I hear tell, you must be full o' the Old Nick." His laugh sounded foolish, his words meaningless. "I gather you ain't scairt o' nobody much. Don't care what ye do, hey?"

The frozen doorstep groaned. He stood on it beside her.

"We hed a fight once—us two." He was breathing hard. "Friends now, though, hain't we? Them coal-black eyes o' yourn over the fire ——"

With a lurch or tumble, he laid hands on her. His face, narrow and chalk-white in its mop of fur, overhung her against the clear green sky and came pressing down.

"Stop that! You!"

With all the force of both arms, Barbara struck him a double-handed blow under the chin. Whether he fell or not she never knew. There was time only for a reeling glance, in which she was blindly aware that a skate blade, knocked upward, flashed along his cheek and cut a black mark on it.

Then the storm door shut with a boom, and the bolt clicked. She was inside, holding the knob of the hall door, gathering strength to close that in its turn. Past the lamp, which was turned low, her breath made short white clouds. All her body trembled, weak as water.

"It was—it was ——"

She could not think, but felt all the freedom of the night gone, spoiled. It was, in fact, the end of her childhood.

XIV

FIVE years later, when Miss Yarrow had been married a twelvemonth and moved away, the young woman who taught school in her stead was walking down Boxberry Hill at dusk. Evening came chill; the damp snow underfoot exhaled a warning that it would freeze by night; and blue-gray mist hung low throughout the valley,

(Continued on Page 157)

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THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Vehicle Builders Since 1882

(Continued from Page 155)

thinning as it unraveled from shore. Out on the black river ice cakes drifted with a slow and ghostly hint of eddying. This early March was neither lamb nor lion, but more like an old dog shivering in the wet.

Her road was all slush, the going bad, yet the school-teacher kept a good easy gait, and a rapid. She walked erect, with the youthful sway of one whose frame is tough but pliant. Her gray dress and black hat, both plain, seemed to be brightened, adorned, by the carriage of her body, the turn of her head. A homespun satchel on her arm had but one sharp corner in its rounding bulge; for she carried fewer books than balls of yarn, her habit being to knit while she read or taught. In the moist twilight her face glowed clear red under clear tawny brown. A stranger would have thought the prospect mournful, at that hour among the last snow and the inky points of evergreen; but as the girl went her dark eyes glanced everywhere, seeing new things along her daily road, or expecting more.

A knoll here and there in the sloping fields, a wind-blown summit far off, a crinkle among the long hills where the sun had beaten at noon held patches of black, with no more form than clouds, which to a careless view might seem baby firs and alder thickets along with so many others in the landscape, but which to her were known and welcome—the first pieces of bare ground. They had broadened since last week. Snow might return and cover them, but not for long. Across the river, above climbing spruce and hemlock, bald crags reared in the upper light their strange new color, burnt-brown, ash-gray, as though charred by winter. They could turn white again, she knew; but not for long. Spring was coming. With time they would wear faint green streaks of grass, fern, pennyroyal and young sumac along their crannies.

The knowledge made her happy in advance. Even to tramp through slush was a reminder. Spring, though not here, promised to be at hand.

The girl turned from the river road at Savory's lane and climbed toward the house. Her doing so, had anyone after five years' absence been there to watch her, would have given the first sign that she, this light-footed beauty, was once the queer little creature bound out to work for Deacon Savory.

Except at the rim of the west, darkness had come when she passed round the house to the back door. Ruddy light flickered in the kitchen window beside her.

"Spring must be running in your head"

For a moment she had fancied that the path between house and barn showed another morsel of bare ground peeping out. A bit of the path seemed black. It could not be; deep snow lay trodden there, unmelted. Firelight from within, dusk without were combining to trick her, making some chance lot of shadow appear solid, like a bundle dropped or a man fallen down.

The hearth was bright, the kettle sang on the crane when she entered. Mrs. Savory, a round back half in fire shine, half in the dark, bent over the door of her brick oven, motionless.

"Good evening," said Barbara.

"Ain't done yit," Jen murmured to herself; then, closing the iron door gently, heaved, rose and turned. "You seen Bion?"

"No'm. Not since breakfast."

"Where's he gone moseyin' to?" Mrs. Savory inquired of the kitchen at large, and did not stay for an answer. "Go git your things off."

Barbara, already hanging her satchel, hat and coat under the front stairs, returned to help with supper. Her day had been long and full, but she moved no less quickly than quietly, with serene disregard of effort, the freedom and grace of well-knit young limbs hardened by work. High color and sparkling black eyes gave her a mischievous look, as though she were busy in fun.

"What's the man up to? Did you hear him roamin' round the barn anywhere?"

"No," said Barbara.

"He didn't take his co't nor his mittens nor ar'tics; jest clapped on a hat and stivered out."

This had the ordinary fretful sound. Of late it was becoming more and more Jen's way to sputter and be aggrieved if she did not have a reply, incensed if she did. Barbara therefore went on working, and paid little heed, her thoughts dwelling rather on the pleasant change outdoors: how the fag-end of winter was drawing away, bare ground coming, and before long the good smell of warm earth. It was a pity not to share, a pity this woman could not enjoy news which brought a presentiment of vague delightful things about to happen.

"There's his lantrun on the shelf. He can't see to do nothin'. The barn by now's darker than Jonah's gullet inside the whale's."

They had set the table by firelight, and Barbara now placed a candle and matches ready.

"How long has he been gone?" she asked.

"I'd as lieves keep house for a tin peddler," whined Mrs. Savory. "More'n two hours"

Something in the tone of these last words made Barbara start. The woman had been peevish, but now was frightened. The meaning of the words came home at the same instant. Two hours! Why didn't she say that at first? Bion was in trouble and they had wasted time.

"I'll go find him." Barbara turned, as in no hurry, and lighted not the waiting candle but Bion's lantern from the shelf Where he might be, she had guessed, and with a pang; but she spoke as quietly as ever. "Wait. I'll tell him."

Jen followed her to the door.

"Where goin'? Put your things on. Bareheaded ——"

"Not far," said Barbara. "You wait inside. It's cold."

Her heart sank while she ran. Foreknowledge of what the lantern would show merged into fact. Halfway between barn and house, where the shadow, like a dropped bundle, had caught her eye, lay Bion, his legs across the path, arms doubled under him, face downward in the snow. A red gash or clot mingled in his hair, and a little red hollow had sunk and frozen beneath his forehead.

Someone breathed hard in the stillness. Barbara looked up and found Jen there, swaying between snow and dark like the lantern.

"He's dead! What is it? He's killed!" Jen's voice might have been either a whisper or a shout. It came like babbling in a dream. "Who done this? Oh, dear me, what'll we do? Bion! What'll we do now? Bion, are ye dead?"

For an instant Barbara, kneeling in the snow, could not think or feel. Suddenly Jen's face bent close, glaring, swollen with terror, distorted by the shadow of her pug nose above the lantern.

"Who done this? He's murdered! How'd you know where to find him so quick?"

Through the whirl and shock of their discovery, Barbara's mind, groping toward some act, found time to understand her question. It came as if all the sweltered enmity of years had coiled and struck. It missed.

"Here!" Barbara let go the bail of the lantern, which dropped with a clink; and swift as its fall, unbidden, untimely, came pressing the conviction that she need never fear Jen Savory again. Let be; the poor thing was wild, beside herself. "Here!" said Barbara, and for the first time in their life together took command. "Hold the light! One of us must carry him in."

The fear and loathing of blood, the old sickness inherited from childhood, overcame her; but with a shudder and a gulp she fought it down, plunged her arms into the snow, joined them under the man's breast and lifted. At once his dead weight mocked her. She set her teeth and dragged, panting in a gust of cold anger which was more than strength To and through that door she would haul him. Bones could break afterward if they chose, not now.

His heels followed her over the threshold, across the kitchen floor, until by the hearth she lowered and turned him, like a log of wood, upon his back. Her hair came streaming down luckily, for she crouched and let it cover him, so that Jen might not see the bright red mask of his face.

"He's alive," she said. "Get blankets! He's breathing! Fill the stone bottles!"

His wife groaned something that made no sense, and lumbered off. Alone with him by the fire, Barbara flew to the running water, returned with a wet cloth, crouched again and worked. The crust of snow and blood vanished, like an evil trance dissolving. Instead of the monster which her hair had veiled, Bion's worn features cleared into sight, pale and touchingly calm. There was no scar but the one red clot above the temple. His eyes remained shut.

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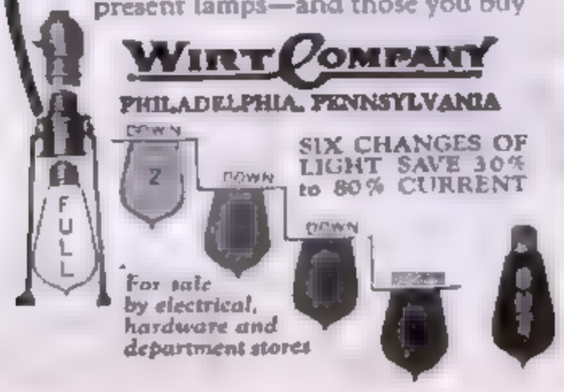

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She tucked a pillow under his head before Jen came stumbling in with blankets.

"Heat those well," said Barbara. "No need to rub him with snow. He's not frozen. Heat them while I fill bottles."

Mrs. Savory obeyed, whimpering, looking now at her husband, now to this wild-haired witch for help and further orders.

"Don't set them afire!" cried Barbara sharply from the darkness of a cupboard. "Heat them! Watch what you're doing!"

She was everywhere at once, bringing the stone bottles, pouring hot water, darting out, hammering, staggering in with the head of a bedstead, then with the footboard, the slats, the mattress.

"What—what ——" began the deposed mistress weakly.

"No time to warm another room," snapped the worker. "Get off his wet clothes. Wrap that blanket round him. Heat the next one."

When his bed, built as by a conjuring trick, stood ready on the kitchen floor, they hoisted Bion in, wrappings and all.

"If he comes to," Barbara panted, winding her hair into a knot, "you tell him it's all right. Never mind what happened. Don't ask. Don't pester him. The cut isn't bleeding. I think he's only stunned."

She had coat and hat on meanwhile, and reached the door.

"Where goin' to now?" whispered Jen in a fright. "Don't leave me alone with him!"

It was the first time this woman had ever made an appeal, or entreated her. The strangeness of such a topsy-turvy thing moved Barbara almost to tears.

"I must! The pair of us, we've done all we know how," she answered. "I must get the doctor."

She left Mrs. Savory holding the forgotten lantern, slipped out, closed the door and ran. To harness the horse would only be delay, for he was old, obstinate and slow. She could outrun him. The night had thickened, with a few sleepy stars clouding over; the way proved both dark and treacherous, now spattering slush, now wrenching her ankle in frozen ruts and hubbles; but she fled down the lane at top speed, as though confident of every foothold.

A good stretch of river road lay behind, and her first wind was not yet gone, when she stopped and hearkened. A sound came traveling after her—a light thud, a rhythmical chiming.

"Thank your stars!" cried Barbara to herself.

Hoofs and sleigh bells made the sound; quick, neat hoofs, and not the jingle of a few brass bells on thills, but the dancing flurry of small nickeled globes by the dozen, a whole clustered belt or strap of them ringing and shaking off numberless drops of music. Barbara knew both horse and driver before the dark blur of them swept into view. It would be that unthrifty wheelwright and incorrigible horseman, Tom Grele, out for pleasure with his racer, the great young trotting stallion.

She barred the road with her arms and hailed. "Oh, Mr. Grele! Wait!"

The onrushing blur checked and swerved, the chiming ended.

"Hallo!" came Tom's gentle drawl, no louder than the horse's breath. "What's wanted?"

Barbara told their shadows.

"Poor old feller! The doctor, hey? Me and mine would do a lot more'n that for you, Barbary," said the invisible Mr. Grele. "You run home, and don't you fret. I got the fastest hoss on this river, and I won't spare him none."

A whip flicked no louder than a raindrop on a leaf. The stallion reared and jumped, the clustered bells whistled and the road lay empty.

"Hy-ka!" rang a savage wail, already far off across the snow, and again farther, diminished—"Hy-ka!"

Barbara looked her blessing after it, then turned to run back faster than she had come. The man's kindness, like the power of his horse, had brushed her in passing and left a virtue behind. While she ran, it was beginning to snow.

"You must make her eat some supper."

■■

THROUGHOUT Bion's illness the snow continued to fall day and night, large flakes weaving slowly and thickly down in calm weather, so that outdoors nothing appeared beyond the windowpanes but dizzy whiteness; indoors the quiet lay all the heavier.

"Mr. Savory spoke to me," whispered the doctor. He was a little gray man, with drooping eyelids that blinked, red for lack of sleep. "While you were upstairs with her he tried to tell me something. It was very confused. About a fall, and the horse."

Barbara nodded. The doctor leaned beside her at the front window. Across the room Bion lay asleep, a bandaged head on a pillow. They had moved his bed into the parlor, where snowy morning light now contended with an open fire to make the white wall paper and its faded gold lines turn glossy as china, unfittingly cool and summerlike. The room was warm, however, for melting flakes wriggled swiftly down the panes.

"Yes, it was the horse. He"—Barbara glanced toward the bed—"he must have had a fainting spell and fallen underneath. I don't believe the old horse would kick, poor thing. But he fell right under its heels, to judge by the tracks. There was blood from the stall to the barn door."

Her friend the doctor sighed. He was a kind soul, working hard and bearing heavily the cares of more than one generation of his neighbors.

"It's too bad. If he could only have crawled a little farther. So near his own door."

Barbara winced.

"If I hadn't been so stupid ——" she began.

"There, there! Don't blame yourself." Under his red eyelids the doctor blinked at her shrewdly. "Don't mean to say you're doing the barn chores too?"

"It has to be done," said Barbara.

The little man frowned.

"And nursing him," said he. "And his wife played out, upstairs. Humph! Well, this will bear looking into. You go easy, young woman, or we'll have three sick people down at once."

Barbara smiled. In this age-long suspense she had forgotten the meaning of sleep or rest.

"Oh, I'm tough," she answered.

"You all think you are," growled the doctor—"you youngsters. Well, I'll see to it."

What he saw to appeared at nightfall. In a chair by the same window Barbara sat watching, now the sleeper, now the endless downward loitering of snowflakes through twilight. A gray slant and a gray network, outspread motionless in all that silent motion, was the crabapple tree. At the foot of its trunk a fire seemed to burn low, with a shadowy andiron flickering among the flames. Barbara knew it for a trick of the window glass, which in childhood she had fancied to be the witches boiling their kettle outdoors by night. For company, for old time's sake, she let the reflection deceive her eyes again, and mused on it. Just there, always, the witch fire burned.

This ae night, this ae night ——

The words tolled in her thought and made her shiver.

This ae night, this ae night,
Every night and all,
Fire and sleet and candlelight,
And Christ receive thy saul!

She drove them away for a bad omen; but they were creeping back to maintain their lonely incantation, when past the tree and its phantom fire, like a shape of darkness called into being, plodded a gigantic snowman. She roused, wondering if she had been asleep. The thing was gone, yet gone as if real, tramping round the house.

Then came a little cautious tap at the back door. Without a sound, Barbara crossed the room and let herself into the kitchen. Blazing logs in the fireplace and the lantern on the table showed no one there. Frightened, but ashamed to own her fright, she opened the door, and again for a moment saw no one.

"Lend me your broom," said a deep voice in undertone. "Here 'tis. All right."

Her broom leaned beside the doorjamb. In reached a great white arm, took it and withdrew.

"Brush myself," rumbled the voice.

(Continued on Page 161)

Janet Lake, Browns Pass, Glacier National Park

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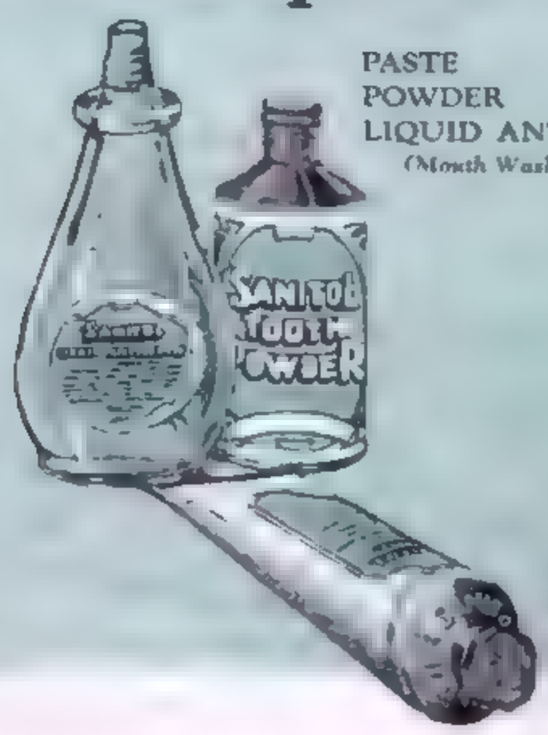

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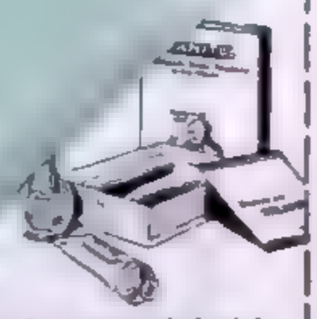

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The New HOOD "WHITE ARROW" Cord

THE New White Arrow Cord is built to keep the motorist out of trouble, and it does this under average conditions of use and abuse. No tire can be fool-proof, but the massive tread and the sturdy shoulders of the White Arrow are well able to take the punishment of extra weight, rough roads, curb wear and speed.

The White Arrow tread and shoulders protect the side walls, the more vulnerable portions of any tire, and allow a slow and even wear of the tire as a whole. Designed to absorb within itself much of the traction wave and the minor inequalities of the road, as a measure for longer wear, the new tread incidentally affords a greater degree of comfort in riding, and an increased feeling of security upon the part of the driver.

This greater economy, the increasing satisfaction as the mileage quietly and constantly registers, requires no greater initial investment. The White Arrow Cord *costs less* when it has finally rendered its service—and it *costs no more* in the beginning.

The New White Arrow Cord is to be found "At the Sign of the Hood Service Man" in your neighborhood, where you will also find courtesy, efficiency and fairness.

Hood Rubber Products Company, Inc.

Manufacturers of rubber products for more than a quarter of a century.
For Summer comfort—Hood Canvas Shoes—Ask your shoeman.

Watertown, Massachusetts

(Continued from Page 158)

There followed whisking sounds. Then the broom returned, and with it a huge snow-plastered form blocking the whole doorway. The eyes and the white beard were those of Captain Pagan. He stopped to beat his hat on the outside of the house, walked in, shut the door quietly and began with great vigor to unbutton.

"Here I be!"

At first Barbara had no greeting for him. She knew how many miles, through what depth of snow, this old man had come wading.

"On foot?" she asked reproachfully.

"That's what he complained of," muttered the captain, shedding garments. "'Walk it?' s'e. 'Yes, sir, walk it,' s'I. 'Why not? Hoss? Damn the hoss! She's had enough hoss for one spell, without boardin' all her neighbors' crow baits now.'"

He broke off, took her by the hand, and turning her face toward the light stared down at her long, earnestly. Snow sparkled on his beard and eyebrows.

"Strikes me," said he, as though drawing a conclusion, "I'm mighty glad I came, Barbry."

Kept in restraint, his deep bass hummed like the drone of a bee. His frame seemed to crowd the kitchen. Taking from his jacket a sheet of paper, he unfolded it and laid it on the table.

"Had supper?"

"Yes," replied Barbara.

"Then go to bed. I take over."

She would have made some protest.

"Off with ye! To bed!" He scowled at her. "Girl, I've sat up all night with the vessel, many a worse time; doctored sick sailors in smallpock and yaller jack; aye, sick w'arf rats that let on to be sailors. I can cook, reef, steer, drink, fight, hold the light or kerry out the slain."

He planted a wet forefinger on the sheet of paper as though pinning it down in a gale of wind.

"There's my authority and full instructions, word for word, written down from the doctor's own lips. I take over. You go to bed or I'll put ye there."

He banished her with a sweep of the arm, hung coat and waistcoat on a peg, slid with his toe the bootjack out from the baseboard, tugged off his boots and hauled from some vast pocket a pair of red carpet slippers, which he flung down and stepped into. Then, turning, he rolled up both shirt sleeves to the elbow, baring enormous forearms, round and hard and still brown with last year's freckles.

"Ye look all by the head. Git out, Barbry."

She did not obey him at once, but in the end he prevailed. She crept upstairs, listened, heard no sound from Jen's room and, passing on, went to bed in the dark. Surely goodness and mercy followed her; comfort was poured on her head. She had seen a homely, aged Hercules prepare to wrestle with death, and felt that already he had taken the weight of the house from her shoulders.

A long unbroken sleep restored her. Early next morning she came down to find her breakfast ready on the table, and beside her plate a leaf torn from a notebook, inscribed in fine old-fashioned handwriting, with a long S here and there:

All right so far. Mrs. Savory's victuals are ready warming. Eat your own first. The undersigned has logged, below, all doses given etc. during this first night. B. PAGAN.

Barbara, while she ate, read on. The captain's log revealed him as an exact and faithful night nurse; the breakfast as no mean cook.

Before relieving him, she would visit the barn and do what little she might in a hurry. The snow still came down deliberate as ever, inexhaustible. While running through it, she found to her surprise that the path had been cleared lately, shoveled wider; and when she entered the barn, not by the broad rolling door but by a kind of postern alongside it, she encountered there in the gloom another surprise which left her bewildered.

On a bulkhead, tacked very neat and smooth, there confronted her a square of brown paper half covered with writing:

Beasts all fed and watered.
Stalls cleaned.
Cows milked.
Milk cans taken to foot of lane.
" " collected by Ramage's pung, on time.
Wednesday. Five A.M.

Who had done this? The writing was not Captain Pagan's, but a bold round hand. The writer had used dark-blue chalk, and adorned his placard with a wavy double border. Near at hand on a ledge lay the chalk itself, a broken crayon which since the days of her great colored map had reposed among cobwebs and multifarious litter in what Bion called his harness room.

There was a narrow deal door in the bulkhead. Barbara lifted the wooden latch and peeped inside.

All cobwebs and litter were gone. Last night and always the room had been a glory hole of rubbish; now, tidy as her own kitchen, and almost as warm, it contained harness hanging on a row of new pins, tools ranged primly against the wall, odd gear stacked with equal precision on the shelves, and a bunk, roughly but knowingly constructed, in which horse blankets over hay, for bedding, lay smoothed as by a chambermaid.

The floor was clean swept, the little drum stove, for years a lump of rust, now blacked and purring with fire. On the bunk a shaggy blue overcoat, rolled together, served as pillow; a book, a large sober volume, rested there; and close above dangled a tiny brass lantern of ornate and foreign appearance.

"Who slept here?" Barbara wondered. "What a handy person, and what a lot of work!"

She ran through snowstorm to the house, grateful yet puzzled. Her unknown helper had labored like a brownie, so vanished.

Soon afterward, beckoning Captain Pagan from the sick room, she took charge again.

He came forth, stretching mightily, but wide awake and fresh. They stood on the hearth for a moment.

"Bion had a pooty indifferent night," he reported. "Not good; but I've seen worse and no harm done."

When they had discussed a few chief details, Barbara would have thanked him and bidden good-by.

"Not yet. Not by a jugful," said he. "You ain't shut of me so readily, young woman. I'm here to see you through, watch and watch. We're stayers in our family."

He got his outdoor clothes on, then paused and groped in the breast of his jacket.

"I'll go git me my turn of sleep," he continued; "but within hail. If you need a hand any time, stick your head out and blow this."

In his big palm shone a silver tube about as long as a teaspoon, with a bulb and a ring at one end, a curve or crook at the other.

"Toys like her they don't make of Spanish silver no more." He laid it on the mantel beside the blue jug. "A pirate's bo't call, she was, two-three hund'ed years ago. If you want help, sound her good."

He moved off toward the door.

"Won't you sleep in the house, captain?"

"Not me. I've got a good shakedown yon ler. Fust chop."

The old giant smiled encouragement, waved his paw and swung the door open. Barbara followed him to the edge of the snow.

"Tell me," she said, "who did all the barn chores and everything out there?"

Captain Pagan squinted back at her among the falling flakes.

"Who? Oh, poor devil, him. Some rapscallion I picked up along the ro'd last night. We won't have to pay him. I gave him a good hot breakfast early."

The captain pondered.

"He talked like a seafarin' man. But you can't tell. May be a fraud. Most of 'em are nowadays."

This meditation had an odd ring as of malice or hidden roguery, but at the time Barbara let it pass.

"Thank him for me," she begged. "Thank him for all of us—with all my heart."

Her old friend looked up quickly, his blue eyes warming toward her for an instant.

"I will. Never you fear. I will. . . . Go slow today as you can."

With another wave of the paw, turning, he made off toward the barn like one who lived there. Barbara closed the door and went on duty.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MAKES HAIR STAY COMBED

Stacomb

Makes Hair Stay Combed
Stylishly, Neatly

Unruly hair, dry and brittle hair—soft and fluffy hair—all hair stays combed with STACOMB.

Keeps hair *always* in place—any style you want, so comb it just as you like. Just the thing for after washing the hair.

Brings out a rich, natural lustre, too.

Easy to use—rub a small amount into the hair—not on it.

Adds the final touch to a neat personal appearance. Stars of the stage and screen—leaders of style—have used STACOMB for years.

Women find it effective in making the curl stay in and for controlling "flying" hair—especially after it has just been washed—leaves hair soft and pliable.

Replaces bandolines and brilliantines. *(Not a liquid.)*

Boys, too, know its value. Keeps their hair neatly combed and leaves it soft and lustrous. Thousands of mothers use STACOMB to keep their sons' hair in place.

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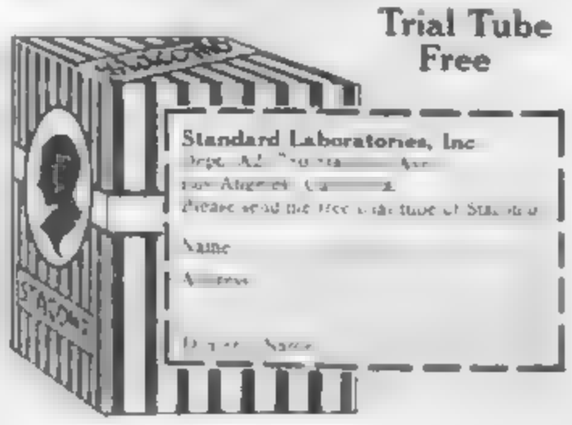

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where every kind of out-door sport may be enjoyed, where there awaits you scenery of unrivalled beauty.

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A. J. DICKINSON, Passenger Traffic Manager
St. Paul, Minnesota

Great Northern Railway

NEW MARKETS FOR OLD

(Continued from Page 7)

has been a falling off in the flotations of European securities in New York, although we are still taking South American bonds. During the past two years, according to the figures of the Department of Commerce, there have been more Latin American than European securities underwritten in New York.

We have all the gold that we can afford to take—half of the gold in the world. We have lent Europe all that we can prudently lend her, under present conditions, and inevitably our exports to Europe are falling to a figure which can be nearly balanced by our imports. Let me tax the reader with some statistics which must be borne in mind if the present and future condition of American agriculture is to be understood and if American business and American government are to unite for the future development of our export trade and for the assurance of our permanent prosperity. Now mark you, during the five years before the great war American exports averaged almost exactly $2,000,000,000 a year. The annual trade balance in our favor averaged $400,000,000 a year. In the bonanza year of 1919 our exports amounted almost to $8,000,000,000, and exceeded our imports by $4,000,000,000! This astonishing, abnormal and really unhealthy export boom could not last. It was paid for in credits granted to Europe, by gold and heirlooms. Last year our exports were just short of $4,000,000,000—twice our prewar exports—and the trade balance in our favor was a fraction over $700,000,000. Plainly, we are returning toward the normal balance between exports and imports. The value of foodstuffs exported in 1918 was about $200,000,000; in 1921 about $700,000,000, and in 1922 something less than $500,000,000. Note, then, that we exported in 1918, 194,000,000 bushels; in 1921, 470,000,000 bushels; and in 1922, 425,000,000 bushels of grain. There was a much greater difference between the value of the grain exports of 1921 and 1922 than there was between the amount of grain exported in the two years. We are still exporting vastly more than we did before the war, although less than during the export boom.

There are a few more figures which you must bear in mind. The British Empire, including the United Kingdom, India, the Dominions and the Crown Colonies, buys about one-third of all that we sell abroad; Continental Europe buys a little more than one-quarter of all that we sell abroad; Latin America buys between 10 and 15 per cent of what we sell abroad, and so do China and Japan combined. Why, then, do the few men who have been studying the problem intensively for the past few months insist that Latin America offers the world in general, and the United States in particular, the market of the future? Continental Europe, in the judgment of those who have seen it and studied it without bias, cannot recover for a decade; not because it was so wrecked by war, but because of the hatreds and the rivalries of the peoples and the governments, and because the trade restrictions imposed through the multitude of new frontiers block recovery. Asia is a continent with a past. Its crowded and impoverished millions buy enough upon which to live, and no more. South America is a country with a future. Its population has doubled within the past twenty years, and will double again during the next twenty years. If you will compare the immigration to the United States since the enactment of our restrictive laws, you will see that we have shut out a million European immigrants a year, who must go to South America. The increase of the population in South America, the investment of capital, the building of public works, the development of farms and plantations—these all must result in a great increase in the consumption of foodstuffs, wearing apparel, furniture, building materials and luxuries by its fast-growing populations. South America today takes from us twice as much goods as it did before the war. But more than that, let me ask you to look at a little table comparing the exports from the United States to Cuba and Porto Rico—to which American capital has gone, and which have felt the quickening touch of American enterprise—and the exports to Colombia and Venezuela, which lie just beyond, across the Caribbean Sea.

EXPORTS OF MERCHANDISE FROM THE UNITED STATES TO CUBA, PORTO RICO, VENEZUELA AND COLOMBIA FOR 1900, 1910 AND 1922

YEAR	CUBA		PORTO RICO		VENEZUELA		COLOMBIA	
	TOTAL	PER CAPITA	TOTAL	PER CAPITA	TOTAL	PER CAPITA	TOTAL	PER CAPITA
1900 . . .	$26,513,400	$17.67	$4,640,449	$4.64	$2,452,757	$1.22	$2,710,688	$ .60
1910 . . .	52,858,758	26.43	26,478,106	24.07	2,797,210	1.00	3,979,886	.80
1922 . . .	124,148,536	41.38	57,968,112	44.59	8,508,574	2.83	19,564,017	3.26

We are starting out to spend about $50,000,000 on rivers and harbors, and $250,000 a year for the development of our trade with South America. How much do you think ought to be spent on a national sales force in the potentially richest market in the world except our own? If the peoples of the South American countries bought from us one-half, one-third or even one-quarter as much per capita as do the Cubans, there would be no American export problem for many a long day. The surplus of American manufactures and foodstuffs which the armed rivals of Old Europe may be unable to buy would be sold to the other American peoples—peoples like ourselves, peaceful and republican. It is time that the Administration, Congress, the leaders of labor, and the leaders of the manufacturers and the farmers of this country should bestir themselves to the end that government and private enterprise may coöperate to meet British competition in South America, and to develop without delay the only rich and secure market left to us in the world.

A *new* HEAT takes its place as one of the three greatest contributions to Home-comfort

A TURN of a faucet—water. A snap of a switch—light. And *now*, at a touch of your finger—*heat*.

No longer is it necessary to endure "hit-or-miss" heat. No longer do you have to run up and down stairs, juggle dampers, and twist back-straining valves to get a semblance of heat regulation.

No! All that is past! Hoffman "Controlled Heat" has made it possible, at a touch of your finger, to have the exact heat you want, when you want it and where you want it. You can meet sudden changes in the outside temperature. You can have the nursery 72°; the living room 70°; your bedroom 65°.

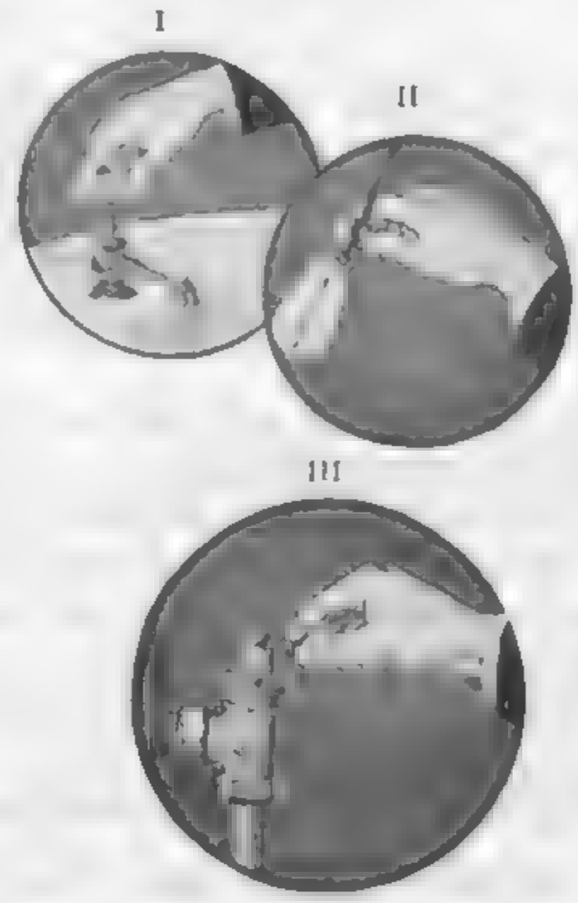
And economy! "Controlled Heat" generates heat *only as it is needed;* there is *no fuel wasted.* When you regulate a radiator-control-valve, it instantly affects a sensitive damper-regulator in the basement and the fire is accelerated or retarded to meet the change.

"Controlled Heat" is vapor heat. Vapor heat is steam operating under very low pressure. Low pressure means a real saving in coal.

But "Controlled Heat" is *more* than vapor heat. It is vapor heat reduced to absolute simplicity and reliability. It is vapor heat that can be "controlled". It is clean, silent and flexible.

Wherever Hoffman "Controlled Heat" has been installed, its performance has astonished heating experts. Never before has there been a heat that operated so smoothly, efficiently and economically. Never before has it been possible to control *accurately* and *easily* the temperature of a room simply by touching a radiator-control-valve.

Whether you are planning a large building or a home, you should first investigate Hoffman "Controlled Heat". We shall be glad to answer inquiries from those who are planning to build.



What is Controlled Heat?

IN CONTROLLED HEAT the choice of a boiler, piping and radiators is left to you, your architect and your heating-contractor. There are several manufacturers quite as competent in those fields as we are in ours.

The Hoffman devices which transform what would be an ordinary heating system into "Controlled Heat" are six in number; two valves on each radiator; and a valve, a safety device, a damper regulator and a mercury pressure-gauge which go in the basement.

The wonderful comfort, convenience, and economy of "Controlled Heat" are dependent upon the *perfection* of Hoffman devices. They are *instruments of precision*, the painstaking work of years on the part of the leading *specialists* in *heat control*. They make Hoffman "Controlled Heat", the choice of every thoughtful architect, heating-engineer and homebuilder.

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.
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HOFFMAN
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(1)

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., INC.
Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me the booklet "Controlled Heat".

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The Kelly Aircore is resilient at all truck speeds

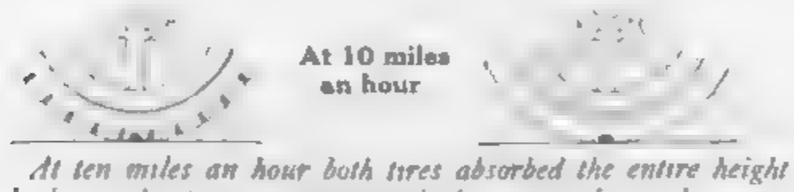
There is only one reason why any truck operator puts cushion tires on his trucks.

That reason is to obtain greater resiliency than is afforded by solid tires.

There is however one important fact that many truck operators do not stop to consider, and that is, that while theoretically cushion tires enable a truck to operate at a higher speed, yet in actual practice beyond a certain comparatively low speed all types of non-patented hollow-center cushion tires are *no more resilient than an ordinary solid tire.*

The following comparative test, recently made, illustrates this point:

A loaded truck, the right rear wheel equipped with an Aircore tire and the left rear wheel with a cushion tire of the non-patented circular hollow type, was run over a 1-inch iron bar placed on a concrete road.



At ten miles an hour both tires absorbed the entire height of the bar without communicating the impact to the truck.

At fifteen miles an hour the Aircore still absorbed the entire height of the bar, while the other tire absorbed only half of it, transmitting a half inch bump to the truck.

At twenty miles an hour the Aircore still absorbed the entire height of the obstruction, passing over the bar without perceptible jar or jolt, while the other "cushion" tire bumped over the bar without absorbing ANY of the jolt.

This test merely serves to prove the advantage of a scientific design which provides a displacement space into which the rubber can flow instantaneously and resume its normal shape as soon as the obstacle is passed.

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.
250 West 57th Street New York, N. Y.

Section of AIRCORE tire when under no load. Note the shape of the spear-head central opening and the white dotted outline of the traction notches cut in the tread and side walls. The central core opening provides the internal displacement space into which a portion of the rubber may flow when the tire is subjected to load.

When subjected to a normal load, the AIRCORE assumes the outline indicated by the full lines above. The depth of the tread is shortened and the rubber thus displaced is squeezed outward and into the central core. The solid black spaces indicate the position assumed by the rubber thus displaced. Note that the flow has been in gentle curves with no abrupt break or bend. The rubber must flow somewhere, and in the AIRCORE it assumes the simplest, easiest and most quickly recoverable shape.

Note the height of this open space and the comparatively short depth of rubber between the upper open end and the tread of the tire. This produces instantaneous action and recovery of the tire and adds greatly to its resiliency at high speeds.

BACKGROUNDED

(Continued from Page 13)

so serenely sure that everybody else shared that compelling enthusiasm.

No, the trip hadn't been so bad, after all, as he had expected. Even Edith hadn't seemed to mind it so much as she usually did. There had been times when, watching her as she gave ear to Mrs. Doane's conversation, Webscott had almost believed she was honestly attentive.

He came back to the window as he tied his scarf, wondering which of the roofs had sheltered Shirley last night. He hadn't quite liked the idea of letting her go home with the Doanes. Edith's consent to that proposal had disturbed him, even after she explained that her talk with Mrs. Doane on the train had satisfied her that they were really very worthy people. The chimneys, venting the smoke of breakfast fires, stirred Webscott's appetite. He suddenly remembered the homely breakfasts in the ugly yellow house, the family group about the table, the spiced, hungry smells from the kitchen. He seemed to resent the idea of the roll and coffee that had become his morning habit. He wanted food, and he wanted something else. Company! That was it! He didn't want to go downstairs to a lonesome table.

Edith—he glanced at his watch. Barely eight. She'd be asleep for another hour, and even if she happened to have waked early, she'd lift her eyebrows at him if he should suggest her breakfasting anywhere but in her room. Besides, she was always a trifle more difficult in the morning. He hesitated, his glance moving to her door. Then, marveling at himself, he crossed the room and tapped gently.

"Come!"

He brightened at the sound. She wasn't cross anyway. He turned the knob. Edith, in some loose thing or other, stood by a little table, spread with an unmistakably dual breakfast service.

"I was just wondering whether to wake you," she said casually, as if there were nothing unusual in the situation. "As long as I couldn't sleep past your early bird hours, I thought I'd order for us both."

"Good!" He placed her chair and took his own. "What waked you? I'm ahead of time myself."

"Shirley telephoned at seven," Edith laughed. "The poor child's simply mad to see those awful iron dogs. After all the trouble we've taken to give her a decent taste too! It's really comic."

He chuckled.

"Won't hurt her, I guess. What's this? Cakes!"

Edith shrugged.

"It must be the air here. We used to have them every Saturday."

"So'd we! Made us late for school if we'd had 'em on a week day. These are pretty good too."

There was a pause while they both dealt fairly with the cakes.

"I've been thinking it over, and if you really think the Pacific trip would be better for Shirley ——"

He was disturbed by the discovery that he no longer felt deeply on the subject.

"Oh, I don't think it matters much. I'd just as soon go to Sicily if you ——"

The telephone interrupted him. Doane's brisk voice wished him good morning and inquired whether he and the wife were ready.

"Young ones routed me out at daybreak," he chuckled. "Shirley says she phoned ——"

"I'll need half an hour," said Edith. "You go down and keep him amused. 'The wife'—there's a sort of distinction about that, as if he said the duchess or ——"

"—— the old woman," suggested Webscott.

He went out, wondering how long it had been since he and Edith had joked like that. Doane greeted him jovially and instructed two bystanding gentlemen to shake hands with him. The act acquired a new significance to Webscott as to his fraternal connections. He shook his head.

"Sorry. I don't belong to anything."

One of the men suggested that this was easily remedied; the other jerked a hand in the direction of an arched doorway at the other side of the impressive lobby.

"Come right over and join the Commerotary Club, Mr. Webscott. Membership drive's on this week and my team's running second."

"Commer—what?"

Webscott submitted to a guiding pressure at his elbow. Doane wagged his head.

"Commerotary—my idea, Webscott. Put over a merger of the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club last year. Hitched the names together like that. Got a sort of French twist to it—commeraddery, see? Other towns copying it right along; but we started it right here in Bicksburgh, no matter what they tell you."

Under specific instructions, Webscott shook hands with other Commerotarians in the club headquarters, abutting on the lobby, and listened to wit and humor at the expense of Doane, accused of going South to escape the toil of Drive Week and of returning cleverly in time for the big eats. Bidden to partake of these, Webscott discovered that the membership battle would culminate at noon in a banquet. He pleaded Edith as an excuse, and Doane overruled him.

"The wife's getting up a little feed for her," he announced. "That's all fixed."

Webscott was apprehensive until Edith, informed of the arrangement, took the news calmly. Doane helped her to the front seat of a brilliantly washed car, from the rear of which a poster referred imperatively to Drive Week. He identified a number of business structures as he drove through the traffic of River Street, and mentioned the names of men who waved to him from other decorated cars.

"Guess you remember old Bill Dopple that ran a butcher shop at the corner of Elm and River. That was his boy Harvey in that sedan. Got the biggest provision business this side of Chicago, Harvey has."

They turned into a nakedly new street of houses that seemed to Webscott to have been built with a view to exhibiting the widest possible range of domestic architecture. Edith cried out artlessly. All this district had been a swampy cow pasture when she had last seen it. Doane seemed to be gratified by this.

"Told you the town was growing like a weed, didn't I?"

In the rear seat Webscott could smile at this, but even as he grinned he was aware of a disturbing inner conflict. These new houses, the little cars that stood before them, the young trees and shrubs in the foreground, didn't amuse him as they should; even Doane's talk wasn't so funny as it ought to be. For some reason Kendall Webscott seemed to be sorry for himself instead of for Doane. He was still puzzling over this when the car stopped and Shirley ran toward them across a wide lawn, an exuberant Airedale cutting frantic circles about her. Webscott's absurd self-pity deepened at the sight of her, of Doane's cheerfully prosperous stucco house.

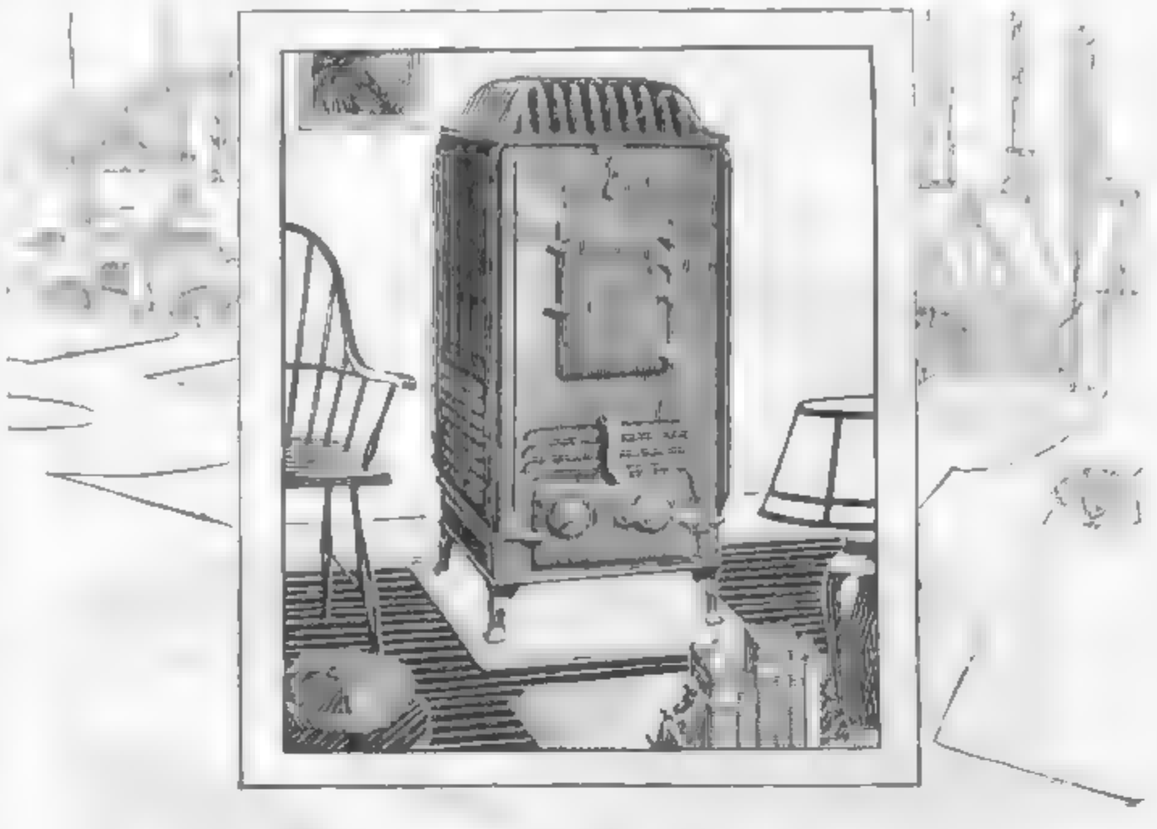
The interior ought to have lifted his mood, he knew; and yet he listened to Doane's complacent speech of built-in vacuum cleaner and vapor heat with a dull wonder at his interest. Mrs. Doane, in this setting, underwent some mystifying change; she seemed brighter, better looking. The contrast between her and Edith wasn't so comic now. A good, solid, housekeeping sort, Webscott told himself; no nonsense about her. He seemed to be comparing her with the exotic women who fitted so easily into elaborate hotels; he almost resented the discovery that there was something likable about her.

Doane drove them back downtown, Shirley beside her father in the back seat, a bright spot of color in her cheek the only evidence of her excitement. They came presently into a wide avenue of old elms and mellowed Victorian houses in deep lawns. Time had dealt kindly here. Webscott wondered why the meretricious architecture failed to offend him; why he could see beauty even in those mansard roofs, with patterns in colored slates. Doane waved a hand and spoke over his shoulder to Shirley.

"There's the place, Shirley!"

He stopped, shifted gears and turned to park on the right side. Webscott smiled at the iron sculptures of the grounds, at the big, insistently imposing house behind them. "A mansion," he told himself; no other word fitted it. He watched Shirley, puzzled at her silence, afraid that she was disappointed. Doane left them; he was due at the Commerotary and would be back in an hour. There was a caretaker in the house. He'd warned the man to expect them.

Furnace Comfort for Small Homes



Ask Us Now

about this new way of heating

AT the bottom of this, there is a coupon. Mail it.

Last winter we helped thousands to the comfort of modern warm-air heat; showed them how easy it was to keep cosy in even the coldest weather. Now we should like to do as much for you, in time for next winter.

New principles

We have perfected a new way in warm-air heating—furnace comfort for small homes, with or without basements, one floor or two.

It is called the Estate Heatrola. Burns any sort of fuel.

You place it in one of the living rooms and it keeps the whole house warm.

Great volumes of warm, moist air—the most healthful heat, as your doctor will tell you—are supplied to every room in the house.

Heating experts say it is changing the heating habits of the nation.

Looks like a phonograph

Beautifully designed, and finished in rich grained mahogany, the Heatrola looks like a handsome phonograph. You can rub it and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture.

The finish is vitreous enamel—smooth as glass and everlasting.

Heating results are guaranteed by the 78-year-old Estate Stove Company and vouched for by thousands of delighted users.

Where to see one

Leading furniture and hardware stores and heating contractors have the Heatrola on display. They will gladly explain the principle. See one there. Or, mail the coupon.

Estate HEATROLA

MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE CO., HAMILTON, OHIO—BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATE STOVES, RANGES AND FURNACES

If you prefer a basement furnace

—check the coupon for booklet and full information about Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnaces, in pipe and pipeless models. All cast-iron construction; five-year guaranteed fire-pot, ball-bearing grate; new-type grate shaker; swinging vapor tank, many other fine features.

FREE BOOK (175) MAIL THIS
THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio
(Pacific Coast Office: Furniture Exchange, San Francisco.)
Send me free information regarding heating system checked below and name of nearest dealer
☐ ESTATE HEATROLA
Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnace
☐ Pipeless Model ☐ Pipe Model
Name
Street or R. F. D.
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How many rooms in your house?

Two Vital Essentials

of 100% Bumper Protection

The "Full-looped Ends" of Biflex Bumpers provide recoil; make possible the continuous "hoop-like" construction which renders Biflex a great steel cushion capable of absorbing terrific shocks. No bolts to become loose and rattle.

The "Double Bars" present maximum bumping surface with minimum overhang weight; stop other bumpers of all heights; take blows from any direction.

Thus the name Bi—flex. "Bi" for double bars —"flex" for flexibility. Both are patented features which established Biflex as the standard bumper protection and revolutionized the bumper industry; look for them in bumpers you buy.

Biflex is not a stiff, rigid, battering ram. It is a scientific piece of mechanism of finely balanced resiliency with maximum cushioning depth. It is the Bumper that should be on your car, front and rear, to insure adequate bumper protection. For safety, insist on Biflex and refuse substitutes.

Your Dealer can supply you. If not, write us. Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are guaranteed against breakage for one year. Fully protected by U. S. Patents.

BIFLEX PRODUCTS CO., Waukegan, Ill.

Biflex

TRADE-MARK

Biflex Cushion Bumper

PROTECTION WITH DISTINCTION

Shirley seemed troubled as they went up the flagged walk. She kept turning to look back at the sandstone horse block beside the curb, and not even the fountain group diverted her. Webscott was disturbed.

"Don't you like them, dear?"

Shirley lifted grave eyes.

"The deer? Oh, yes! But"—she hesitated—"it seems so queer, stepping on grandpapa's gravestone! I ——"

"Gravestone?"

Webscott stared. Shirley's glance led his back to the horse block. He understood. That deep-cut name in the block had been visible when Doane turned his car, of course. He wondered why he had no wish to laugh. It ought to be funny, that mistake, and yet it wasn't. He heard himself explaining the purpose of the block, and looked up to find that Edith had walked on alone to the house. He saw the door open for her as Shirley, her soul at peace, caught his hand and drew him toward the fountain. A stab of sympathy for his wife hurt him. It was going to be a dismal business for her, coming back to an empty, closed house, where there would be ghosts in every corner. He left Shirley to her rapt inspection of the boy and girl beneath the iron umbrella and followed Edith.

The wide high-ceiled hall welcomed him with warmth. He saw at once that his thought of closed, dark rooms, of swathed furniture had been unfounded. The hall seemed as if people might have lived here yesterday. He shook hands with a dingy little old man in shirt sleeves, who called Edith Edie and who seemed to regard her husband with tolerance.

"I hardly expected you'd have the place in such fine shape," said Webscott.

"It was those Doanes." Edith's voice was softly warm. "If it hadn't been for them I'd have found the windows boarded up and everything in dust cloths. They wired home the minute they knew we were coming, and Sam says they were both here last night, late as it was, to make sure ——"

Webscott discovered a quick rush of affection for the stubby man and his commonplace wife. That was the sort of thing people used to do for their neighbors. You hardly expected it nowadays. "Neighbors"—the word reminded him of Shirley's attitude toward them, as if she fancied them a peculiar kind of foreigners.

"Mighty white of them," he said. "I was afraid it would hit you pretty hard, Edith."

"I ——"

She moved away toward the stairs abruptly, and he suppressed the impulse to follow. It occurred to him that if they had gone back to the old yellow house he would have wanted to go over it alone. He permitted the caretaker to guide him about the lower floor as the easiest means of sparing Edith the old fellow's presence. The big high rooms had a strange effect on him. He had seen houses like this when he had been awed by them. Something of the old feeling came back to him, even though he could smile at the figured carpets, the stiff, ugly furniture, the plaster rosettes in the ceilings from which elaborate gas fixtures sprouted downward to flower in dangling glass prisms.

He stopped in the library, drawn by solemn rows of calf bindings—Dickens and Thackeray and Scott and Macaulay and Carlisle. The caretaker left him fumbling among them. He realized with a start that he had forgotten the others; he must have been here half an hour. He went in search of Edith. He found her standing in the doorway at the front of the upper hall, and came beside her before she was aware of him. The room stirred his own memories wistfully—the massive marble-topped walnut bureaus, the heavy high bedstead, the low rocking-chair beside the white-marble fireplace, even a haasock, carpet covered ——

"It's just the same," said Edith quietly. He touched her arm.

"I know. It takes me back too. But——"

"Where's Shirley?"

Her tone changed. She seemed to regain her normal voice.

"Somewhere about, I guess. It's almost time for Doane to be coming back. I'd better hunt her up."

They came upon her in another bedroom, a room with faded roses patterning its walls. She was fascinated by a framed engraving of a little girl, penitent and woebegone on a high stool in a corner, her disgraced exile shared by a distressed fox terrier.

"Just like the phonograph dogs," said Shirley. "Cunning!"

The speech hurt Webscott. A child whose voice softened like that when she spoke of a dog ought not to fall back on a stuffed terrier as a standard of comparison. Shirley'd never had a pet. It wasn't practicable to keep dogs and cats in the apartment hotel that served as home in the intervals between travels on which pets couldn't possibly be taken.

"I saw a neighbor," Shirley announced; "a nice one. He called me sister."

Again something reproached Kendall Webscott. Of course, there couldn't be any argument about the educational value of travel. Edith and he were absolutely agreed that it was good for Shirley; and Shirley visibly justified it too. His throat contracted as he studied her, again hypnotized by the engraving. There was nothing wrong with Shirley, just as she was. But—he thought suddenly of the word. Background! People needed that—something permanent about which associations formed. He thought of the yellow house with the cupola. Shirley wouldn't have memories like that of staterooms and hotels.

"I used to love that dog too." Edith's voice was wistful, he thought. "This was my room when I lived here, Shirley."

"Of course," said Shirley. "And it's going to be mine now. I love it."

She spoke with entire certitude, as of an established truth. Webscott started. If Shirley fixed her heart on anything like that—he glanced apprehensively at Edith. They were quite at one in their opinion of Shirley's unshakable obstinacy. It had long ago been settled that Shirley always got precisely what she wanted. He shook his head in caution, but Edith failed to understand. She brought the matter straight to an issue.

"Do you mean that you want to live here, dearest—in this house—and not go to Japan, after all?"

"I think it's nice here," said Shirley.

"But ——"

Edith stopped, and again her glance consulted Webscott's. He frowned, as one who considers deeply.

"It might be good for her, Edith. I've been wondering whether she didn't need—well, background. We took it for granted, because we had it; but I've been asking myself whether it's so unimportant as it looks. If she's decided she wants it ——"

He shrugged as if to express the futility of opposition. Edith looked thoughtful.

"It could be managed, I suppose. The house is really more livable than I thought. And we could send for Miss Carlson. We'd have to pay her more to get her out here, but ——"

"I could go to Winnie's school, mamma." Shirley turned quickly. "I'd just as soon really. Winnie says it's the best school this side of Chicago!"

"Servants ——". Edith's mind had moved on past the lesser problem of the governess. "I suppose there must be such things here."

"Winnie's mamma knows about some." Shirley spoke eagerly. "There's a cook and her husband that are going to stop working for the neighbor that lives across the street. It's very strange about her, mamma—she just can't keep servants, Mrs. Doane says. She's had six since last fall, and they just won't stay. Mrs. Doane's had the same ones for four years, but ——"

"If you could stand it, Ken—I think you're right about—about background." Edith's head tilted a little. "She's never had it, and it's quite true that a person needs something like that. And the climate's quite healthy too."

"All places are pretty much alike to me by this time." Webscott shrugged. "I'll get along well enough. But it's bound to be pretty awful for you. A town like this ——"

Edith shook her head.

"I stood it for eighteen years, you know. I can do it again. And as long as Shirley's so set on it ——"

"Yes" — Webscott nodded soberly — "that would settle it, if there were nothing else. I've never learned how to say no when she makes up her mind." He laughed. "It's lucky that she doesn't want things we can't get for her, isn't it?"

Edith's glance led his to Shirley. She was once more preoccupied by the little girl and the dog, but her hands were patting soundlessly together.

III

EDITH listened so sympathetically that Kendall Webscott's reminiscent irritation smoothed into amusement, and

(Continued on Page 169)

WURLITZER

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

STUDIO PIANOS

Studio Upright—$395

Studio Player—$495

Kingston Model
Studio Grand—$595

plus freight at Pacific coast points

For Homes Where Space is Limited

And Perfect Tone Quality is Required

These Three New Pianos Were Created

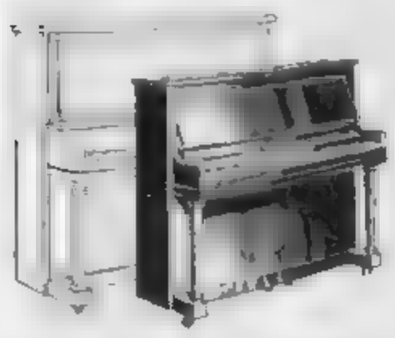
Marvelous compactness is their distinguishing characteristic. The Studio Upright is but 44 inches high—the player can see over the top with ease. The small Grand—only 56 inches long—takes up no more space than an ordinary upright.

Because of their small size, these pianos may be placed in positions quite impossible with the larger instruments. The Studio Upright, for instance, may be placed out in the room, back to back with a sofa or table.

Thus in homes where a full size piano would be out of the question, one of these new Wurlitzer pianos may be used without a suggestion of over-crowding, and adds to the room that touch of refinement which means so much. It is significant that such artists as Ethel Barrymore, Billie Burke and Helen Shipman have chosen the Wurlitzer piano for their own use.

The Wurlitzer Studio piano makes an ideal instrument for summer homes and cottages. It is easily moved about, and will give splendid service where conditions would not allow a regular size piano.

This compactness has been achieved without the least sacrifice of quality. In design, workmanship and finish these wonderful little instruments are superb. In clarity and pureness of tone they rival a concert grand. The prices are surprisingly moderate.



Cut shows actual size of Wurlitzer Studio Upright, as compared with a full size piano

You may buy any Wurlitzer instrument on a liberal payment plan. We will be glad to send you full information, also photographs and description of any instrument in which you are interested. Simply phone or write to the nearest Wurlitzer store or dealer, or send the coupon.

Wurlitzer Stores from Coast to Coast

NEW YORK, 120 W. 42nd St.
BOSTON, 841 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA, 811 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH, 615 Liberty Ave.
BUFFALO, 674 Main St.
ROCHESTER, 364 E. Main St.
SYRACUSE, 358 S. Salina St.
NIAGARA FALLS, 333 Third St.
DETROIT, 339 State St.
CINCINNATI, 121 E. 4th St.
CLEVELAND, 1017 Euclid Ave.
COLUMBUS, 50 E. Gay St.
DAYTON, 133 S. Ludlow St.
SPRINGFIELD, O., 38 S. Limestone
HAMILTON, O., 119 S. Second St.
PIQUA, O., 417 N. Main St.
IRONTON, O., 110 N. Second St.
CHICAGO, 329 S. Wabash Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, 250 Stockton St.
LOS ANGELES, 607 W. Seventh St.
OAKLAND, 575 Fourteenth St.
ST. LOUIS, 1006 Olive St.
KANSAS CITY, 1114 McGee St.
MILWAUKEE, 421 Broadway
LOUISVILLE, 658 S. Fourth St.
MIDDLETOWN, O., 137 E. Third St.

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Wurlitzer Dealers in over 200 other cities.

Dealers wanted in every city where we are not represented.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 2475,
121 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me photographs and full information regarding Studio pianos checked below. Also tell me the name of the nearest Wurlitzer dealer.

Name_____

City_____

☐ Upright ☐ Player ☐ Grand

Underinflation now means safety, service, comfort, economy

New Dayton Schedule of Reduced Air Pressures			
Size	Balloons Underinflated	Reduction	Dayton Standard
3½ inch	50 lbs.	15 lbs.	35 lbs.
4 inch	60 lbs.	15 lbs.	45 lbs.
4. inch	70 lbs.	15 lbs.	55 lbs.
5 inch	80 lbs.	20 lbs.	60 lbs.

DAYTON Thorobred Cords are designed and built to deliver long mileage with reduced air pressure

Any man who owns an automobile knows that reduced air pressure means smooth, comfortable riding, longer life for the car, freedom from skidding, fewer punctures and a longer wearing tread.

It means greater service and greater comfort from any automobile, with fewer repairs and a lower upkeep cost.

And with these advantages comes a sense of security and confidence that is being realized more and more by users of Dayton Thorobred Cords. They know that their tires are equal to any road or any speed or any load and can be depended upon for average mileage far beyond the conservative 10,000 mile guarantee.

The best tire dealer in your locality is now the Dayton Representative or can get these tires for you. See him.

J. A. McMillan
President and Gen'l Manager
THE DAYTON RUBBER MFG. CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

Dayton Thorobred Cords

Built for Underinflation = Guaranteed 10,000 Miles

(Continued from Page 166)

his weariness became no more than an agreeable fatigue. He could even chuckle tolerantly at the incompetency of the sales and advertising manager and the pig-headed conservatism of those two ancient bank directors. He could afford to take an indulgent attitude toward these people; he'd carried his point in spite of them, forced them to see that a healthy business must go ahead or sicken, just as Lester Doane was always saying. There had been, too, that committee meeting of the Commerotary Club, at which no less than three otherwise rational members had actually advocated putting the Union Station on Elm Street instead of River. He made Edith laugh at his imitation of their arguments.

But as his cigar and coffee—remarkable coffee Edith had taught that Swedish cook to make—completed the mollifying process in himself, Webscott became aware that Edith looked tired too. The expression, for some reason, became her. A little glow of tenderness warmed him. She'd taken this Bicksburgh interlude like a good sport. It had been bad enough for Kendall Webscott; but it must have been harder for his wife, tied down to housekeeping after all those luxuriously easy years of hotels. And she almost never complained either.

"Had a hard day, too, Edie?" He had slipped into calling her by old Sam's diminutive. For some reason it seemed to suit her here. She smiled.

"Oh, only the usual thing. Helga and Nils have been quarreling again, and each of them always tries to leave when they fuss. I had to straighten out that, and then there was some shopping. It's really quite a lot of work to run a house like this: more than you'd think." She stopped. "But it's silly to talk about trifles, when you've been having such a frightful time downtown."

"Oh, that's all in the day's work." He wagged his head. "I'm hardened to it now. It's the only way I could kill time in a place like this. Les Doane was dead right about that—you can't stand it to loaf in Bicksburgh, and there's nothing to do but business. I don't think I could have stuck it out, even for Shirley's sake, if I hadn't found a factory to play with."

"I know," Edith nodded gravely. "I feel like that about the house. But you ought to have a good long rest now, Ken. There—there isn't any reason for our staying here, with Shirley away at school. We could close the house and go off to Japan."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly ——"

He stopped. Edith had been keeping house for five years, with hardly a break. She must be sick of it; she wouldn't say so, of course, but that was what made her look tired like this. He considered his own affairs; the business would suffer certainly. With this new advertising campaign to be started, it was simple insanity to trust things to that fellow Farley. And the Union Station question would be decided before Christmas, too, with plenty of numskulls howling for that Elm Street site.

"You mustn't let it fasten on you, Ken. I'm afraid you'll find yourself caught in the wheels like the other men here. You aren't like them; business doesn't mean anything but a rather stupid pastime to you. You only went into it because we both felt that Shirley ought to live here long enough to—to get a background."

Webscott frowned as the force of this came home to him. Edie was absolutely right. He'd been letting the cart get in front of the horse in his attitude toward that business. If he kept on with it he'd wake up some day and find that he was like Les Doane and the other men downtown—taking it all in dead earnest, a convinced Commerotarian, a Bicksburgher, to whom the omission of that final letter by the postal authorities was a grievance and affront. He'd be like the characters in that chap's book—and never know it!

He mustn't forget that it was only a temporary thing, suffered gladly for Shirley's sake. Bicksburgh had been good for her; there was nothing to regret in these five years. They'd been happy years for her; they'd given her that background that she'd needed. But they'd served their purpose now. There wasn't a single reason for keeping on with the business, for letting Edith wear herself out in the care of the big empty house.

"That's so, Edie," he nodded slowly. "I guess I was forgetting. It's funny how you do get caught in the wheels if you're not on your guard. We'll quit, and we'll run over to Sicily—that town where you wanted to go when we came here."

Edie's brows rose inquiringly and then she laughed.

"How funny! That was Shirley's idea. You've forgotten. I wanted to go to Japan, but the child had her heart set on Taormina."

"You're the one who's forgetting. It was your notion ——" He caught himself up abruptly. That wasn't the tone a man ought to take, a man with a wife like Edie. "Maybe you're right. But I've always wanted to go back to that Taormina place. If you're not so desperately keen on Japan, I'd rather go ——"

He watched her narrowly, suspiciously. It would be just like Edie to pretend that she wanted to go to Japan because she thought he wanted to. She was always putting over something like that.

"You're just saying that because you've got it into your head that I was set on Sicily five years ago!" Edie's eyes softened. "I can look right through you, Ken Webscott, you old fraud!"

"Well, what of it?" Webscott grinned defiantly. "Own up—you're just rooting for Japan because you think I'm crazy to go there; and I'm not, honestly. I'd rather go anywhere else. So we'll take a chance on Sicily."

She shook her head.

"Somehow it doesn't appeal to me. I may have liked the idea that other time, but I don't care about it now, really."

"Well, we'll go somewhere anyhow. That much is settled."

He shut his mind resolutely against the disturbing thoughts of what that muddler Farley would do to the healthiest young tooth paste on the market, the best arranged factory this side of Chicago. And what did it matter to Kendall Webscott if those shortsighted penny savers managed to locate the Union Station on Elm Street, after all?

Of course, there wasn't any room for argument as to the superiority of the River Street site, but ——

Les and Minnie Doane, arriving for bridge, interrupted these reflections. Instinctively, breaking the news to Les, Webscott tempered its significance. No use making Doane feel sorry beforehand; a pretty good scout when you got to know him. Doane would hate to have him go. It occurred to Webscott that he'd miss Doane a little, himself.

"Thinking of taking a little trip somewhere. Edith needs a change."

The Doanes were interested and envious. Les regretted that he had nobody to whom he dared trust his business, and Webscott forbore to express himself concerning Farley. What Farley would do to that advertising campaign ——

"Will you shut up the house, Edith?" Minnie, as usual, became conversational in the midst of a hand. Edith thought it likely.

"Then you'll have to let Shirley spend the Christmas vacation with Winnie. Winnie misses her terribly, and Les and I'd just love to have her."

"That's sweet of you, Minnie." Edith seemed to consider. "Perhaps—you see it's all so unsettled. We haven't made any plans; we don't even know where we're going."

Webscott's thoughts strayed persistently from his cards. This Christmas vacation for some reason he found that it reassured him, that he was relieved at its intrusion on his plans. It would be hard on Shirley, coming home to spend her holidays with the Doanes; not that there was anything against Les and Minnie, but Shirley was so fond of her own house. Perhaps he and Edith really ought to think this over before they decided finally. There wasn't any need for hurry anyway. And if they didn't leave for, say, another month, he could at least look over the copy and illustrations for those advertisements.

He turned the night latch after the departing Doanes, fumbling for words in which to suggest to Edith that perhaps they'd better wait till after Christmas. They really ought not to be selfish about this. Shirley's happiness mattered more than anything else, and

"Ken, I'm afraid we can't go." Edith's voice startled him. She had turned, halfway up the stairs. "It would just break Shirley's heart if she couldn't have her Christmas with us—here. And I think we really owe it to her not just as a pleasure, I mean; but—well, as part of the background. I keep remembering how lovely it was to come home from school. It would be a pity to let her grow up without an experience like that."

"I shouldn't wonder if there was something in that, Edie." Webscott spoke judicially. "But I hate to have you keep on with all the worry of the house."

"Oh, that!" Edith's tone disposed of the consideration. "It's you I'm thinking about. You really deserve a rest."

"I'll be all right," said Webscott. "And anyway, Shirley comes first. You're right: she's got to know what it feels like, coming home for Christmas. We'll put it off till she goes back."

He switched off the lights. In a way, it was just as well that they couldn't go. If he could be on hand to get that campaign under way Farley wouldn't be able to make such a complete hash of it afterward. And the station—he discovered as he went upstairs that he was whistling softly between his teeth.

Through an open doorway he saw Edith. She was standing in front of the old ugly marble-topped dresser that had been her mother's; and, as Webscott stopped, puzzled by a sudden, flooding tenderness for her, he saw that she was patting her hands together softly.

THIS orange and blue package on a dealer's counter will remind you to buy this useful little servant, DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape. Use it for automobiles, bicycles and electrical work; for home, store or shop; for mending tools, furniture, garden hose or anything else that's broken; for taping ball bats, golf clubs, tennis rackets.

Big industries use DUTCH BRAND Friction Tape because they've *proved* it's stronger, sticks tighter, insulates perfectly and is absolutely waterproof.

Four sizes: 5¢, 10¢, 20¢, 35¢

Tape it for good with

DUTCH BRAND

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DUTCH BRAND also stands for highest quality in a full line of chemical necessities for auto and bicycles, such as Gasket Shellac Compound, "7711" rubbercement, "2in1" outfiller.

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25% Bran
But we hide it

Pettijohn's is made to make bran likable, for everybody needs it. It is rolled from special wheat—the most flavory wheat that grows. And each flake hides some bran flakes.

Here we combine whole wheat and bran—two foods you want your people to enjoy. And we make of them a premier breakfast dainty.

You will like this dish—so will everybody. Go get a package and learn what it means to the people at your table.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat—25% Bran

Sullivan Lake, Kaniksu National Forest, Washington

cataraction

Watch the Cataract rub—

Water dashed through the clothes 80 times a minute

80 Waterfalls a Minute Cleanse Every Thread!

IMAGINE a miniature cataract of bubbly, sudsy water surging through your dirty clothes. Not a haphazard sloshing of water, but a definite, downward, vigorous DASH. Then multiply that deluge by 80.

That's what happens every single minute within the confines of that smooth, solid-copper, garment-sparing tub. Not just a back-and-forth action, nor an up-and-down action, but both these actions combined. Double action! Cataraction! The correct washing principle, exclusive with 1900 Cataract.

Since 1898, more than a million "1900" washers have been saving clothes, time, labor and backaches. We built and tested every type of washer to find the "one best." The result is the Cataract, the only way to get cataraction (the original figure 8 movement). There is a dealer near you who will demonstrate the Cataract in your home and sell you one on exceptionally easy terms if you desire. It costs but 2c an hour to run.

Some washers swing back and forth

Other washers rock up and down

The 1900 Cataract is the only washer that combines these actions. Double ac-

Send for this book, whether you contemplate buying a washer now or not. It contains much useful information on laundering.

1900 WASHER COMPANY, Binghamton, N. Y.
Incorporated 1898

Beatty Bros., Ltd., Fergus, Ontario, Distributor of the 1900 Washer Co.'s Products in Canada

DEALERS—We know it will take an exceptional offer to interest the kind of dealer we want. So we have made the terms of our new franchise policy attractive enough to appeal even to the man who thinks he now has the best proposition in our industry. Giving us an opportunity to explain our new plans to you in detail involves no obligation and will prove very worth-while, if for the purpose of comparison only.

SALESMEN—We also have some unusually attractive openings for men with re-sale experience.

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1900
CATARACT
ELECTRIC WASHER
Cleans by Cataraction

AMERICA'S DEPENDENCE ON BRITAIN FOR RUBBER

(Continued from Page 23)

	(a)	(b)	(c)
1907	69,000	28,817	40,183
1908	65,400	32,402	32,998
1909	69,600	38,789	30,811
1910	70,500	37,401	33,099
1911	75,149	34,464	40,685
1912	98,928	50,249	48,679
1913	108,440	49,851	58,589
1914	120,380	61,250	59,130
1915	158,702	96,763	61,939
1916	201,508	116,478	85,130
1917	267,698	177,788	88,910
1918	290,776	141,771	153,808
1919	329,850	239,977	89,883
1920	343,731	248,762	94,969
1921	293,360	179,068	114,292
1922	379,000	280,000	99,000

If the United States had accepted the automobile with no greater speed than the other nations of the world the rush of investors in 1908 to 1912 would have seen their investments end disastrously. You may think this was British luck, but after seeing them on the job last summer I take off my hat to them and say that it exemplifies the British business man's great ability to analyze future world needs and prepare to supply them at a profit.

As it was, the motor car and the war combined to make their investments a success only for a time, and even these forces were not sufficient to keep the plantation industry from feeling the pinch of its overexpansion. Although profits had been very large, it was practically impossible for me to ascertain from the individual plantation owners any uniformity of production costs, as this depended in a large measure on what amount their investments had been loaded through excessive overhead and capital-investment charges, thereby rendering comparisons of little value.

Some Chinese claimed ability to produce at 11 cents a pound, and others stoutly maintained that 20 cents was not enough to permit a living profit. Be this as it may, the Stevenson Committee evidently thought that 1s. 3d. a pound was a fair figure, and one that would permit a profit and encourage sufficient future planting to supply the world's standing need, as it recommended that export taxes be modified slightly after rubber reached that figure and remained there for a period of three months. For practical purposes 1s. may be considered as having a value of 24 cents, and a penny 2 cents, making further release of rubber effective at 30 and 36 cents. However, present rates of exchange bring this down under 30 and 36 cents.

The War Demand for Rubber

I have talked with the presidents of most of the large tire-manufacturing companies, and they think it is logical to pay a price for rubber high enough to encourage future planting, which must be done on a large scale to avoid a shortage in the future. They also feel that it is better to have a fair and stable price at all times than to get rubber below cost for a while and then have it reach abnormally high prices during other periods.

The beginning of the World War brought with it a distinct uncertainty of receiving supplies of crude rubber from overseas, as well as an increased demand for rubber products for war purposes.

The result was that prices for crude rubber became firmer and every plantation took all possible measures to increase its production and thereby its profits. This included the bringing into production of all young trees at the earliest opportunity. The result was that during the war and afterward the output of plantation rubber continued to increase.

While the war demand was in force there was no thought of a crisis arising from the greatly increased production of the industry. As is so well remembered, the end of the war was followed by an industrial boom, in which the rubber-manufacturing industry naturally shared. During the early part of 1919 there was available on the market some 55,000 tons of rubber, which had been held in the Far East from the 1918 production, due to scarcity of shipping. The price of rubber weakened accordingly, and by June, 1919, it sold as low as 1s. 8d. This was the lowest price at which plantation rubber had ever been sold, and gave the industry its first glimpse of a real declining market.

From this low point prices became firmer, and the year ended with satisfactory prices and the London and Liverpool warehouses holding the moderate amount of slightly under 25,000 tons. In 1920 the industrial boom began to collapse, and with it began a distinct slump in the crude-rubber industry. In fact, the rubber-price chart for the twelve months of 1920 shows an uninterrupted decrease in the price of plantation rubber. At the end of the year the price had declined to the previously unheard-of figure of 10d., while surplus stocks increased. As these two developments were taking place, particularly in the last half of the year, the excitement in the industry became intense, since the highly profitable days of before and during the war had been followed by prices that made profitable production for many companies altogether out of the question. In the midst of this excitement the board of directors of the Rubber Growers Association met to consider possible remedies for the situation. They found conditions roughly as follows:

About 3,500,000 acres were planted to rubber trees. Of this area approximately 72 per cent was in British colonial possessions and 25 per cent in the Dutch East Indies, leaving a possible 3 per cent for chance plantations elsewhere. Of the British holdings approximately one-third was owned by members of the Rubber Growers Association and, therefore, to an extent, was subject to moral control by the association.

Restriction of Output

The Growers' board of directors saw also that the production of crude rubber was going to be larger than in 1919. As a matter of fact it was 344,000 tons, of which 304,000 were from plantations. The output of wild rubber was diminishing, especially from areas outside of Brazil. Along with an increased production, the growers could see a lessening consumption, occasioned by the industrial depression, which was daily becoming worse, especially in the United States, where 70 per cent of the world's supply of crude rubber was regularly consumed. It appeared, therefore, that the year would end not only with low prices but with larger stocks on hand, standing as a sort of menace over the year ahead. This, too, was shown to be a fact when the year 1920 ended with 55,672 tons of rubber lying in the London and Liverpool warehouses.

With the predicament of the industry and the causes therefor well in mind, the directors of the Rubber Growers Association set themselves to the task of succoring their industry, and they decided on a policy of restriction of output, since it was apparent that overproduction was the cause of their trouble. As there was no means by which they could enforce restriction, they recommended to their members that for a period of one year beginning November 1, 1920, they reduce their production by 25 per cent. The board also invited nonmember planters to adopt the same restriction policy. About 90 per cent of the members agreed to the proposal, but the suggestion found no welcome with nonmembers, particularly among Chinese plantation owners, who characteristically had shown themselves able to produce at a lower cost and had accordingly not been so hard hit by the price decline. Since it has already been pointed out that the Rubber Growers Association controlled only one-third of the total British-owned plantation area, it is seen that the failure to coöperate by nonmembers would be fatal to the plan, as indeed it was. This was foreseen by the directors and was perhaps influential in bringing them to appeal to the British Government to restrict production by law, which, however, was not then favored by the British Colonial Secretary.

It was apparent in 1921 that the year was to be one of disaster to the crude-rubber industry; voluntary restriction was barely making itself felt and the takings of the United States continued small, as her industrial depression remained acute. The

(Continued on Page 173)

Martin-Parry Bodies on Standard Chassis Make Standard Commercial Cars—

IN the above illustration are shown standard Ford, Chevrolet, Overland and Star chassis, each fitted with Martin-Parry Standardized Commercial Bodies.

Thirty-eight Standardized Martin-Parry Commercial Bodies are built to fit practically any light chassis.

Any live automobile dealer in any of these chassis can supply a Martin-Parry body of the type you need in your business at a great saving in cost. At the most, it will only take a day or two to meet your needs.

Martin-Parry Bodies will save you money in first cost and service for the same reason the standard chassis of today will save you money. They are scientifically designed by the most experienced group of commercial body engineers in the country. They are made of the best materials, especially selected for the purpose.

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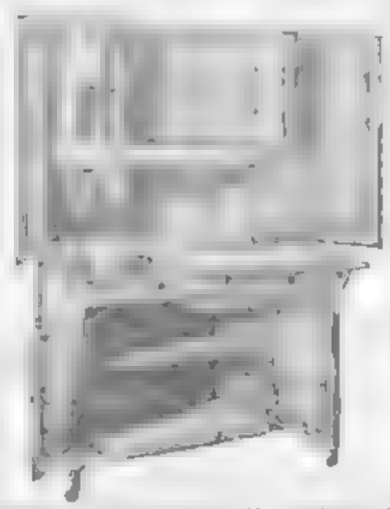
Largest Commercial Body Builders in the World

A STANDARDIZED LINE OF THIRTY-EIGHT COMMERCIAL BODIES FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

TONCAN

American Stove Company Gas Range, equipped with Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

REFRIGERATORS: Refrigerator manufacturers who seek the utmost in beauty and endurance, use enameled Toncan metal.



KITCHEN CABINETS. To withstand daily use, to give service as well as present a fine appearance, some of the best kitchen cabinets are made with enameled Toncan.

ENAMELED TABLE TOPS: A kitchen table receives hard wear. See that when you buy you get a table top of enameled Toncan.

If you see this label you are sure of the article

We are asking manufacturers who use Toncan to place this label on their products wherever possible. If you see it on any article you buy you may depend upon the reliability of the article and the men who made it

Canada:

TONCAN in Canada is fabricated by the Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ont., and galvanized by Dominion Sheet Metal Corporation, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

The man who makes an enameled stove— *for the woman who uses it*

HE has the pride of creating a beautiful and useful product. Surface beauty is not enough. Underneath the sparkling, glossy enamel the manufacturers use a base of Toncan pure iron. This hidden value may never be revealed except by faithful service through uncounted years.

But it is there. The manufacturer who uses Toncan for his enameled products looks beyond the sales of today to those of tomorrow and the years of tomorrows.

And as for the women—

Men reason out quality. Women seem to select it by instinct or intuition. A woman would look at a stove of enameled Toncan metal and she would see not only beauty, but the value beneath.

Tell her that Toncan is a pure iron, that it has a smooth, unbroken surface, that when enameled the enameling and the iron become as one—and she might not be interested.

But tell her that a stove of enameled Toncan has the finish of fine porcelain, that it *keeps* this beautiful appearance, that the enamel has no tendency to crack, that there are no "pinholes" nor "sandy places," that this stove is easy to clean and keep clean—and she knows exactly what you mean.

Depend upon this

Every stove made with Toncan is a "quality" stove. It will bake, broil and boil as it should.

No matter what enameled product you buy—stove, refrigerator, washing machine, kitchen cabinet—ask the salesman if it is enameled on Toncan. For the name Toncan and the name of the maker who uses Toncan, is a double guarantee. We will gladly give you the names of manufacturers who use Toncan. Write to us for information.

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Commercially pure iron alloyed with copper to obtain the greatest possible resistance to rust and corrosion.

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Special analysis and alloy steels made to your specifications or ours for any required purpose.

MADE BY THE OLDEST AND LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HIGH-GRADE ALLOY STEEL

UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 170)

low price of 10d., which had marked December, 1920, sales, was no longer a record, as the decline continued to 8d., which was reached in June. London stocks had also risen to 70,000 tons. Thus it became evident that a 25 per cent reduction would be insufficient to bring about any betterment, and more earnest agitation was begun for a 50 per cent reduction in output. At the same time it was proposed to organize a controlling company to be known as the Rubber Producers Corporation, which would be broader than the Rubber Growers Association, and particularly international in scope.

The rumors concerning the organization of the Rubber Producers Corporation and the plan of a more effective curtailing of production gave rise to a feeling of greater confidence in the market. In October the British Colonial Office showed greater interest in the situation than it had ever done before, and appointed a special committee to study the question and suggest remedial measures. In November the committee asked for and obtained authority to approach the Netherlands Government for the purpose of determining the feelings of that government towards coöperation in some scheme of restriction by law; outside of this, nothing was heard from the committee during 1921. The belief in a gradual recovery of prices persisted, however, throughout the rest of the year. The takings of the United States increased materially in the latter part of the year, and December prices responded with a slight increase to a low 10¾d., as contrasted to 8d. in June.

The term agreed upon for the 25 per cent voluntary restriction of output closed with the end of October, 1921. As no effective results were visible, the Rubber Growers Association sent out, in November, 1921, to all the plantation owners a letter in which it was pointed out that a partial limitation of production for twelve months had failed to establish a price that would justify normal production, and consequently it was an economic necessity for the planters to continue the 25 per cent reduction in output for the next six months at least. The proposal was to be carried out whenever approved by holders of at least 70 per cent of the total area planted. It was shown further that the actual decrease in the production of plantation rubber in 1921, amounting to about 35,000 tons, was not large enough to prevent an accumulation of stocks, to say nothing of their absorption. In fact, the year ended with almost 80,000 tons of rubber lying in London and Liverpool warehouses as compared with 56,000 tons a year before.

The Situation Relieved

Early in 1922 it became known that the plan of the Rubber Growers Association for extended restriction had failed. This left the industry without hope or plan, and prices descended accordingly. The situation was further weakened when the special committee of the British Colonial Office reported upon the gravity of the crisis and remedies suggested therefor, but added firmly that they could not recommend the adoption of any scheme of governmental restriction of production or sales unless the Dutch Government also approved it. It was known that the Dutch Government had not looked with favor on compulsory restriction, and late in August the unfavorable attitude of the Dutch Government was made formally known. In this month and the next, plantation rubber touched bottom when it sold at 8¾d. This figure was unprofitable for perhaps every planter in the industry, and represented a substantial loss over cost of production for almost every one of them. The crisis had naturally brought with it the necessity of reducing costs of production wherever possible, and it was only the companies that had been successful in greatly paring their expenses that could avoid tremendous losses. It appeared that a policy of the survival of the fittest was to prevail, and weaker companies were already falling under it. Then relief came.

On October 2, 1922, the special rubber committee of the British Colonial Office presented a supplemental report, in which they reversed their previous judgment that no plan of restriction by law should be adopted without the coöperation of the Dutch, and recommended that a scheme of governmental intervention be put into effect in Ceylon, the Malay States and the Straits Settlements as soon as possible. They went further and outlined the scheme of restriction that they favored.

The scheme had for its basis a sliding scale of export taxes graduated according to the percentage of rubber exported in stated quarterly periods as compared with the amount produced in the year ended October 31, 1920, the period before voluntary restriction was first attempted. Exportation during the first quarter was to be restricted to 60 per cent of production during one-fourth of the standard basic year; and a minimum export duty, to be levied on that percentage, and exports in excess of allowances to be subject to heavier taxes proportionate to the percentage exported and applicable to the entire exports of the company, were features of the scheme. Alterations in the percentage of standard production were provided for on the basis of the price of standard-quality smoked sheet in the London market. An average price of 1s. 3d. a pound during a stated quarter would bring an additional release of 5 per cent for the following quarter; and an average price of 1s. 6d. would result in a 10 per cent release. If the price should average less than 1s. a pound during a three-month period a reduction of the percentage by 5 per cent was provided for the following quarter. The purpose of the scheme was to assure a price in the neighborhood of 1s. 6d. in the London market for the relief of the rubber producers.

Protection for American Consumers

Such was the situation when I arrived at Singapore last October. Chinese plantation interests and some of the British plantation owners were opposed to this measure and doubted the wisdom of a law that in effect restricted production, and many of them also doubted the need of such legislation with the world's stocks growing smaller. I pointed out that planting had decreased in recent years and would continue at a minimum as long as restrictive measures were in effect; that consumption was increasing rapidly; that the schedules for the automobile industry for 1923 were greater than any contemplated figures in previous years; that stocks were being reduced, and that the natural law of supply and demand would solve the problem much better than artificial means. I also called attention to the fact that the large consumers of rubber in America would of necessity be compelled to protect themselves by encouraging planting in other countries and extending it rapidly to make up for the time already lost and to insure rubber for future needs; that such control as was proposed would not prove to the interest of either Great Britain or the United States, and that a law calculated to shoot prices up with no brakes to stop them was likely to encourage speculation, with all the resulting damages that come to the producer and the consumer by reason of the tax always exacted by gamblers in futures.

On November 1, 1922, the colonial legislature enacted laws recommended by the special rubber committee which caused a graduated export tax to become effective immediately in British Malaysia, Ceylon and Straits Settlements. When I arrived in London the restrictive law was in force. Reports were that rubber was going up, and on December fourteenth, when I called upon the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sir Lloyd-Graeme, President of the Board of Trade, it was called to their attention how the law was viewed in America and that if the restriction policy prevailed it would inevitably result in an intense government and business interest in the development of rubber in other tropical areas. The reported advance in the price of rubber seems to have been well founded, inasmuch as after the first hints of the restriction scheme became public the price of rubber increased from sixteen cents to more than thirty-five cents a pound in the New York market. An average increase of twenty cents a pound means that America will pay over $110,000,000 more for her annual rubber supplies than under prices current before the restriction scheme was advocated. This is particularly evident when it is considered that the United States uses about 70 per cent of the crude rubber produced.

The principal objections made to the restriction scheme are, first, that it was adopted at a time when the rubber surplus was being reduced by growing consumption, and was therefore unnecessary; and, second, that the scheme is not flexible enough

10 Points of Superiority

1. Indestructible cable—indestructible lock
2. Can't be cut or smashed off.
3. Keyhole cannot clog—has automatic closing device.
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5. Rust-proof—dust-proof—theft-proof
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7. Fits all kinds of tire carriers
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Approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

Here is *real* spare tire protection. The Johnson Spare Tire Lock completely baffles even the most professional tire thieves.

Let them pound, saw, pry, cut and do whatever they please. Your spare tires will stay there —*safe*.

Built of heavy aircraft cable, armored with thick, hardened steel beads that revolve freely and turn from under every blow, the Johnson Spare Tire Lock is practically impregnable.

Costs little more than a good padlock with wires, chains, cables or steel strips—makeshifts that tire thieves laugh at.

The lock itself is a specially hardened steel block with no projections to hit at. Locks against the shoulder of any bead, preventing rattle. Opens only with the owner's own key, and always opens easily, for the keyhole is protected from dust and rain.

Saves car owners 5% on theft insurance premiums in practically every locality. It is approved by the insurance companies.

Made in all lengths of cable. Fits any car or tire. Get one at once. Safeguard your spare tires. Tomorrow may be too late. If your dealer hasn't them, write us direct, today.

Dealers: *There is a real opportunity for you, by supplying the demand for this better tire lock. Order from your jobber, salesman, or write at once.*

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Longest Life
By Owners' Records

The service records of the Gould Batteries entered in a recent National Endurance Contest among Gould owners averaged 4 years and 1 month. Naturally, there are many Gould batteries that deliver *longer* service.

Here is a letter, one of many frequent unsolicited testimonials that bears out this fact.

Dr. William M. Patrick,
People's Bank Bldg.,
Rock Hill, S. C.
Feb. 26, 1923

Gould Storage Battery Co.,
New York, N. Y.
Dear Sirs:

I thought possibly you would be interested in knowing of a GOULD battery I bought in a 1916 Anderson car seven years ago. I have owned this car all the time and know that this battery has not been charged but one time in this seven years. There has never been a repair on it and it seems to start my car as well today as it ever did. I think this is remarkable. I have used eight or ten other batteries in different makes of cars, but I have never seen one that could compare with this Gould.

Yours very truly,
(*Signed*) Dr. Wm. M. Patrick

Write for booklet describing the famous Gould Endurance Contest.

The Slogan "Longest Life By Owners' Records" is based on the average long-life record established in the nationally advertised Gould Endurance contest by standard type Gould Batteries on various makes of cars.

GOULD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
30 East 42nd St., New York Works: Depew, N. Y.
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Radio Gould Unipower Battery—a permanent power plant for your radio that recharges by simply hooking to an electric light socket. Write for information.

to preclude the possibility of speculation sending the price of rubber to unreasonable heights. In support of the first argument, it is certain that surplus stocks of rubber were reduced somewhat during 1922 in spite of production being at a higher level than ever before. A study by the Rubber Division of the Department of Commerce of the effect of the scheme on world stocks of rubber shows that if the price of rubber averages 1s. 6d. a pound, giving additional 10 per cent releases every three months—beginning with May first—during the next two years, the world's stock of rubber in the summer of 1924 will be reduced to a bare four months' supply. This is based on the assumption that the Stevenson Committee's estimate of world stock at 310,000 tons on December 31, 1921, was correct and that consumption remains at practically the 1922 level. The Rubber Division, however, is inclined to doubt the accuracy of the Stevenson Committee's estimate, believing it to be considerably too high. The extreme danger of speculation in so narrow a market is apparent.

An examination of rubber production-and-consumption figures since 1900 shows only a slow growth from 1900 to 1910. The expansion of the automotive industry dates from the latter year, and the consumption of rubber in the United States increased from 37,500 tons in 1910 to more than 275,000 tons in 1922. In the rest of the world the increase was from 33,000 tons to about 110,000 tons in the same period. If automotive development continues throughout the world at the same rate as from 1910 to 1922, the world rubber requirements will be about 455,000 tons in 1926, 505,000 tons in 1928, and so on. The present production capacity of existing rubber sources under ordinarily favorable conditions is about 425,000 tons annually. It therefore appears that, regardless of restriction, there is likely to occur a real shortage of rubber within the next few years, and it is in this angle that the Department of Commerce is particularly interested.

Hampering Legislation

The American rubber manufacturers, in December last, acting through their central organization—The Rubber Association of America, Incorporated—corresponded with the British Rubber Growers Association, seeking an opportunity to exchange viewpoints and advise them fully concerning the growth of rubber consumption in the United States. A conference was duly agreed upon and held in New York during January, 1923. Sir Stanley Bois, chairman, H. Eric Miller and P. J. Burgess constituted the committee representing the British interests. I met with these gentlemen and recognized in them the type of Briton we love and respect. We love them for their culture and polish, and respect them for their well-known ability to sense and take advantage of business opportunities.

The British laws afford means for collective bargaining and for the control of commodities, and through the keenness of the British rubber interests, not only was the law made effective in British territory but a large amount of the Dutch East Indies production for 1923 was bought, and will be put on the market only under conditions similar to those prevailing in Ceylon and Malaysia. Unfortunately our laws render us helpless to protect ourselves by similar methods, but of course when we discuss such trade combinations with them they naturally refer to our tariff restrictions as another method we use to protect American industry. They are, however, keen to see their trade increase and they are not unmindful of the danger of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The goose, in this case, is the American who has not looked into the future for an essential commodity, and the egg represents our annual rubber bill, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars.

On February 17, 1923, the situation warranted Secretary Hoover and myself asking Congress for an emergency appropriation of $500,000, of which $400,000 was to be made available to the Department of Commerce and, in the discretion of the President $100,000 made available to the Department of Agriculture, for investigation and experimentation with the view of broadening the rubber-producing areas and possibly developing means of procuring rubber from other plant life, as was done in the case of sugar when the sugar beet supplied a world shortage of this commodity that was not possible to be supplied from sugar cane.

Mr. Hoover's Warning

On the above date Secretary Hoover, before the House Appropriations Committee, said:

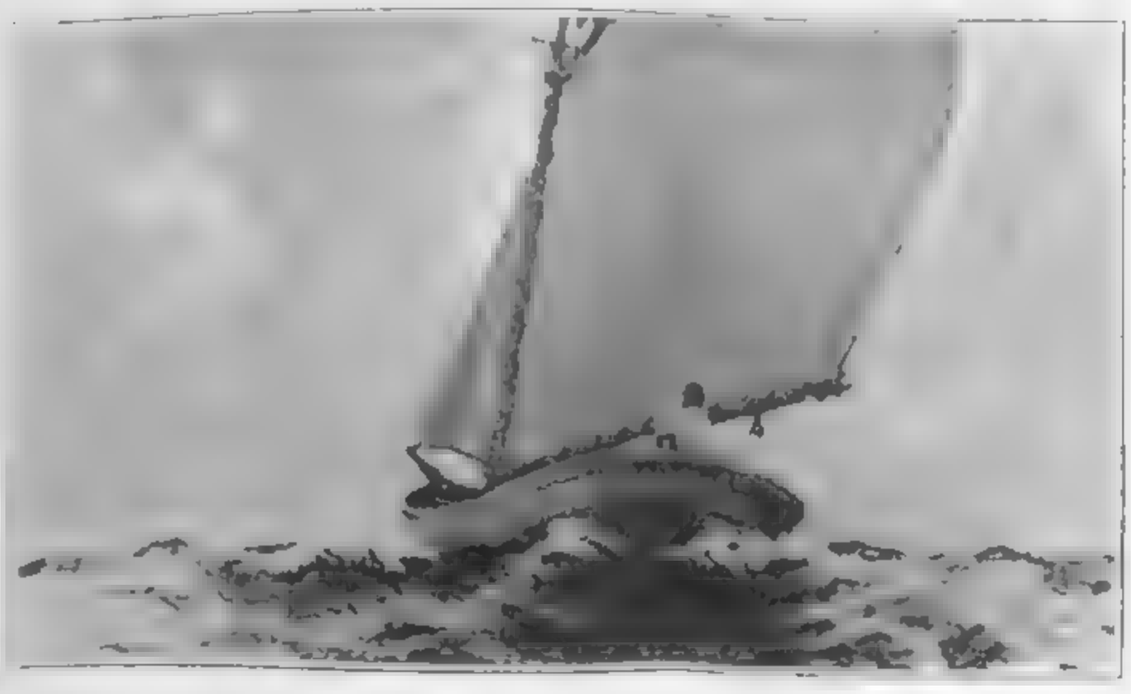
"We are faced not only with combinations in rubber but we are faced with combinations actually operating for control of prices in nitrates, in sisal, in copra products and many other commodities. For the last year and a half I have made some very severe remarks on this general question of prices and combinations against the United States where we are the predominant importer. We should make an investigation into several of those combinations because the time has come when we must prepare for some sort of national defense as against this kind of price control."

If rubber plantations can be developed in countries close to the United States or under the American flag the possibility of future rubber shortages will be more remote, and the American army of consumers will be protected from the dangers of a monopolistic control of an essential commodity.

Already we are assured by a few of the American interests most vitally affected by the world's rubber situation that many millions of dollars will be made immediately available as a nucleus for rubber-plantation development, provided the Government can pave the way for feasible investments in the Philippines or Latin America.

There also appears to be promise of restoring the wild-rubber tonnage, which has recently been steadily decreasing until it now amounts to approximately 6 per cent of the world's supply. Much of this reduced tonnage can be accounted for by the fact that though the governments in Latin America impose the import taxes, it is left to the states to regulate the export duties, and in some cases this has reached the prohibitive figure of 30 per cent, the present tax being from 15 to 18 per cent in some of the best wild-rubber producing sections of South America.

Latin-American governments have already evidenced activities in offering inducements to encourage large investments in their territory, and if the demands for rubber continue to increase with only present methods for supplying them, $500,000,000 will probably be required within the next decade to finance rubber planting.



Another Extraordinary Offer!

LEE DE LUXE CORD

32×4—$26.00 PREPAID

$36.00 *is the Regular Retail Price of this Tire*

In our May 19th advertisement we confined our offer to only one size, 30" x 3½". The returns from that advertisement were so great and requests for other sizes so numerous that we are prompted to give you ALL an opportunity to secure ONE of these Lee De Luxe Cord Tires.

$26.00 and the attached Coupon, *worth* $10.00, will bring to you a 32" x 4" De Luxe Cord Tire, full oversize and extra heavy, or the Coupon will be credited as $10.00 on any size tire listed below.

Just send the difference between the $10.00 credit and the price of the tire you want. Clip and fill in the coupon, attach your check or money order for the correct amount, and the tire will be delivered to you, charges paid.

Only ONE tire to each car owner.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
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31 x 4—$32.80	32 x 4½—$46.65	33 x 5—$58.00
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Clip this coupon and make $10.00

$10.00

This Coupon is worth $10.00 to apply on any tire listed above.
Mail this Coupon signed, with check, cash, or money order for $26.00 to the LEE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, 245 West 55th Street, New York City, before June 25, 1923, and we will deliver prepaid anywhere in the United States, one 32" x 4" Oversize LEE DE LUXE CORD TIRE.
If another size tire is desired, send amount listed in table above, *less $10.00*, together with the coupon.
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This Coupon will NOT be honored by Branches, Dealers or Distributors—it must be sent to our Main Office.

Name _____
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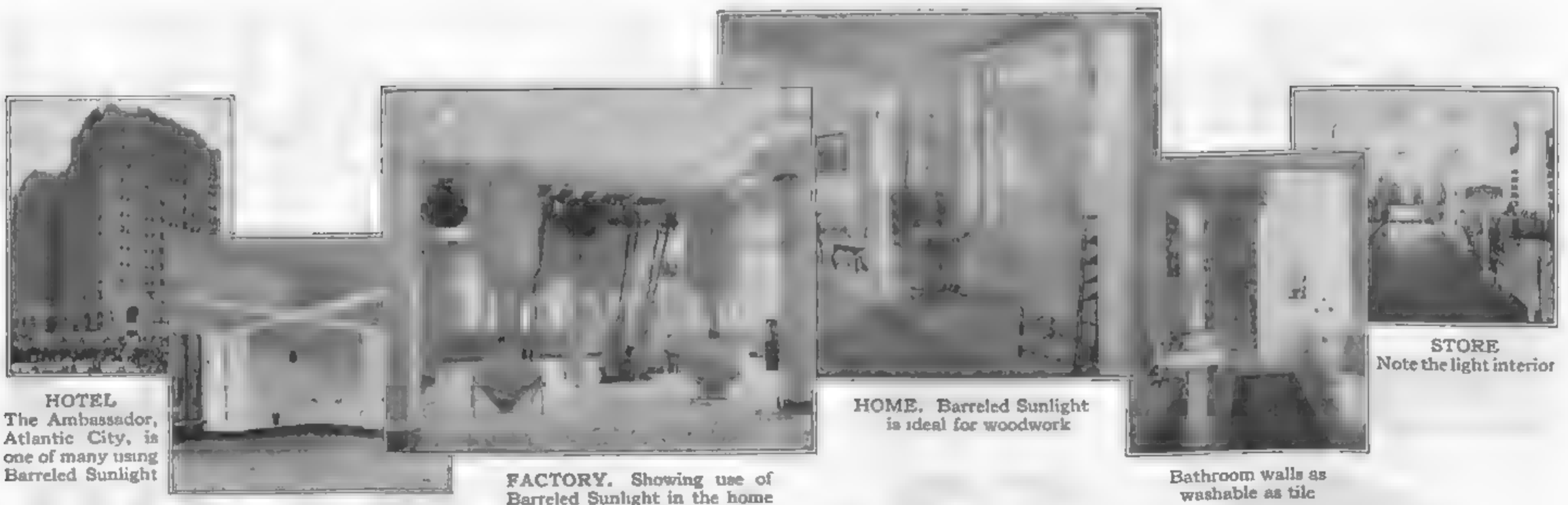
$10.00 $10.00



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What a single coat of Barreled Sunlight will do

1. Cover more solidly than enamel

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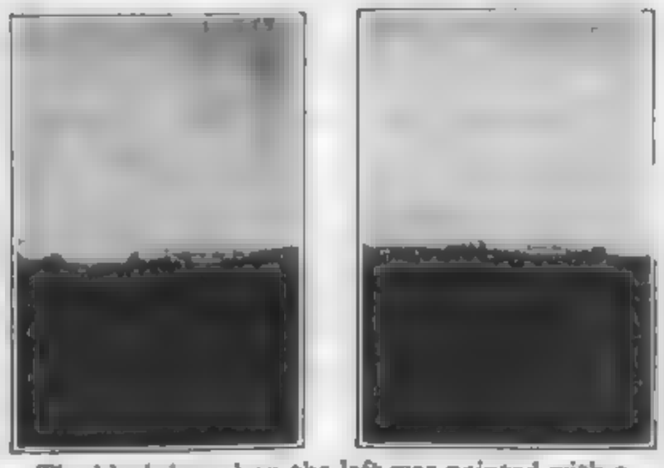
AND the result is—Barreled Sunlight is now being used *everywhere.*

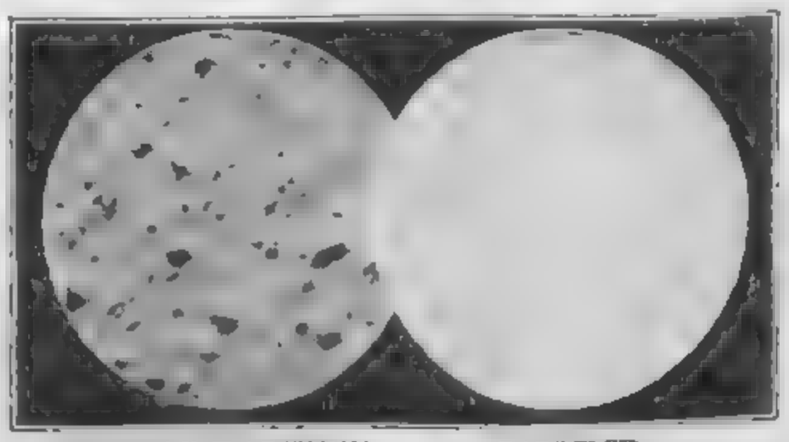
Home-owners are finding that it means bathrooms and kitchens as washable as tile—white woodwork without a smudge or fingermark.

Owners of the greatest industrial plants in the country—of the finest hotels—shops and office buildings—have found that there is nothing like Barreled Sunlight made today. ***Barreled Sunlight keeps its light-reflecting whiteness without frequent repainting.***

The illustrations at the right were reproduced from actual photographs. They show the surprising "covering power" and smoothness of Barreled Sunlight as no description can do.



The black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight. A single coat is generally sufficient to cover over *any* painted surface.



ORDINARY FLAT-FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

Photographs taken through a powerful microscope. They show that the surface of ordinary flat finish white paint is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

THE RICE PROCESS WHITE

Barreled Sunlight produces a surface so smooth that the finest particles of dust and dirt cannot sink in. A lustrous finish without the glare of enamel—yet as washable as tile.

Made by our exclusive Rice Process, it contains no varnish and is guaranteed to remain white longer than any gloss paint or enamel, domestic or foreign, applied under the same conditions.

Barreled Sunlight is easy to apply. It flows freely without a brush mark. Where white is not desired it can be readily tinted just the color you want.

Comes ready mixed in cans from half-pint to five gallon size—barrels and half-barrels. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

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And 100 other distributing points in U. S. A.

Sold by thousands of dealers

Save the surface and you save all

MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 19)

towns. I began to wonder if the war germ was not going to depopulate certain American districts.

I thought a group of twenty or more war nurses—in all I don't think there were more than fifty women among the seven thousand men on board—would offer interesting impressions of European experience; but after talking to several of them I found their experience had been strangely limited. Most of them had come from the Middle West, had made a profession of nursing before entering war work, had been assembled in New York, sent on a transport to Bordeaux, from there to small French towns where they had immediately gone to work in American hospitals, nursed American soldiers, were directed by an American staff, had eaten only American tinned food, and after six or eight months had been sent on American trains to Brest, where they were put on an American transport and sent back to America.

"How can we say what our impressions of France are?" one explained. "We have seen nothing of it except a gray, dismal view of country from hospital windows. I don't think I spoke to a Frenchman the whole time I was there; and little good it would have done me, as I do not know one word of French! So far as European experience goes, I might just as well have been spending all that time in a concentration camp in Georgia or Tennessee."

Another group of women on board was made up of French brides who had married American soldiers and were on their way for the first time to what their husbands described to them as God's country. Some of them spoke a little English; most of them not a word. One of them, a girl of eighteen, appeared to be having a rather dreary time of it, as her husband, quite indifferent to the necessity of teaching her his language or attempting to learn hers, left her most of the time to get along as best she could with those who spoke French.

A Forlorn French Bride

"What am I going to do when I arrive in America?" she asked anxiously. "They tell me no one there speaks French. Is that true? My husband says no one in his family knows anything but English. I am almost afraid to arrive there. What is it going to be like?" She glanced about the deck and it was easy to see the bewilderment in her eyes. "They tell me this is a good preparation for me—this boat." She shuddered slightly. "But somehow I can't get used to the noise and confusion. I thought France was in a disorganized state, but it was peace compared to this. Is New York going to be this way too?" Another shudder. "*Quel peuple!*"

I tried to encourage her with a glowing description of New York—at least as approached from the harbor—and told her that it was one of the most gorgeous sights in the world. Its internal aspects I thought best to leave for her to pass upon. We happened to be standing near each other as the boat entered New York Bay. Unfortunately the day was misty and cold; a heavy fog completely obliterated everything; and when about dusk we neared the dock at Hoboken there was absolutely nothing to be seen. We might as well have been looking through heavily smoked glasses.

She turned to me with reproachful eyes and said, "You told me the entrance to New York was going to be one of the most wonderful things I had ever seen. I see nothing—absolutely nothing!"

Then, quite suddenly, out of a dull sky appeared huge burning letters, apparently hung far up in the heavens like a constellation—an advertisement for pills. It was all we could offer her that evening of the beauties of New York.

After six consecutive years of tranquil life in Rome—I say tranquil, because even with the excitement of war and the constant grind at the embassy the penetrating peacefulness of the place was always felt—New York struck me as the most amazing city I had ever been in. The noise, the vibration, the rush of transportation under, on and above the ground; the stimulating climate that made me put off going to bed for fear I'd miss something; the energetic, vital, efficient appearance of everyone; the well-dressed crowds; the rather bewildering hotels that towered up and lost themselves in the skies; the overheated rooms, sweating pitchers of ice water and elevators that shot you up and dropped you down; the magnificence of Fifth Avenue; the congestion of Forty-second Street, especially at the theater hour; the thousands of restaurants; the eager faces of people who looked as if they had the best the world afforded; the rush, rush, rush of everyone and everything made an overwhelming impression.

I felt that I had suddenly been projected into an entirely new world. Of course I had; and the more my thoughts shifted back to Europe the sharper the comparison became. There everyone was worn out, exhausted and depressed; here was an astounding virility, not only of man but of Nature, which would surely make its impress upon the whole world. Nothing could possibly stop such tremendous momentum. It was not only bewildering, it was staggering; and for some reason it created a feeling of fear. I felt that I had been thrown into some mammoth machine, and that if I did not quickly get into the swing of it I should be completely annihilated. As a matter of fact, I did come within an ace of being annihilated; for as I was walking casually along a street a man came rushing towards me with a red flag and yelled at me to go back at once, that that street was going to be blown up in another second.

A Hayseed on Broadway

I wandered about the streets that first night like a most exemplary hayseed. In fact, that was exactly what I was, for hadn't I just arrived from Europe, from Rome? No wonder reports of our effort had bewildered the foreign world! No wonder Germany had given up the struggle when she learned of what we could do and were doing! No wonder the sums of money raised by us staggered foreigners when—as many of them confessed—there were so many noughts following the figures that they didn't know what the amounts were! No wonder they began to feel that the future destiny of the world rested with us! A few hours in New York made me feel that it could not be in more virile hands.

The brilliancy of Broadway lights made Rome and Paris seem like deserted villages; and so far as a population of a few millions went, there evidently had been some mistake in the census—there were evidently many times the number given. And if these were my impressions, what under the sun would be those of a foreigner who had arrived there for the first time? I couldn't help wondering what the little French bride was thinking of us at that moment, and decided to look her up the next day.

The friendliness—more than that, the familiarity—of everyone I came in contact with was a contrasting note. Equality was rampant. There seemed no time for courtesy; good fellowship had taken the place of such worn-out methods.

"Hurry up, old fellow, if you want to get off this car."

"Step lively!"

"Hey there, you can't cross this street before that red light changes to green! Now—run! Beat it for the other side!"

And in the shops there seemed no time for a useless good morning. It was just a rather peremptory: "What do you want? You'll find that on the twenty-fifth floor. The elevator is down that aisle to the right." Even in the restaurants there was that prevalent note of equality, with no distinction between the one being served and the one serving, unless you admitted that the latter had the advantage.

When I stopped before a wide plate-glass window and gazed spellbound at a man frying griddle cakes on an electrically heated steel slab, the long dormant call of my native heath reached a crisis. No real American can resist the attraction of griddle cakes; it is absolutely irresistible. I pushed my way almost timidly through quickly revolving doors and found myself at once taken charge of by a fair-haired creature in spotless white uniform—she gave the appearance of just having had a Russian bath, a facial massage, a Marcel wave and a brisk walk in invigorating air—who convinced me that I had at last found the most dazzling type of perfected womanhood. All the Helens of Troy, the Cleopatras and that fabulous race of Amazons had combined through the centuries to produce this amazing creature.

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KEEPS FOOD OR LIQUIDS HOT OR COLD

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One Gallon Size

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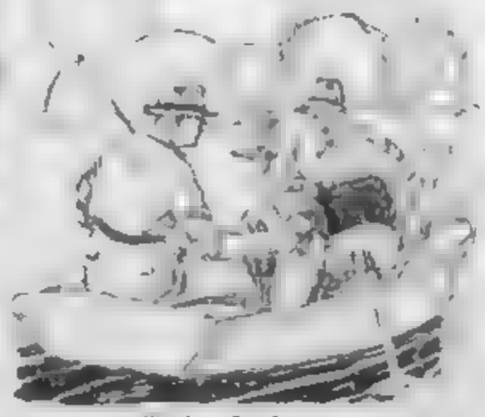

Fishing

On the Farm

Take Your Hot Dinner with You

Or Drinkables For All Day

You can pack 8 pounds of food in this big, gallon Aladdin Thermalware Jar. Carry hot fried chicken, meat, beans, spaghetti or ice cream—large opening makes it easy to fill or empty.

Then for the open road! And a joyous luncheon in a cool, secluded spot, far from crowded hotels and high café charges.

Holds 16 Cups of Liquid

No stingy little pint bottle, but a **full gallon** of steaming hot coffee, iced tea, lemonade, milk or fresh cold water—enough for all, all day! 16 big cups.

Unusually sturdy. Stands bumps. Vitrified, white glazed porcelain-like inner container, joined to steel jacket by patented leak-proof Thermalware seal. Sanitary—easy to clean. No cracks or crevices. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from us.

Now $5 Regular One Gallon Size, furnished in Brewster Green Enamel. Also in Polished Aluminum with silvered glass container, One Gallon $10.00; Two Quart $7.50.

Dealers! Season just opening. Every motorist, sportsman, housekeeper, farmer, eager for this big Aladdin Thermalware Jar at the new $5 price. Write us or your jobber today.

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Please send free booklet about Aladdin Thermalware Jars.

My Dealer's Name

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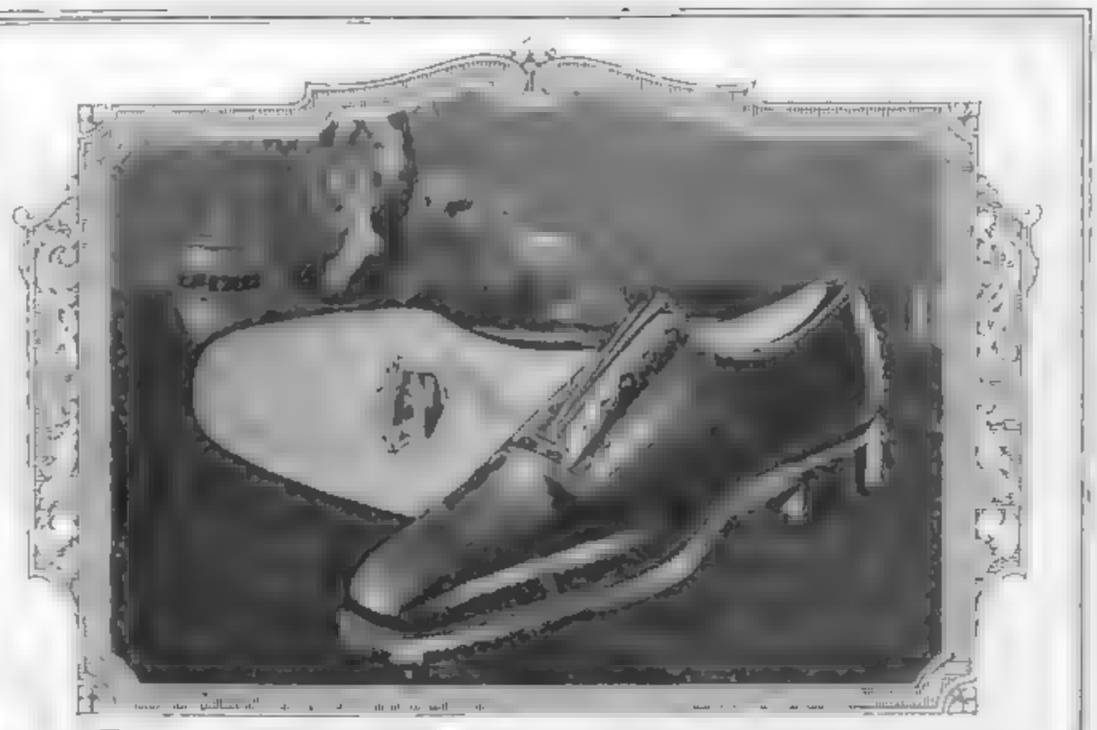

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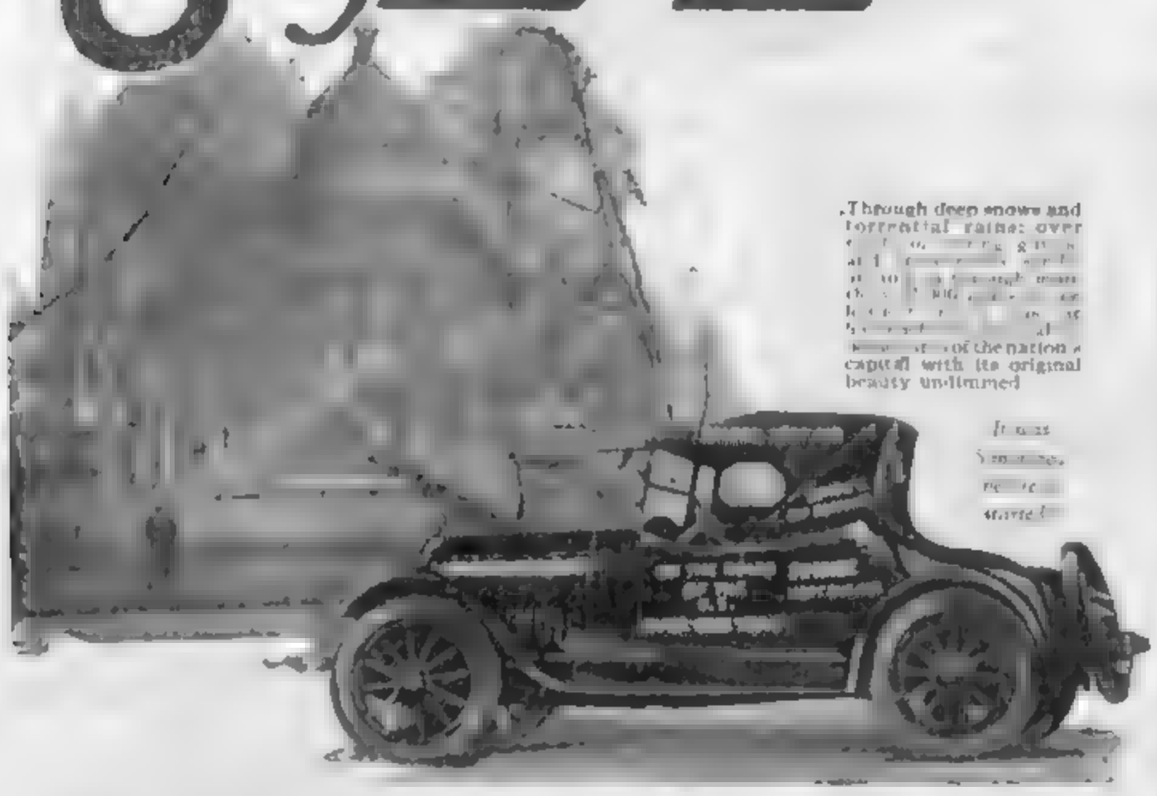

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Simon's Brake Juice makes glazy brakes hold
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SIMONIZ your car

"You better hang your coat and hat over there—unless you want it pinched."

This was her greeting, spoken with the indifference of habit and with an impersonal note that was discouraging. She was the sort of person one longed to have take a personal interest in one; but, of course, she was too much occupied for that. By the time my hat and coat were safely located and I was back at the marble-topped table, she was ready to give me two seconds of complete attention—while I gave my order.

"I should like to have some of those cakes the man is cooking in the window."

"Wheat, buckwheat, rice or bran?"

"It really doesn't matter. All of them look delicious."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

I heard an order called out in a clear, not exactly flutelike voice; then, in a moment it seemed, she was back again with three of the delicious prizes and the smallest jug of maple sirup I had ever seen, and an infinitesimal slab of butter. I looked at these small portions in dismay. Somehow they didn't suggest American generosity, and they were very far from satisfying an appetite that had been developing through six years.

"But can't I have more butter and sirup?"

The goddess frowned down at me with Olympian contempt.

"That's all's comin' to you."

Of course, I ought to have been crushed and put in my place—I should have been a week later, but at that moment I was fresh from Europe and had the courage of ignorance, and long-pent-up longings made me brave.

"Can't I possibly have more? I'm willing to pay for it."

Again the Olympian condescension, mixed now with a slight curve of the lips that suggested, under more suitable circumstances, a delightful smile.

"Gee, your pa must be one of them munition makers!"

Suddenly she glanced at the clock and disappeared; and a few moments later I caught a last flashing vision of her as she went off duty, dashing out of the restaurant in a fur coat that reached up to her gleaming hair, which was almost hidden beneath the most alluring hat I've ever seen—to jump, I'm sure, into her own waiting limousine.

So this was America! Yes, there was no doubt about it, we were the coming people—no, we already were—of the world. No wonder the French bride had exclaimed *"Quel peuple!"* All of which may strike an American living steadily at home as only commonplace; but to one who had been away from it all so long, to one accustomed to being waited on by rather dowdy old men, and women who had never even dreamed of having their hair marceled; to eating in grubby cafés that had only the smoke of centuries for decoration, it was nothing short of stupendous.

The Power of Public Opinion

Dining about with friends also offered new impressions. Conversation was vital and interesting. War effort had created new interests; everyone seemed to have gone through experiences that were new and thrilling, even though these experiences had not carried them across the ocean; as a matter of fact, the recountal of what had gone on at home was more interesting to me than anything else, and in many ways it was all new to me. I never realized until I reached home how much I had missed in not reading American newspapers—we never received them at the embassy until they were several weeks old, and it was almost impossible to read at that time news that was of the fortnight past.

Another thing that struck me forcibly, a thing that I do not believe exists in Europe, surely not on the Continent, was the far-reaching effect of public opinion. I was told many stories of war measures that were put through without even the passage of laws; mere public sentiment made them an obligation that people were ashamed not to observe. I can't imagine a European government saying it would be advisable for people not to use their motors on Sunday, as the supply of gasoline was running low; it would have issued orders to be enforced by strict penalties; but with us it appeared to be only an appeal to our sense of what was right and decent, and we evidently responded without a question. The saving of white flour appeared to have stimulated the housewife to find out what she could produce to take its place; the quantity of knitted things made by American women astounded the world; and a certain efficiency in tackling any job—no matter if it were quite beyond anything we had ever thought of—left no one daunted. All this was so strikingly different from anything I had seen in Europe. There everything had been done because it had to be done; with us each situation had been met with a youthful enthusiasm that made it, in a sense, fun.

Nothing in the world could have given me such a definite conception of our young, virile, unlimited strength as listening to the stories of what we had done during the war, of that patriotism which made the raising of amazing sums an easy matter, of that quick response which appeared to burst forth overnight. A striking example of the state of mind of some American men when they found they were actually going to war was shown in the story a friend told me of his own experience:

"You've seen enough of me to know that I detested the idea of going into a fight. I never felt the lure of adventure. I like a humdrum, regular existence in which I can go on steadily with my work. Besides, the horrors of war as reported to us by observers were not, to say the least, stimulating. I knew I was in for something horrible, and still there was not the least moment of hesitation on my part or any idea of trying to get out of going. If I had seen a chance of avoiding service I am sure I should not have given it a minute's consideration. I had the feeling that I should have been disgraced forever if I hadn't gone; that I shouldn't have been able to look my friends in the face again. Besides"—and here he smiled—"I also knew that I should have missed something that I should always have regretted."

The National Temperament

The tremendous enthusiasm of older men, those beyond the draft age, who had demanded some sort of a job, no matter what, was an interesting phase of Americanism, especially the case of one man who had bothered officials to death until they had permitted him to serve on a transport, where he spent his days scrubbing decks and washing down stairs—somewhat of a contrast to editing a daily paper.

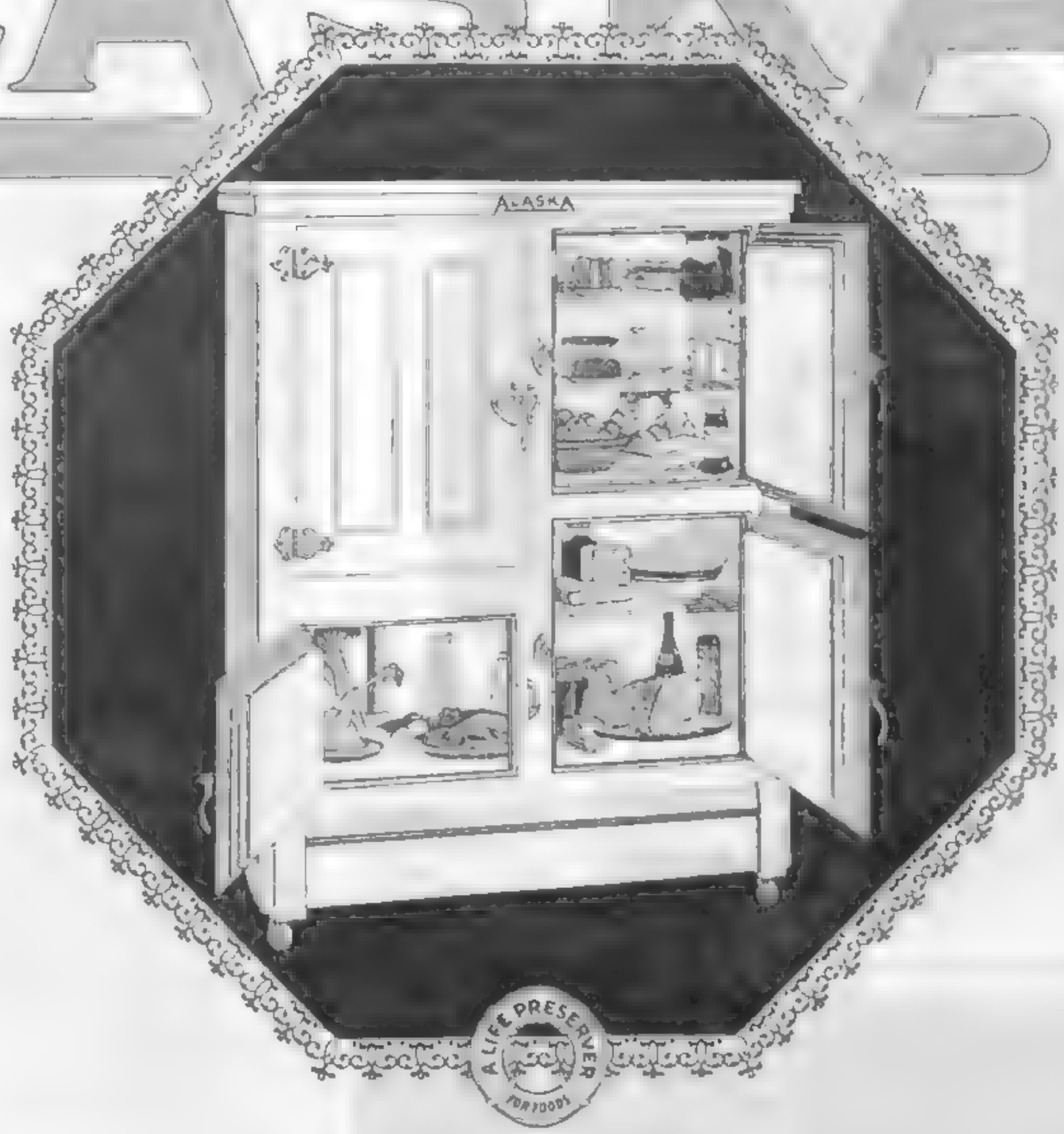
All these stories made me feel more and more that, on account of having been in Europe during the war, I had missed a phase in the development of my own people that left me looking on and a bit out of things. They also convinced me that something existed on this side of the Atlantic that had disappeared on the other side—a great, overwhelming, irresistible enthusiasm that probably belongs only to new peoples. Recently, in discussing our great enthusiasm for anything new, I mentioned that Europe was inclined to think that we were not very profound in the way we took up and dismissed subjects, that we did not take the time to go to the bottom of one thing before we had rushed on to the next.

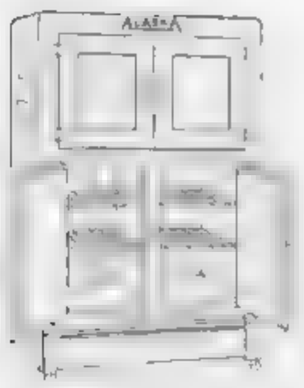
"Europe has time to go profoundly into things," was the retort. "A Frenchman will spend half his life preparing a thesis on some abstruse subject that will give him a certain prestige but a very scant living. But we Americans, due to our climate and the national determination to make a good living, have to push on and on and gather what we can by the way. How can you expect us to be profound when we have some sort of an intellectual crisis every week? Take the past few months, for example. We have had three crusades right here in New York—Clemenceau, Cécile Sorel and Coué—all as widely separated as could well be imagined."

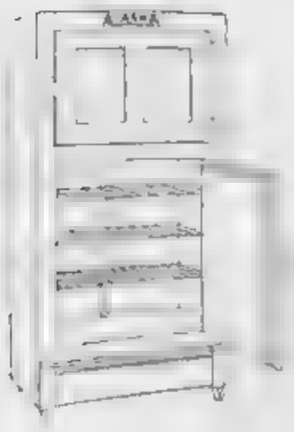
The theaters, with their extraordinarily well-planned, painted and lighted scenes, were a striking contrast to the best theater in Italy. The Jest, which was a yearly favorite in Rome, even during the war, was presented scenically in New York in a manner never dreamed of on its native soil. And as for musical comedies and revues, I was inspired with a great longing to see a Latin audience at one of those Midnight Frolics that are surely the last word in artistic production combined with horseplay. You can't imagine how stimulating Whose Baby Are You? was after six consecutive years of O Sole Mio. No wonder our jazz music sweeps over the world like an epidemic. There is nothing else that expresses so perfectly our pep.

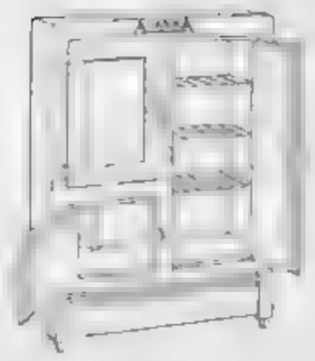
(Continued on Page 180)

ALASKA









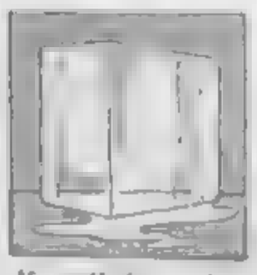
In Hot Weather, Does Your Ice Last Overnight?

ON hot summer mornings, do you find your ice compartment empty and your foods unfit for use? Or can you produce from your refrigerator in hottest weather a tempting midsummer breakfast—crisp, fresh berries, chill pats of butter, tinkling glasses of ice water and frosty pitchers of milk and cream?

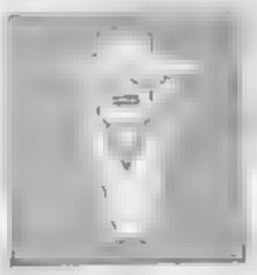
Nearly any refrigerator will keep food fairly well in moderate weather. But the Alaska Refrigerator, with its ice-conserving insulation of *cubed cork*, meets the gruelling test of the most torrid weather.

Cubed cork, widely accepted as the most efficient refrigerator insulating material obtainable, is the bulwark of the Alaska's seven insulating walls that bar heat so effectively. This powerful insulation cuts down ice bills materially. Further protection is given foods by the perfected Alaska circulation of chill air, from which excess moisture is removed. In this dry, cold atmosphere, foods keep in the best possible condition.

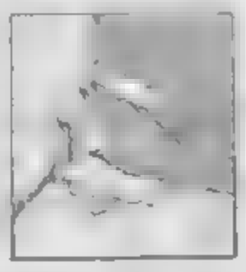
Alaska Refrigerators have other important features, the development of forty-five years of refrigerator building: sanitary, seamless porcelain or white enamel linings; tight-fitting doors; durable shelves and ice rack; patented, cold-conserving drain trap. They are unusually well built, with enduring finish; yet cost no more than ordinary refrigerators. Dealers can show you styles to meet any requirement. Don't accept a substitute; look for the Alaska name. Write for pamphlet "What to Look for in a Refrigerator" and dealer's name.



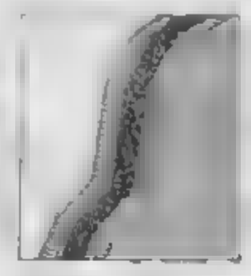
Many Alaskas are built to hold 100, 75 or 50 lb. cakes of artificial ice without waste in cutting. Think of this saving on your ice bills



This patented, cold-conserving drain trap prevents the entrance of heat by [illegible] for cleaning



Rounded corners, full-width openings, and seamless porcelain or white enamel linings make the Alaska easy to clean



Cubed cork, the remarkable ice-killed insulating [illegible] bars heat from the Alaska. Note the seven insulating walls

To Dealers:

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information.

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MUSKEGON MICHIGAN

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None Better Obtainable at any Price—Costs you less

SWEET PICKLES, SALAD DRESSING, CATSUP, canned VEGETABLES and FRUITS

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Men with retail grocery experience apply at once
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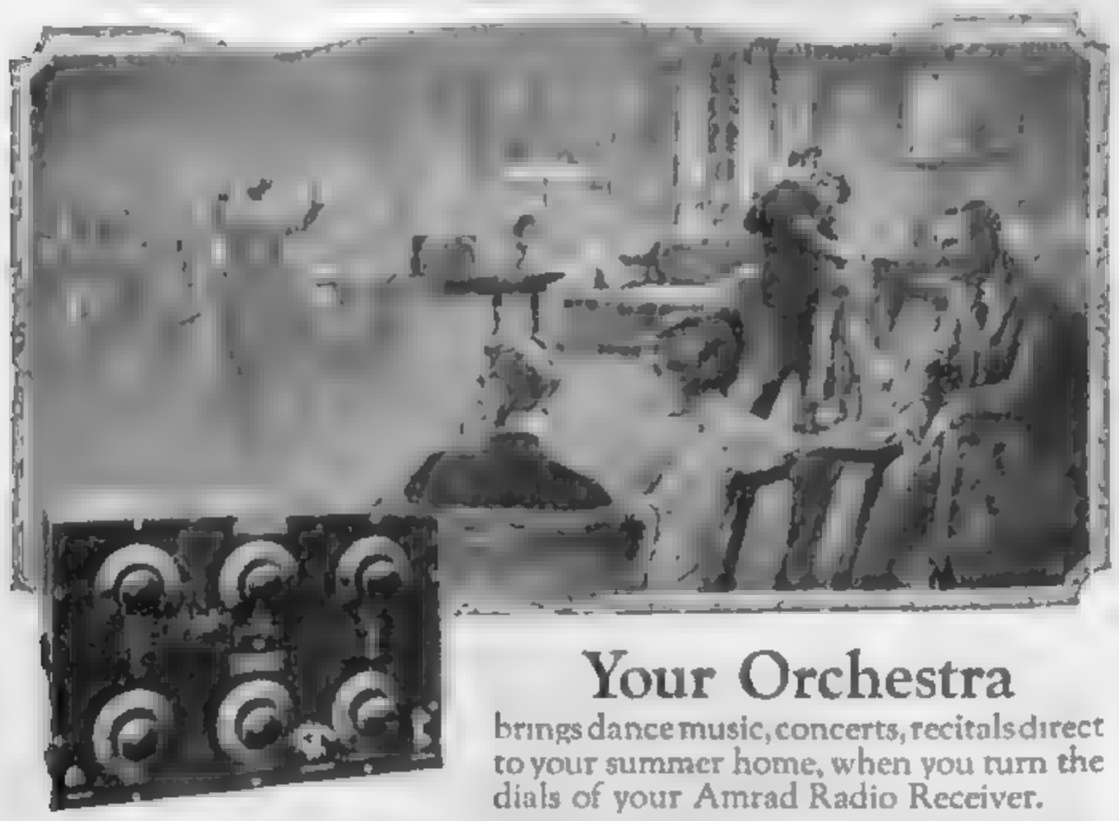

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Please send, free of charge, your edition 3 of the new Radio Booklet "The Voice of the Air."

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 178)

Before leaving New York I looked up the war bride. I had to know what she was thinking of this New World her soldier husband had brought her into. Her eyes looked suspiciously red, and there was an expression in them that suggested she didn't know exactly where she was.

"It is terrible, terrible, monsieur! I am so frightened all the time. I went out on the street alone this morning. How is it that everyone is not killed? Everything goes so fast. I was pushed this way and that. And such crowds of people! Somehow they make me feel shabby. They look so *soigné*, so carefully dressed, so rich—all of them. And the shop windows! The spoils of the world seem to be gathered there and shown to the crowds. I always thought the Rue de la Paix was the most wonderful place in the world. It is nothing to your Fifth Avenue, and there seems to be no end to it. Does it run straight across America?"

"And the hotel? Are you comfortable there?"

"Comfortable! Oh, là, là! I am frightened there too. It seems to be completely charged with electricity. I turn on the water in the bathroom and I get an electric shock; I touch the door knob and it crackles; I try to brush my hair and it pops like fireworks. And it is quite impossible to cool the room. I open every window, and yet the walls remain so hot that fresh air makes no difference. The food—oh, I shall never get used to that! Today at luncheon they brought me a large round plate with little divisions all along the sides. There was a large piece of beefsteak in the center, and arranged all round it in separate little compartments were all the vegetables I had ever seen. It was enough for many people—and all served at once. Don't you ever have courses in America?"

"And the people?"

"I don't know. They are not still long enough for me to know if I like them or not. They seem to have two or three things to do at the same time. In France people stroll; here they run. Why, do you know, monsieur, I have yet to see a man stop and look at me! In France they did that every time I went out.

"We leave tonight. Three days and three nights on a train! That ought to take us to the other side of the world, don't you think? I have never been on a train over eight hours. But three days and three nights—to go to Texas! What will that be like? New York, too, you think?"

Days in Washington

When I made the trip to Washington I could not help thinking of her again. The immensity of the station—planned on exact dimensions taken from the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome—where one went down and down into the bowels of the earth and finally reached a sleeping car where forty-seven other people were undressing and going to bed in an intimacy that made European sleeping cars seem the last word in privacy; the familiar efficiency of negro porters; the nerve-destroying jar that announced the departure of the train; the rush under a wide river; the dash through endless towns; the deafening roar of whistles that sounded like the noise of a supergreat Bertha; the jumps across deep chasms; the terrific shriek of air brakes and stops that threw one out of bed; and finally the mad rush to dress and get out of the car before it was shunted off into the mazes of distant yards!

Washington at first offered a short respite. At least there were trees there; and there was something in the air, besides the balmy breezes of warmer climate, that suggested breathing more slowly. The great whirling machine of New York was left behind.

When I once more found myself in the Department of State and thought of that time, long, long ago, when the dismal building had made such a lasting impression on me, I could hardly realize that ten years had raced by; years so filled with tremendous changes, in me as well as in the world. Everything was peaceful then; the world was a safe place to live in; people traveled everywhere without even thinking of a passport; and now every imaginable complication existed. Embassies and legations had changed from quiet, pleasant places into institutions that in many ways resembled department stores. The upheaval, the tremendous transformation, had been complete. From pink-tea parties, perfunctory foreign-office visits, court functions and small amount of routine work diplomacy had jumped into currents that called for all one's time and all one's best efforts. Yet in spite of all these changes, and a greatly increased staff, the State Department maintained much of its familiar aspect. War had spread over the world, whole countries had been devastated, new theories had been sown broadcast, and at that moment the powers of the earth were sitting in Paris to settle a seemingly hopeless tangle; but the State Department went on its steady, quiet way. Its immutability was encouraging; it gave one a feeling of security that no pronouncement of premiers could possibly have done. You couldn't help feeling that it would be there when everything else had disappeared; there with all its endless files of correspondence docketed, pigeonholed, filed, indexed, cross-indexed and laid away.

The Shah of Persia still hung in the same spot on the wall of the reception room; the same old negro still sat outside the door of the Secretary's office—though the Secretary was far away in Paris—with his elastic smile always ready to contract and expand according to one's importance; the same uniformed wax figures still inhabited the corridor in front of the Secretary of War's office; and the same old gentleman in the Bureau of Accounts—that Waterloo of everyone in the diplomatic service—welcomed one with a reassuring smile that seemed to say, and yet never did: "Your account has been audited and found perfectly satisfactory to both the Department of State and the Treasury."

Expense Account Tangles

The question of keeping one's accounts straight appears to be one of the most bewildering parts of the diplomatic service. Why, no one seems to be able to explain. The system would appear simple enough. We draw a draft each month—drafts issued by the State Department—on the Secretary of State, payable fifteen days after sight, which is cashed by any bank in large capitals; and at the end of each quarter an account is rendered showing when and where the drafts were cashed. This is sent to the department, where it is audited by the Bureau of Accounts, and if found correct is forwarded to the Treasury for further auditing. Then it is returned to us through the department with a statement saying it is correct—or incorrect, and asking for explanations.

The salary account usually gets by safely unless there has been the complication of the secretary having been chargé d'affaires and thus being instructed to draw a salary that amounts to half that drawn by the ambassador or minister—which usually ends in fatal misunderstandings on all sides. Other complications invariably arise over travel and post-allowance accounts; though these allowances, granted only during the past years, have been such a boon that we have no right to complain.

When I first went into the service I had to pay my traveling expenses; and now to be allowed the traveling expenses of myself and my family, as well as the transportation of household goods, seems too good to be true, though this has been done in the foreign service of other countries for years; and added to this is a post allowance, which during the war was generous enough to help us make ends meet; but which has been so diminished since the world has returned to a so-called peace footing—though peace appears to have brought a still greater increase in living expenses throughout the world—that it has become negligible.

It was in regard to my post-allowance account that I finally mustered up courage enough while in Washington to look in on the Bureau of Accounts.

"I thought I'd see that my account is correct before leaving for the other end of the earth," I began pleasantly. "I sent in a statement before leaving Rome."

The chief of this bewildering department of government affairs smiled pleasantly, said he was sure the account was all right, but that he would take a look at it to be sure; and then, after running over an index system that made one dizzy just to look at, he took out a *dossier* with my name on it, picked up a small sheet of paper and then—still most pleasantly—informed me that it appeared that my account was overdrawn two thousand dollars. This is the sort of shock, everyone will admit, that takes all the joy out of living.

"But perhaps," he continued, "you can explain this away."

"I'll do my best to," I replied. "On which account does it show?"

We sat down at a desk and began looking over the incriminating sheets of paper—all signed by me.

"Ah, here it is!" he exclaimed at last. "During the war you were allowed two thousand dollars a year to meet unusual living expenses. The first two years you drew this correctly; the last two you have drawn incorrectly—that is to say, you have drawn three thousand instead of two."

"But aren't we allowed 50 per cent extra when married?"

"Yes."

I drew in a great breath of relief.

"Then that's it! You see, I got married during the war."

But this was not nearly the end of the difficulties. When I came to make out my account for travel expenses I almost reached the conclusion that it would be much easier to pay them myself than go through the endless system of accounting for every penny I had spent, especially as each item must be accompanied by a voucher. If I had left Rome to go to Chile with the intention of making out and having signed a voucher for every tip I had given porters, waiters, cab drivers, and the like, I am perfectly sure I should never have reached there.

Having obtained permission to spend two months at home before going to South America, I started off on a trip of two days and two nights; and again a phase of American life that does not exist in Europe struck me with particular force. I mean that gathering place for all men on the train, the smoking room. Here, while some were bathing and dressing and shaving and brushing their teeth and those who had finished had found seats and were filling the ten-foot space with clouds of smoke, the very general and very personal conversation went on continually. If the subject under discussion interested the man who was shaving he would stop, a razor held in one hand, a brush dripping suds in the other, to give forth his opinion; and a fat traveling salesman in undershirt and trousers delayed his dressing half an hour to recount how he had made a fortune selling indestructible trousers.

"A dime back for every button that comes off, a quarter for every seam that splits. I'm putting on a pair right now. You can see 'em for yourself."

The Printer's Story

And a quiet little fellow, encouraged by the friendly and sympathetic atmosphere, finally came forth with a long philosophical discussion on the necessity of screwing up courage enough to leave a job that wasn't paying well to find one that would.

"Take me, for instance. I spent thirty years working in a printer's office—setting type and making only thirty dollars a week. I had done it so long it never entered my head I could do anything else. I might still have been thinking that way if a fellow hadn't come along and asked me if I didn't want to go on the road selling calendars. He said I could make a hundred dollars a week doing that. It sounded good, but I was afraid to give up a certainty for an uncertainty that sounded too good. But you know that fellow finally talked me into it, and the end of the next week I just got up and walked out of that old job and took on the new one. I didn't make a hundred dollars the first week, nor the week after that; but I am making it now—got my own little factory and do my own selling. It's all a matter of finding out what you can do. Anybody can make a first-class living if he's got pluck enough to keep his eyes open and jump at the right time."

When I had spent half a day listening to the various ways in which these fellow travelers made their living, the one who sold indestructible trousers turned to me and looked me over rather suspiciously. I think my continued silence, attentive interest and, most of all, my withheld declaration of the way in which I made a living had puzzled him a bit.

"And what's your job, my friend?" he finally asked me.

I told him I was in the diplomatic service. He scratched his head for a few moments.

"You mean you are one of those consul fellows that live in foreign countries?"

"Something like that. I am secretary of an embassy."

He continued scratching his head, and it was easy to see that his suspicions were increasing. Whether he thought I was lying or just trying to put something over on him, I never knew. However, he was ready to be informed.

"What sort of a job is that?"

I attempted a short explanation—the most difficult I have ever tried—which plainly bored him. In the middle of it he yawned and stood up.

"Much money in it?"

"Three thousand dollars."

This brought a gleam of real admiration.

"A month?"

"A year."

"Gosh, if I couldn't make more than that I'd think something was the matter with me!" he replied.

Just such incidents as these kept me continually thinking of the ambition that every American I talked to had apparently given himself over to—the making of as much money as he could. The burning question seemed to be, how much does that sort of a job pay? The work itself, its interests, its opportunities for seeing the world and all sorts of people, the chances it afforded to study world conditions and the policies arising from them, and the stimulating idea of serving one's own country meant nothing to the majority.

Rome's Chilly Atmosphere

I do not mean to decry the man who makes up his mind that he is going to make his special talent and energy pay him the utmost; but at times I did feel that I'd like to argue the question from another point of view and stress the point that a congenial profession that paid a living was a more satisfactory way of spending one's life than one that produced a fortune but left an utterly exhausted man to enjoy it. However, such arguments are usually futile; it is all so entirely a matter of personal inclination; though I must say that one of the most striking impressions I received from my own people during those few months I spent among them was the fact that hardly any of the men I talked to had either the time or the inclination to take even a glance at anything that did not pertain directly to their money-making professions. Even England, which is called a nation of shopkeepers, gives its young men an education that at least opens their minds to some appreciation of cultural interests; and the Continental man is constantly reading and enjoying subjects that the average American would dub tommyrot; but at home it was my experience that if I didn't discuss business, local politics and purely national problems, I would soon be considered a bore and left entirely out of the conversation.

I had hardly got home—at least it seemed that way to me—when I received orders to go immediately back to Rome. This is another phase of diplomatic life—you think you have burned your bridges in a certain place and without any warning you are sent back to build them up again. I had regretted leaving Rome; and in a way I regretted having to return there, a regret that became almost poignant when I was back there again; for, from being the most popular embassy, we suddenly sank—after the Peace Conference had got into full swing—to a situation that resembled, though in a much more exaggerated degree, the days of our neutrality. Italy was not getting what she had thought were her just dues—what country was, for that matter?—and the burden of her disappointment was laid at our door. None of us was any longer *persona grata;* we were considered unfriendly and unsympathetic to her ambitions; our President was thought to be the granite wall that separated her from her national aims.

When the second order to go to Chile came I welcomed it with real relief; that long yellow line on the west coast of South America had held considerable interest for me for a whole year; I was really quite enthusiastic over getting down there and finding out what it was like.

At the station my friends said my farewells were like Mme. Patti's, so they were not going to feel that this was a final separation; but just to be sure that some day I would go back there, I gave Francesco a penny to throw into the Trevi fountain, which he forgot to do, I'm sure, for I have never been there since.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth of a series of articles by Mr Richardson. The ninth will appear in an early issue.

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WALL STREET INFORMATION AND MISINFORMATION

(Continued from Page 15)

five-million-dollar loan for Uncle Sam. He established his headquarters in New York, where he was one of the founders of the Tammany Society. In 1815 he established the States Bank, which failed in 1819. He became largely interested in life and fire insurance companies and also operated in the stock market, of which he became the undisputed leader. His financial methods were condemned when some of his enterprises failed. His market operations were also attacked when he was no longer making money, and he was even indicted. On his first trial the jury convicted him. He appealed, and the second jury disagreed. Finally the indictment was quashed. He had made a great fortune in the stock market and with all his unusual abilities he was not able to keep it. He went to New Orleans in 1835, studied law, was admitted to the bar, made an enormous fortune, and lost it during the Civil War. In 1867 Louisiana elected him United States senator, but he was not allowed to take his seat. He was adjudged a bankrupt in 1869. He died in Philadelphia in 1871. He was the first of the Wall Street kings, and he did not die with his crown on. Think of the span of life of this sailor, shipowner, trader, merchant, banker, politician, stock speculator, promoter, lawyer, United States senator; successful in Maine, in New York, in Louisiana, in Pennsylvania, at various times a millionaire, and finally dying a nonagenarian bankrupt.

As a financier he was of the first rank. As a lawyer, it is on record that as a member of the Court of Errors one of his decisions was sustained against the opinion of Chancellor Kent; a remarkable man indeed. Well, he could not beat the game!

Jacob Little's Spectacular Career

Since Barker's day there have been mighty men whose market opinions were valued more highly than the opinions of preachers or teachers or statesmen. Their lightest word thrilled gold-stricken men. They counted devoted followers by the hundreds or even by the thousands; and yet one looks in vain in the biographical dictionaries for their names. Who today remembers Jacob Little? Yet what a life was his! He made and lost nine fortunes. Nine! He was Jacob Barker's successor in the stock-market leadership. He received his early training in Barker's office, but did not begin trading on his own account till 1835. Two years later, following a period of incredible inflation due to divers causes, came the famous panic of '37. It was a terrible time. In New York City alone the failures amounted to one hundred million dollars. A billion today would not be so bad. Out of eight hundred and fifty banks in the country, three hundred and fifty closed their doors permanently. There was more than merely acute deflation or profound depression. There was a state of mind that was responsible for amazing things; for example, the insane contest of merchants against banks. The banks would not discount their depositors' paper, so the depositors withdrew their deposits. The banks shut their doors, and so did the depositors.

It was then that Jacob Little began his bear operations that made his name a household word throughout the land. The panic was so severe and so extensive, and it was followed by so long a period of depression, that Jacob Little's bearishness became chronic. It crowned him in panic times, but it dethroned him in booms. One of his enemies referred to him as a distributor of distrust, a prophet of failure; but that sort of distribution paid during the decade following the panic. By 1846 he was worth two million dollars. A scholarly banker told me this would be equivalent to about thirty million dollars today. But he was more than an enormously rich man: He was the great Jacob Little, the king of the stock market. He was one of the fortunate few whose success was an inspiration to those who wished to take the short cut to great wealth.

In 1846 he joined some Boston operators in an attempt to secure the control of the Norwich and Worcester Railroad. They bought large quantities of the stock and each man put up a twenty-five thousand-dollar bond, to be forfeited if any of them were guilty of selling any of this stock below 90. The clique ran the price up, but Little found that it bulled hard. Foreseeing the inevitable decline, he sent selling orders to his brokers in Boston. His associates there took all the offerings, and then discovered that the stock came from Little. Before they could accuse him of treachery they received from him a check for twenty-five thousand dollars—his forfeited bond. This was the deal that cost Little his first million-dollar loss. It also was his first and only bull operation. It taught him, he said, to stay on the bear side. In this connection it may be said that though the big money in the United States has always been made by upbuilders and optimists who had faith in the future, the big stock operators have always been more partial to the bear side, even though some of them made millions on the bull side. Jacob Little, Daniel Drew, Bill Travers, Addison Cammack, Charley Woerishoffer, Jim Keene and the big room traders all have confessed to their partiality for the short side of an account. And it is easy for a stock trader to understand this.

Jacob Little made up his Worcester loss by his famous coup in Erie, later plagiarized by Daniel Drew. I give it in detail to show that Wall Street did business then with the same carelessness that it does today. A pool was formed to bull Erie. On heavy purchases the price rose until it looked as though all high records were going to be smashed on that movement. This made it pie for Jacob Little, who began to put out his short line. The higher the price went the more Erie he sold. But the pool took all his offerings and bid for more so confidently that presently the Street began to talk of a corner and all the bears—excepting one—stopped selling it. The pool whooped it up a little more and all the shorts covered, with the single exception of Jacob Little. Finally it became clear that the stock was virtually cornered and the Street excitedly made estimates of the amount that Little was going to be parted from by the pool. No guess placed the loss at less than one million dollars. Everybody waited for the news of the settlement in order to begin saying "I told you so." But Jacob stood pat until even the hardened traders began to feel sorry. It was going to be the squeeze of the century, and the great operator undoubtedly would be eliminated for good. Wall Street would know him no more.

The Scene at the Captain's Office

The curtain went up on the last act. The pool put up the price a few points. It was positively the last chance. But instead of rushing into the board room to buy in his shorts, Little called at the Erie transfer office, presumably to find out who held the outstanding stock. When he came out he was sneering sourly at the entire world. Humanity, according to his face, was an aggregation of curs and asses. Some of his cronies saw him, and being expert face readers—much depends upon whether a broker can guess what other brokers have in the way of orders—they decided that the old man was going to drop about three million dollars at the very least. The triumphant bull pool in Erie had made plain to all bears that pigheadedness is not courage, nor obstinacy wisdom. But the great operator walked on, his face more sardonic than ever.

"Where are you going, Jacob?" asked an old friend.

Little stopped.

"Do you want to know?" he said.

"Yes."

"Really interested, are you?"

"Why—er—yes!"

"Well, I am going to see those damn fools that have cornered Erie. Does that make you happy?"

"No, Jacob."

"Oh, yes! They made you cover, and you felt sore until they put the price up seven points higher. And now one of your fellow men has got to buy in his shorts and pay seven points more than you did on seventy times more stock than you covered. You are ready to explode with joy. Well, come along and get ready to laugh."

(Continued on Page 184)

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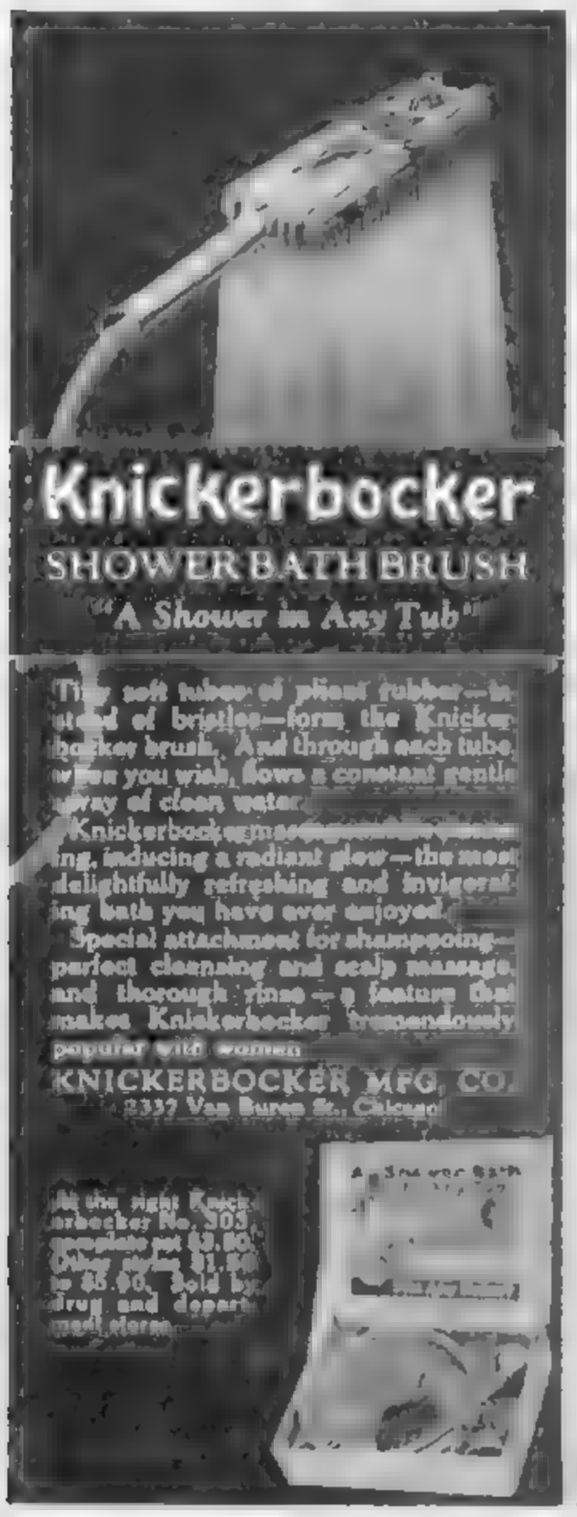
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(Continued from Page 182)

Jacob stalked grimly on to the office of the principal member of the bull clique.

"I've come to see about delivering some Erie shares I sold you fellows real cheap," he announced. There wasn't anything disagreeable about him now. Even his voice sounded deferential.

"We are glad to see you, Mr. Little," the smiling bull leader assured him. "Yes, we bought quite a little from you. We think it is about ——"

"No need to guess how much," interrupted Little. "I know exactly. I've brought it."

"What?"

"I say, here is your stock. Every share of it!"

And Jacob Little produced a bundle of stock certificates. He had that very morning got them from the Erie office in exchange for a lot of convertible bonds he had bought in London. The bull clique did not know about the convertible clause of those bonds, but Jacob did.

He was the greatest plunger that ever operated in Wall Street up to the time of the Civil War. I have heard old-timers assert that no individual before or since swung a bigger line than Jacob Little, and it was their opinion that not even the winnings of James R. Keene, including the nine-million-dollar profits of his 1879 campaign, could compare with the aggregate winnings of Jacob Little. And if one considers the relative value of the dollar then and now it is safe to predict that Little's record of stock-market profits will never be equaled. I make this statement with all due deliberation.

He was a born speculator—one of the greatest that ever lived. He had an amazingly quick mind, resourceful, bold, ingenious. He improved the technic of the game incredibly. There was scarcely a rule or regulation of the Stock Exchange that he did not take advantage of, for he devised methods for profiting by conditions created by the rules. It would take too long to trace in detail the effect of his operations on the technic of trading on the New York Stock Exchange.

Paid in Full

He had the amazing arithmetical memory that all the great stock operators seem to possess, which is not unlike the card memory of professional players. At the close of the market he could remember without difficulty the exact amount and price of every one of his hundred or more transactions, every detail of all his sales and purchases. He did not have to keep books. Incidentally, neither Commodore Vanderbilt nor Daniel Drew ever kept books. Both used to declare that they did not believe in them.

It was all one to Jacob Little whether he won or lost. He loved the game as a game. His pleasure he found in playing it. "I don't care what happens, so long as I am in it," he declared more than once, and yet he was not a blind gambler—no great speculator ever is—but a genuine trader. That he made eight great fortunes and lost nine in his forty years of trading was the fault of circumstances. His first sensational success really destroyed his perspective. He began in 1835, and for the next ten years the big money was on the bear side. The habit, unconsciously formed, of associating personal prosperity with national adversity was bad for him, because it gave him a pessimistic outlook, and to the speculator a permanent bias is fatal. His study of conditions must be impartial if it is to be accurate, just as it must be accurate if it is to be profitable.

For twenty-five years Jacob Little was the foremost stock operator in the United States. He had one desire, one ambition: To control the stock market. They all have it—that ambition to be king. Possibly these men feel that as absolute monarchs they can accumulate a stake big enough to withstand what one might call normal disasters—which is a speculative fallacy that many experienced traders do not consider a fallacy. Or else the monarchical dream is at bottom merely a dream of revenge for past reverses. After all, it is a logical enough impulse, that all dollar dynasts should wish to make permanent their rule. But if every one of the Napoleons of Wall Street, from Jacob Barker's day, over a hundred years ago, has had his Waterloo after his Austerlitz, the knowledge of it has not kept Barker's successors from dreaming Napoleonically, in terms of an enduring empire. With Jacob Little this ambition made him take greater chances than he should have taken. He had to arrive quickly if he was to arrive at all. It made him the greatest of all Wall Street plungers, but it also broke him nine times. Eight times he came back and resumed his rule. After the ninth dethronement he did what all men eventually do: he died.

He had a habit, when he failed, of insisting on giving notes to his creditors. These, when he came back, he used to take up. He avoided intimate intercourse with those to whom he owed money. When he had repaid them the old relations were resumed. Once, when he had won back his fortune, he went to a big brokers' office and told them he wished to take up the notes they held. The brokers told him pleasantly that they had long since written off those debts, that they hadn't wanted his notes, that he could have them duly canceled, and that they were glad he had come back and wished him the best of luck.

"No, sir-ree!" yelled Jacob Little, mad as blazes. "You've got to take the money!" And he made them accept the full amount with interest.

The Great Man's Fall

He was a tall slight man, with a stoop, quick in his movements. When I first went down to Wall Street one of the old brokers told me that Little had the pensive eyes of a philosopher, the drooping nose of a money-maker and the elastic lips of an actor. His mobility of expression was so extreme that the very shape of his features actually changed with his emotions. My old friend said that as a young man he used to watch Jacob Little go into the crowded board room. His lips had a habit of protruding, as though he would literally test the market by the sense of taste. Or it might be he puckered up his lips as though he were about to approach his sweetheart. The brokers used to say Jacob was kissing his profits. He would stand on the edge of a crowd, balancing on tiptoe, swaying back and forth. He would nod a dozen times, slow comprehensive nods, and turn his head from one side to the other as though protecting his flanks from attack. Then, suddenly, he would dart into the seething crowd and offer thousands of shares for sale—a bird of prey swooping down on a victim

Well, it was Anthony W. Morse, the young bull, who broke Jacob Little, the old bear. In reality the bear broke himself by always being a bear instead of always being a trader. Just as Morse later broke himself by being a hot-headed bull instead of a cold-blooded speculator.

Little's ninth and last failure was for well over one million dollars. For a generation or longer he was the most prominent figure in the speculative arena, the biggest money-maker of those whose fortune-winning has been done entirely in the Stock Exchange. His name, his face and his exploits were known to every daydreaming dabbler in New York who aimed to get something for nothing. He was master of every trick used in beating the game of stock speculating, an inventor of speculative devices that won millions for him and for his followers and imitators.

Cause of death: Acute bearishness in a bull market. Not an obscure disease. How did he come to contract it, with all his experience and skill? Because he was a human being. That is why the game beats them all.

My old broker friend told me that he distinctly remembered having seen a shabby, weird-looking old cuss—who once had been the great Jacob Little—haunting the board room. He heard, more than once, the greatest plunger of them all offering to buy or sell five shares of some stock or other some stock over whose market destinies he had once exercised absolute control! Five shares! And when this man, who as far back as 1837 was one of the great millionaires of his great country—all made in the stock market—came to die, he said "I die poor!"

Of the many millions he had made playing the game that he beat so often, but that inevitably beat him in the end, nothing remained. His last words were true. When one of his intimate friends, who had started as a clerk in Little's office, found no securities whatever in the strong box, he looked among those papers to which Little attached no importance. There he found literally hundreds of I O U's for varying sums. Little never dunned a debtor in all his years in Wall Street. The men to whom

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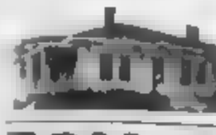

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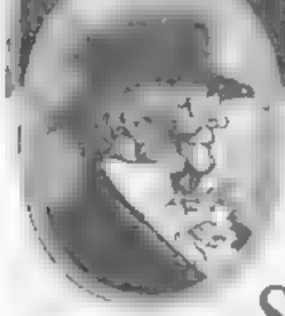

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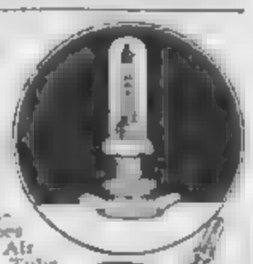

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he had lent money or whose debts he had canceled, owed him several millions. His devoted friend, David Groesbeck, succeeded in collecting one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the men whose I O U's were not outlawed, which he turned over to Little's family.

And this same Jacob Little, who in his day was the star performer on the speculator stage, whose deeds and opinions were reported by the newspapers daily for years, is not remembered in the market place.

"No man knoweth of his sepulcher." The other day I asked nine members—and not young members, either—of the New York Stock Exchange whether they had ever heard of Jacob Little. Six answered no; three said yes. But of these three not one knew what he had done. They merely said they had heard the name somewhere. After all, what happened to Jacob Little was no more than what happens to thousands every year. The difference in degree does not make it more memorable.

It was Anthony W. Morse whose operations broke Jacob Little. The late Henry Clews once told me that Morse was the most dashing of all the operators he had ever known; more so than even James R. Keene at his picturesquest. He was as bold as they come, and debonair and popular because generous and easygoing.

Morse's Rock Island Pool

He, as much as any stock operator that ever lived, was born for the game. From his youth he was distinguished for his arithmetical aptitude. Later he was known as "the lightning calculator." Numbers to him were like letters to the average man. He could add four columns as easily as most men can foot up one. At college—he was a Dartmouth man—he successfully exercised the qualities which stock brokers and stock traders find so useful. He regularly cleaned out his classmates at poker.

After he left college he became a clerk in a mercantile house in New York City. His employers often sent him down to Wall Street to negotiate their paper and look after their money matters generally. One day the senior partner of a large brokerage house who had been greatly impressed by Morse's mathematical ability as well as by the quickness and accuracy of his mental processes, advised him to go into business for himself as a stock broker. He predicted a speedy success for the arithmetical prodigy.

Morse had saved up $700. Another version is that he borrowed the money from his wife. At all events, he gave up his clerkship, came down to Wall Street and founded the firm of Morse & Co.

He took to stock speculating as a duck takes to water. He was so successful that within a relatively short time he had made $250,000 by a few operations on the bull side.

Up to that time he had gone with the tide, taking every possible advantage of the operations of the big traders, a process that today would be called reading the tape. But once he had his $250,000 stake there was no wisdom in piking along behind some petty leader. He decided to do what he had wanted from the first, to strike for himself; to lead instead of following. He selected Cleveland & Pittsburgh as a good stock to bull. It was selling at 65 and the earnings justified the hope of dividends in the near future. As Morse read the market, the next big movement would be upward. So he began to buy Pittsburgh. The price rose reluctantly, for the general market was still a two-sided affair. Then money tightened and all stocks sold off. The recession in price nearly wiped out Morse, whose margin was slim. His fellow brokers were so sure he must go under that they sold Pittsburgh short. Morse nonchalantly took all they had to sell, and bid for a large block. This did not frighten the bears, who let him have more stock to show him how confident they were that he was headed for disaster.

The Treasury Department announced a new issue of greenbacks, money became easier, and stocks began to rise. The big move would be determined by Fighting Joe Hooker. If his campaign succeeded, the end of the war would come quickly, and with it the end of inflation. Prices would break. But Hooker did nothing of the kind, and the bears were richer. When the news came from Chancellorsville, Morse saw his opportunity. He began to boost the price of Pittsburgh. It was remembered for many years that one day he jumped into the thick of the Pittsburgh crowd, and at the top of his voice bid 105 for the entire capital stock or any part of it. He was so evidently willing and able to pay for it that his bid found no takers.

"I'll give 100, seller one year, for the capital stock or any part of it!" And nobody took him up. He looked disappointed, because instead of selling him the stock he wanted, the traders began to buy it. But his brokers at that very moment were selling for him all the Pittsburgh they could without smashing the price. When everybody wanted to buy stocks was a good time to convert his paper profits into cash, and he did so, to the tune of over a million.

That coup made Morse in Wall Street. It gave him a man's-size stake as well as the confidence of success. From then on the hero of the Chancellorsville rise believed in his star—a common failing with all the known species of Napoleons, military, political and financial. It breeds confidence and therefore valor. But it also encourages overconfidence and therefore a tendency to underestimate dangers. These men get in the habit of letting destiny do the hard work.

Morse's next exploit was in Rock Island. He formed a pool to bull it, and quietly accumulated a large block of it. He then bought it not only openly but with every appearance of arrogant recklessness. Naturally the traders sold it to him cheerfully. They clearly perceived that Morse's success in Pittsburgh had given him a swelled head, and it was reasonable to assume that the latest Wall Street victim of delusions of grandeur would meet the usual fate. The price fell back to 105 on the traders' strictly logical selling. But Morse bought it more recklessly than ever, so that the price rose to 114. He used to bid for fifty thousand or one hundred thousand shares. In one week the entire capital stock was traded in several times over, and throughout Morse kept on buying Rock Island stock in every way he could—cash, regular, buyer 30, seller 30—and still there was no sign of disaster. The pool soon was carrying three-quarters of all the outstanding stock, but did not seem a bit worried. Its resources were ample; it could have carried the entire capital stock.

Operations in Erie

Morse, for a reckless plunger suffering from an aggravated case of swelled head, did very well. He kept the shares from indulging in fireworks. He merely jiggled the price up and down a few points, taking care to keep an open market in the stock. Naturally some of the members of his pool found fault with the manipulation. They wished to know why he didn't put up the price to a high figure and force the shorts to cover. But Morse merely laughed and told them to leave things to him. Whenever one of his associates insisted on knowing just what was going on Morse told him to come back and ask him that same question when Rock Island would be selling at 175.

That pool was derisively known in the Street as the Blind Confidence Pool, because the only member of it who at any time knew where or how it stood in the market was Anthony W. Morse. The others simply signed their names to a paper when Morse told them to, and put up what money Morse declared would be needed. They soon learned not to waste their breath asking for information. Not knowing just what Morse might be doing at any stage of the proceedings they were afraid to buy or sell the stock. They thus could neither hedge nor double-cross him.

The Treasury Department about that time decided to bring out a new issue of legal tenders which had been authorized months before. It would mean more inflation, higher stock prices. A prominent bear operator who was heavily short of Rock Island had inside connections in Washington, and somebody there, before the news was known to the public, telegraphed him what Secretary Chase had decided to do. This message, by one of those accidents that actually happen in Wall Street almost as often as in fiction, was dropped by the messenger boy and picked up by one of Morse's confidential brokers.

In less than a minute after he received it Morse sent instructions to his chief broker in the public board and to his principal outside agent: They were not to let Rock Island sell below 124. He himself hastened to the regular board, and began

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to put up the price, slowly but steadily; ruthlessly. It touched 140, and everybody was sure it was going much higher. But at that level Morse began to sell. On his free selling the price went down to 118, for Morse now had in mind a much bigger deal than his Rock Island operation. He was planning a general bull campaign, broad and aggressive, and he intentionally used his plunging sales of Rock Island to depress the rest of the list and pick up stock in bulk. Still there was a nice profit.

He turned to Erie and started to bull it aggressively. This was poaching on Daniel Drew's preserves. In the past all such attempts had proved very expensive to the poachers and highly satisfactory to the old bear. But Morse seemed to have absolutely no fear of Uncle Daniel's displeasure, and bought Erie by the ream until the traders were afraid to sell it. He bid for ten thousand shares at an advance. Drew told his brokers to sell it and give up his dreaded name as the seller. They did, but instead of being frightened Morse blithely bid for twenty thousand shares more. Again the old man's brokers sold it to Morse and "gave up" Daniel Drew. Morse laughed and bid for another big block, while the whole Street wondered at his nerve in buying such blocks of a stock that had ruined so many bulls. But the master milker of Erie for once was unable to punish the reckless bull, and took a loss of more than $250,000.

That victory added enormously to Morse's prestige, and he followed it with other operations which were so successful that presently, when the big boom of 1864 was on in earnest, Anthony W. Morse was the acclaimed leader of the stock market.

Never was there a more dashing stock operator than he. The great Jacob Little had been slow and old-fashioned beside the new leader. A slim frail figure of a man, this Morse, stoop-shouldered, hawk-nosed and sharp-eyed, with a perennially sophomoric air about him. He acted more like a college student on a vacation than like a busy stock broker.

At first his fellow members on the board were deceived by his manner. They were sure he would not last long. The game would get him because he did not know how to play it. Moreover, he did not appear to be at all anxious to learn it. He did his buying and his selling so openly that his bankruptcy should be a matter of hours only. He refused to conceal his operations. Nevertheless he kept on going from success to success, while the entire country went stock mad, and by accepting Anthony W. Morse as the leader of the bull forces insisted on helping to make him a winner of millions.

The Monarch Dethroned

His was the busiest office in the United States in 1864. Everybody was anxious to join his pools. More accounts were pressed on him than he could possibly handle, and his tips were like cash in bank. Millionaires and pikers alike implored him to do as he deemed best with their fortunes. And if he could not take them in as partners or associates, he at least might accept them as followers and tell them what he was buying, so they, too, might buy. All day crowds stood patiently on the sidewalk in front of his office, to catch a glimpse of the man with the Midas touch, to overhear some remark about the market that would be like getting a certified check. Old-timers have told me that long before Morse came down to his office the crowd was waiting for him. They followed him into the office, jostling, fighting one another, to get near enough to ask him questions or hear his answers to others' questions. His adherents numbered thousands and included all classes, from the richest to the poorest. And not one of them listened to warnings. A bear was worse than a kill-joy; he was an ass and a criminal. What was the sense of speaking ill of a man like Morse, who one day bid Fort Wayne up from 118 to 152?

Fortunes were made in minutes.

It was simply wonderful!

Desirous of checking the wild speculation, Secretary Chase issued a warning: He would sell gold. The bull market halted. Morse telegraphed the great Secretary of the Treasury that he would take all the gold the United States Government had to sell! He believed in his star and thought he would win out. But Secretary Chase's reply was to sell gold for currency the next day, and lock up the currency in the Subtreasury.

That made money tight, and that made the banks call loans, and that made holders sell stock, and that started prices down.

When Morse saw in the morning papers what Secretary Chase had decided to do he went to his office. His partners were there. He remarked to one of them, "The game is up." An hour later his suspension was announced. Fort Wayne, which he had bid up thirty points in one session, fell from 153 to 110.

Fortunes were lost in seconds.

It was simply appalling!

The monarch of the market gave his name to the disaster. It was the Morse panic.

He had been king for a day. And now, dethroned, he heard nothing but execrations. On his way home the day of his failure he was followed by a frantic mob of erstwhile followers, who cursed him and spat upon him and struck at him—a frail man, ruined and friendless.

From Splendor to Squalor

I gather that of all the great stock operators Morse was the most popular personally. He was generous, and his honesty was never questioned. Once a trader told him a tale of woe and appealed for help. Morse told him to buy a couple hundred shares of a certain stock and to send it to the office of Morse & Co., who would carry it for him. The man bought seven hundred shares instead. Morse thought it nervy, but merely smiled. He traded three or four times, and sent a check for fifty thousand dollars to the man a fortnight later.

And the end? Worn out by the strain of the game and his losses, Morse contracted tuberculosis. He never was able to get back. His attempts all failed. And yet his very name was not without power. One day the doomed man was seen in Wall Street—and Fort Wayne went up five points. He was living in a squalid lodging house and he did not have enough blankets to keep him warm. He couldn't afford to buy more. He caught cold. It developed into pneumonia. It proved fatal. But that wasn't enough. The landlady held his body for debt. The great Anthony W. Morse could not be buried decently until a friend paid the few dollars the one-time king of the stock market owed.

I asked eleven elderly or middle-aged members of the New York Stock Exchange if they had ever heard of Anthony W. Morse. Two of them thought I meant Charles W. Not one of the eleven knew anything about the operator who had a more numerous following in his day than any other operator in our history, possibly excepting Governor R. P. Flower thirty-five years later.

And then I thought of other kings for a day, men who were the leaders of the market and after beating the game for millions were inevitably beaten by the game in the end. They filled their day with their deeds, and on the morrow their very names were forgotten. Who remembers the extremely able and extremely successful operators of the generation preceding ours—men like W. S. Woodward, Addison G. Jerome, who bid for sixty thousand of old Southern and got it and busted, Henry N. Smith and John M. Tobin, all of them in their day as prominent as James R. Keene in 1901 or as Larry Livingston today? They all made millions, many millions, by the exercise of abilities of a high order and great boldness. And they lost every cent because they insisted on continuing to beat an unbeatable game. And even in the case of the great Keene—what a difference between the great manipulator of United States Steel in 1901 and the manipulator of the Hocking pool a few years later!

There was once a man named Alden B. Stockwell who married an heiress and aspired to the Wall Street throne. He had no experience, but lots of money. He acquired the control of Pacific Mail, and with it a nautical title. Later, he had lots of experience, but no money. His autobiography has always seemed to me the most adequate version of a Wall Street career I have ever heard.

"When I first came down here," he said, "I was A. B. Stockwell. Then I bought up the Pacific Mail and I was known as Commodore Stockwell. Then the market took my money from me, and I was just that red-headed blankety-blank from Cleveland."

There have been so many Stockwells!

Editor's Note—This is the twelfth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre

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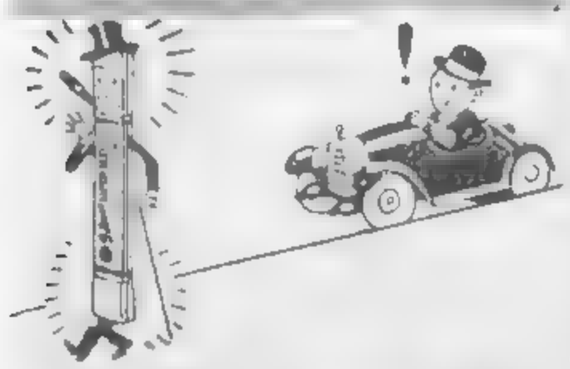

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THE WHITE COLLAR SHIFTS INTO OVERALLS

(Continued from Page 18)

Automobile and building trades are also the chief courses at the Y. M. C. A. schools in New York City, which teach automobile driving, repairing, mechanics and electricity; bricklaying, plastering and tile setting, with motion-picture operation and mechanical dentistry. Both the Y and the Knights have courses in office work, such as bookkeeping, cost accounting, typewriting, stenography, banking, civil service, advertising, salesmanship, and the like; but report that while the number of students in these classes is not decreasing they are not growing at anything like the pace of the trade classes.

"Two attractions draw office workers into mechanical jobs," said a Y instructor. "First, the high wages. The idea that Americans would rather have a white-collar instead of an overalls job, even at smaller pay, is all wrong in our experience. Pay them the wages and they will do the work if it requires skill. That may not be true of unskilled labor. Second, clerical workers are waking up to the independence of the man with a trade. As long as he can work he may shift from job to job, always getting the standard wage. In many of the trades we teach he can become a foreman or superintendent, or even get into business for himself. The only thing that affects him is unemployment in hard times, and that hits the clerical worker as well."

The white-collar worker contemplating a shift into a manual trade will find, with a little investigation, that the trades themselves are shifting. Yesterday he would have tackled something like carpentering, bricklaying, plastering, painting or typesetting. Today he finds a demand for men who understand automobiles, internal-combustion engines, electricity, oxyacetylene cutting and welding, mechanical dentistry and other crafts of comparatively recent development. Ten or fifteen years ago many of them did not exist. They have come into existence with the growth of internal-combustion power and the changed character of building.

Some months ago Washington directed the New York postmaster to cut down expenses, although the volume of mail in the metropolis was growing with the improvement in business and the New York post office was making money. Under Uncle Sam's peculiar way of financing government work, putting all revenue from the different departments in one pocket and paying it out by appropriations to the profitable and unprofitable departments alike, the profits of the New York post office were probably going to feed the Kadiak bears in Alaska.

The Letter Carrier's Story

A middle-aged substitute carrier who had been earning sixty cents an hour when he was working, and eight cents apiece for trotting around with special-delivery letters, saw no prospect of living on the reduced income retrenchment would bring him.

Going to the principal of a trade school, he said, "I want to throw up that postal job and learn welding."

"I wouldn't do that. Keep your job and go into one of our night classes."

"The only thing that bothers me is, am I too old to learn that trade?"

"The fact that you are anxious to learn counts more than your age," the principal assured him.

To make it easier for him, his chief transferred him to a branch post office near the school. In six weeks, working in the class one hour a day, he was ready to go out and look for a job, and he found one in a Brooklyn shipyard at fifty-eight cents an hour. Several weeks later he got another at sixty-five cents an hour, and is today earning seventy-eight cents, with steady work.

This craft of welding is one of the new trades, and thoroughly characteristic of the shift in occupations. Yesterday the carpenter and cabinetmaker constructed buildings and furniture largely of wood, sawing out the pieces and nailing them together. Today metal is replacing wood in our buildings and furniture, and it is the welder with the oxyacetylene torch or electric arc who cuts the pieces out and joins them together. The things he makes are not only fireproof and more durable but often cheaper than metal articles made by casting, forging or machining. In every skyscraper that goes up there are thousands of metal window frames, sashes, door frames and doors with miles of metal trim. It all makes work for the welder. When the building is done and tenants move in, they bring metal furniture, filing cabinets and other equipment — most of it welded instead of riveted, because welding makes better joints, more sightly designs and is cheaper. The rails in a trolley line are welded together or joined in an electric circuit by welded bonds, and so are railroad tracks with electric-signal systems. Every shipyard has hundreds of welding jobs, and parts for ships are cut out with the oxyacetylene flame. Where the plumber once threaded pipe and screwed it together, now it is welded in a continuous line, often miles and miles of it. Welding has superseded riveting and soldering in the making of tanks. It is used to repair defective castings and broken parts, to cut metal parts on the pantograph principle. The Germans have even resorted to the welding torch to cut down trees.

New Trades Springing Up

No mechanical knowledge is required in taking up this trade; but the student needs reasonable muscular strength. He is taught the use of torches, the different-size jets to be used on different jobs; the fusing point of different metals; how to lay out and line up work; and also lead burning, used in electric battery work; and brazing. He learns by doing actual work, at a bench equipped with torches, under the instruction of a teacher; and when his course has been satisfactorily finished he is competent to go out and find a job.

Another interesting new trade created by changes in building construction is tile setting. The speculative builder nowadays would as soon put up houses without roofs as omit the tiled bathroom that usually sells the house. Tile is being used in ever-increasing quantity for bathrooms, floors, walls, counters — even ceilings.

The automobile, motor truck, tractor and internal-combustion engine have created half a dozen trades unknown twenty years ago, and each new car turned out of the factories creates so much more work for these craftsmen. First of all, there must be somebody to drive the car, and students take courses in driving and simple repairs. Periodically the car must be overhauled — others take courses in repair work and automobile mechanics. The electrical starting, ignition, lighting and storage battery, now part of practically every car built, have provided a separate trade. Tires are getting better and better; but they still wear out and blow up, and repairing, vulcanizing and retreading are other trades.

Still another interesting trade is mechanical dentistry. The practice of dentistry is part profession and part trade. Working on people's teeth is the profession, a branch of surgery. But making the plates, bridges, crowns, inlays and other repair parts is a handicraft. Sometimes the dentist himself does a good deal of this work after office hours; but the practice of his profession is naturally more profitable, so he employs a dental mechanic to do this work, or in many cases sends it to a commercial laboratory. There are decided advantages in having it done under his supervision, for artificial dentures must fit accurately to give satisfaction. A considerable demand for such workmen has been created through the growth in dentistry.

Though many of the students in these trade schools are shifting from office work for the sake of earning more money, others aim higher and mean to get into business for themselves. Mechanical dentistry, tile setting, plumbing, automobile and tire repairing are all trades in which the ambitious workman with moderate capital can open his own shop or become a contractor, and his knowledge of office work will be an additional asset.

"One of our pupils in tire vulcanizing," said an instructor, "was office manager of a concern that cut its staff drastically when hard times hit the country. His best workers were discharged first because they were

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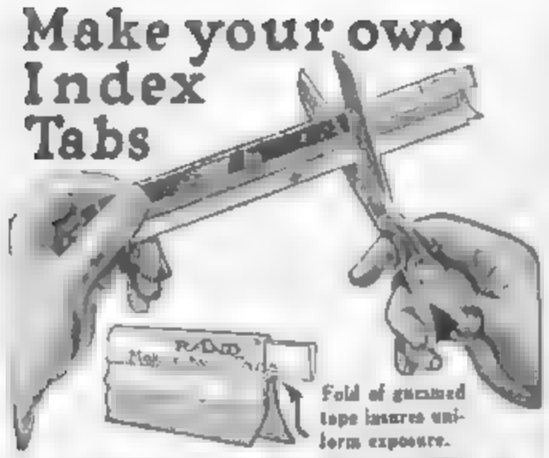

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"Six weeks' practice, an hour a day, thirty-six hours seems a pretty short time for learning a trade," the writer suggested. "Can you really teach a man how to do satisfactory work in such a brief period?"

"We must be teaching him something practical, for our students are going out and getting jobs. In a trade like welding they have to know enough to secure a Federal license and also a city license from the fire department. Our electrical installation classes did all the wiring in this building, and it had to pass the fire underwriters' inspection, which it did without trouble. Our trade courses are short but intensive. The student learns in a few hours many details that are only picked up slowly during an apprenticeship. We put into his hands right at the start tools that he might not be allowed to handle for months if he began as a journeyman's helper. Besides being intensive, the trade information is arranged for teaching purposes, and imparted by an instructor, where the practical mechanic who knows how to do a thing may have little ability in teaching it."

"What about trades with labor organizations? They require an apprenticeship of several years before taking in new members. Doesn't your six-week student find opposition by the unions?"

"Far from opposing our students or our work, the unions send us students—apprentices who want to study the theory and principles of trades they are learning, and journeymen who want to qualify as foremen or superintendents. There is a very definite technical and general educational movement going on among organized workers, and our classes fit into it. The carpenter, bricklayer, plumber, steam fitter and other mechanics in the building industry come here to study plan-reading and estimating, the machinists to learn mechanical drawing, and so on. Understand that our students do not go out as journeymen, but are fitted in a short time to qualify as apprentices and learn their trade in the regular way. In the building line, too, there are always positions for mechanics who do not belong to labor organizations, for owners of buildings often have enough carpentering, plumbing, wiring and odd jobs to employ one or more mechanics steadily instead of calling in outsiders."

Metropolitan Misfits

An employment specialist who places office workers of more than ordinary ability, ranging up to executives, said:

"There is a movement from office work into the trades. It is real enough to us, and a great relief. For two years we have been pestered by misfit applicants for office positions, fellows who lack the necessary education and experience to hold white-collar jobs. The war set up an abnormal demand for clerical workers. They were needed on the Government's cost-plus contracts, in the munition works and the war organizations. The draft reached into offices and took the best men. Factory and farm workers were attracted to clerical jobs. When the soldiers came back from France, instead of going on home and working at their old trades they stuck here in New York and sought office jobs. New York has been full of small-town folks who do not know how to work at city occupations.

"Now these misfits, who were never white-collar labor at all, are being shaken back where they belong. In 1910 there were only 7,400,000 persons employed in the distributing machinery of the country—the office men, merchants, salesmen and others who transfer goods from the producer to the consumer and do the accounting, financing, and so forth. In 1920 there were fully 11,000,000 in that distributing group, an enormous increase compared with only 1,800,000 more working in the industrial group and 1,500,000 more in agricultural. The white-collar group was out of balance, and now these superfluous fellows are going back to the factory, the farm, the construction and railroad job, where they belong. It is simply economic law working out, supply and demand, the end of a cycle of abnormal employment conditions."

Another employment specialist who places average office workers and wage earners was of just the opposite opinion and based his conclusions upon charts with which he follows the tide of employment and idleness.

"The demand for clerical workers is catching up with supply," he said. "The demand for trades workers has already caught up and exceeded supply in some lines. This shift from office work to trades was caused by the difficulty in finding office jobs, and the fact that trade jobs were available. It is only temporary and insignificant, in my opinion. If prosperity continues, you will see a shortage of office workers, and then the employer of white-collar labor will have to pay dearly for his shortsightedness the past two years. He took advantage of the law of supply and demand and kept brain wages down to such a low level that all kinds of good men have shifted into the trades. Some of them will come back to office work when it is necessary to increase salaries. But others who have entered trades like plumbing, carpentering, electrical work and the like, having office and management experience that gives them advantages over the fellow who knows only a trade, will undoubtedly get into business for themselves. Don't forget that this very rush into the trades creates a demand for brain work, for there must be planning, supervising, accounting and other office work when the manual worker produces."

Varied Courses

"One striking thing we notice in the application blanks of people who come to us seeking positions. Before the war men usually followed a single kind of work and had little experience in other kinds. But the war jumbled people about, threw office workers into the trades, manual workers into clerical jobs, women in men's jobs, and so forth. A good many people got misplaced in this scramble, and are only now getting properly placed. But to others the scramble was beneficial, showing them different kinds of work, giving them broad experience and revealing opportunities that they might otherwise have missed."

Whether it be great or small, temporary or permanent, this shift from brain work to brawn jobs is going on in most other sections of the country where industries are busy or building is being done on an extensive scale.

A year ago the Knights of Columbus, having some funds left over from war work, opened a correspondence school in New Haven, offering two dozen courses to war veterans. An Education for a Two-Cent Stamp is its slogan, tuition being free to ex-service men and women. The courses are about evenly divided between clerical and manual work. There were more than 30,000 applicants the first year. Students are guided to suitable courses to some extent, but their selection of occupations is a pretty good indication of demand. There are few quitters. Not more than 5 per cent give up study before they finish. The students live in every state, and fully 40 per cent of them are non-Catholics. The choice runs overwhelmingly to trades. Not more than 20 per cent of the students are studying bookkeeping, business correspondence and other office work, while automobiles and internal-combustion engines lead with 25 per cent, and steam engineering comes next. Rather curiously, most of the applicants for clerical courses live in farming sections, while the city applicants want to learn trades.

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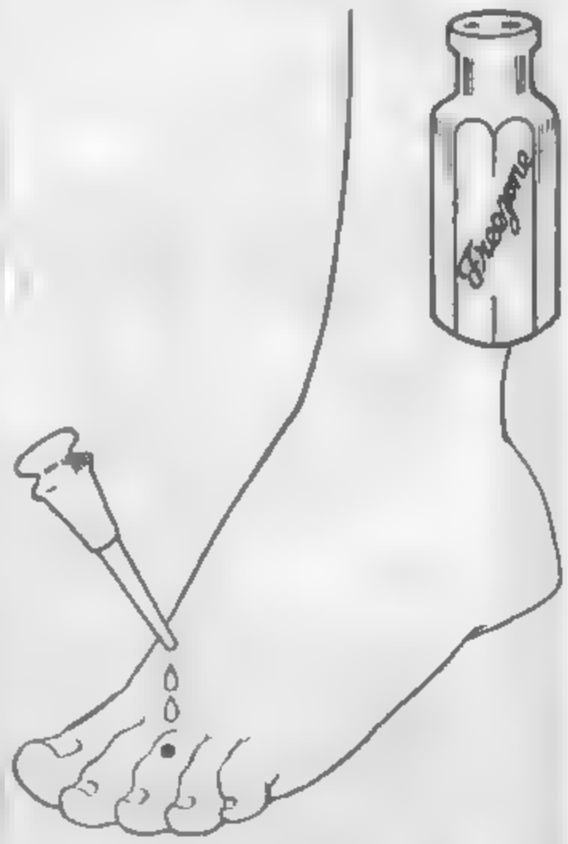

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Officials at one of the big correspondence schools were so interested in the subject that a special study was made of enrollments for the past five years.

"If there is a great shift going on, it is important that we know about it and supply the kind of courses students want," they said. "When the matter was brought to our attention we did a little theorizing. We thought that the more general participation in athletics taking place in this country, with the work of the Boy Scouts and Y. M. C. A., had taught this generation to love outdoor life and cause it to seek outdoor employment. We thought also that the war might have had some such effect, and that men might be turning to factory and outdoor work that women cannot do to escape their competition in office jobs.

"But after studying our enrollment we believe we were wrong in both assumptions, and are inclined to think that the movement from white-collar to jumper jobs is only temporary, obeying the law of supply and demand. When depression came and industries closed down there was a drift to white-collar jobs evident in the demand for our courses. But now that the industries are busy again, and wages high, students have turned back to the trade and technical studies.

"The average age of our students is a little over twenty-six years, so they are representative of young America at the time it is deciding upon the occupation that will probably be followed through life. Of course, when it comes to classifying students from enrollment statistics as either white-collar or overall workers, the grouping must be more or less arbitrary. A student taking mechanical drawing, for example, might be either a white-collar worker in a factory office or a machinist in the shop qualifying for a foremanship. But arbitrary grouping shows that about 60 per cent of our students study trades and the rest office occupations."

Reports from branch offices in different sections of the country indicated that local conditions have much to do with the shifting. In a Middle-Western manufacturing center the shift seems to have taken place and worked itself out, for while few men were leaving offices to take factory or construction jobs, many well-paid manual workers were formerly in offices. Brain wages are kept up in this particular city by the practice of one large employer who pays his office workers the same as his shop hands, other employers doing the same to keep their office employes. In an Eastern city with more clerical than industrial workers, where many men were replaced by girls and women during the war, the men are back in their old jobs, and there is little movement toward the trades. In two Southern cities where wages for manual workers are low compared with those paid in the North, the white-collar worker is sticking to his job; but many men in shops and factories take correspondence courses to fit themselves for supervisory positions, and others also study with a view to going North and getting better jobs.

The movement seems to have reached the farm, for New York State had a large migration from the country to the cities last year, and Washington estimates that about 650,000 country dwellers moved to the cities during 1922, against a normal movement of about 250,000. This is alarming to some of the editors and economists who professionally worry about the future of the United States, but Secretary of Agriculture Wallace declares that it is a good thing. By going to town and earning more money in the building trades than he can make on the farm, the agricultural worker is helping bring about a fairer relationship between country and city wages, and farm and factory prices.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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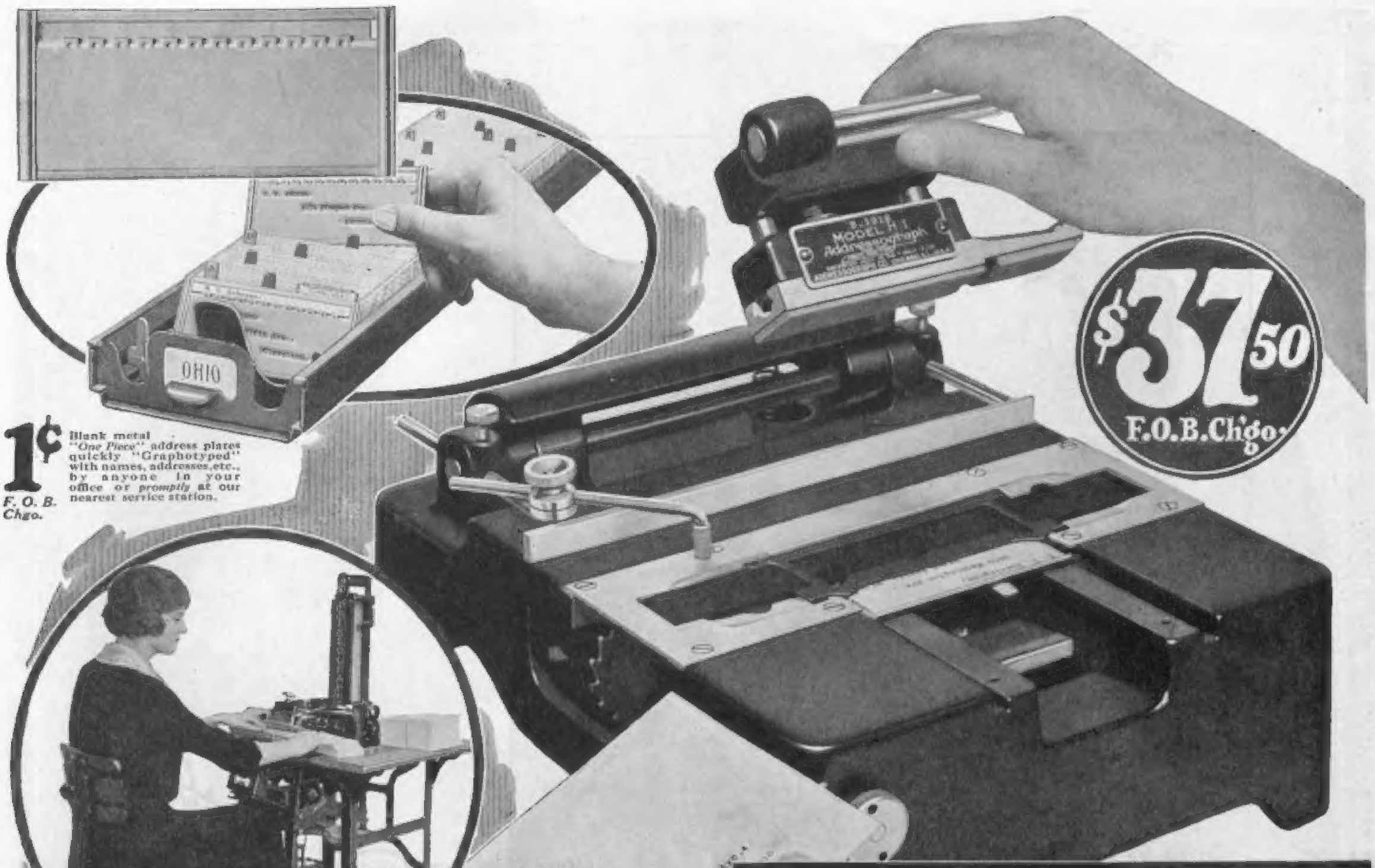

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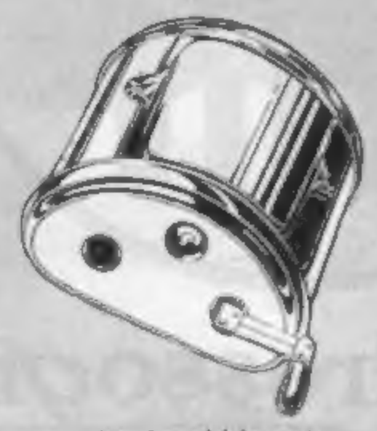
Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



$5. A model for each make of double edge blade.

Its flavor is the sterling-stamp of purity

Send for Free Pet Recipe Book

The flavor of Pet Milk is the distinctive flavor of fresh country milk, of concentrated richness, made scientifically clean by sterilization. This pure, concentrated milk—with nothing added—is kept fresh, sweet and clean in the sealed container. Its distinctive flavor is the sterling-stamp of its richness and purity. For baby, Pet assures wholesome, normal nourishment. Both in cooking and at table, it conveniently and economically meets every milk and cream need. And it whips—quickly and easily if you follow directions given below. Get Pet Milk from your grocer today. The Helvetia Company (Originators of Evaporated Milk) 836 Arcade Building, St. Louis, Mo.

TO WHIP PET MILK

Keep can of Pet Milk on ice for at least four hours. Pour the milk into a cold bowl and beat rapidly with a cream whip or Dover egg-beater for two or three minutes. Sweeten and flavor to taste, and serve immediately. In summer, to obtain best results, place the bowl containing the milk to be whipped in a pan of ice water.

RECIPE FOR QUEEN'S CAKE

Cream 1-2 cup of butter. Add 2 cups of sugar gradually and yolks of 4 eggs well beaten. Mix and sift 2 1-2 cups of flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder and a few grains of salt; and add alternately with 1-3 cup of Pet Milk diluted with 2-3 cup of water. Fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in loaf, layer or individual tins.

Milk at its Best

The Nation's Opportunity

More Wheat Foods
More Healthy People
More Real Prosperity

Let us eat our best food first.

We ought to eat more wheat foods, and less of the other foods which are more costly and less nutritious.

More wheat in the diet will mean stronger bodies, better brains, and more money in America's pocketbooks.

We raise more wheat than we eat. Over a period of 20 years we have shipped abroad an average of 170,000,000 bushels of this valuable food yearly. And while sending this wheat to Europeans we eat more expensive but less wholesome foods.

One extra slice of bread for everyone at each meal—in place of other foods—would use up all of our surplus wheat.

One extra slice a meal for a year would cost each of us only about $7. The same amount of energy obtained from other foods would cost many times that sum. Why not save the difference?

More wheat eating will benefit our farmers; will benefit the whole nation.

Here is an opportunity for everyone. Make wheat the basis of your daily diet.

Eat bread, biscuits, crackers, pies, macaroni or bread and butter, bread and milk, bread and jam, bread and cheese.

The *basis* of the *Perfect Diet* is *Wheat*.

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.

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